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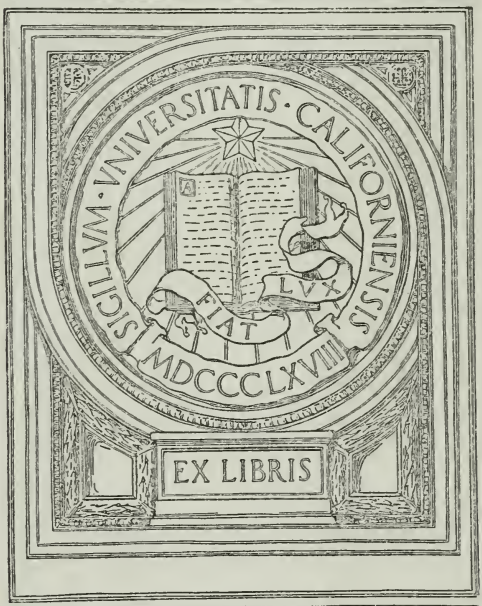

THE WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

COMIC AND SERIOUS, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

EDITED, WITH NOTES, BY HIS SON.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.

The present arrangement of my Father's works for a complete and uniform edition has not been determined on without due deliberation. It appeared to me that for the requirements of those—who do not care to trace his career as a writer from his first connection with Literature, and to note the gradual development of a genius which, at the time of his death, had not arrived at its fulness—enough is to be found in the edition of the "Serious Poems;" of those of "Wit and Humour;" of the "Whims and Oddities;" and of two volumes of "Hood's Own," already published by Messrs. Moxon.

I have therefore considered it best, when called upon to prepare a complete and uniform series of his writings, to throw the materials collected into a form which shall be of interest to more than the general reader. By republishing his works in the order in which they were written, as far as my most diligent search and most earnest endeavours can establish it, I believe I shall

meet the wishes of many of my Father's admirers and readers, who have contracted from the perusal of his works, an almost friendlike interest, that will be gratified by tracing step by step, the bent of his mind, the progress of his intellect, and the maturing of his powers.

It may be urged that I have reprinted fugitive articles that might well have been omitted without detriment to the Series. To this I might answer by pleading that it is only natural that I should place greater store by what my Father has written, than one not so nearly related to him would do.

But believing, as I do, that the less laboured writings of an author are among the surest indices of his thought, and the best tests of his genius, I have omitted nothing that I thought would assist the real student of Literature, and its ministers—literary men—to a true estimate of my Father—whether as an author or a man; holding always in recollection that quaint wise saying of Selden's, anent similar trifles—"take a straw, and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is; which you shall not do by casting up a stone."

Wherever I have been able to find anything of interest bearing upon the works, I have added it as briefly as possible in my notes—giving any alterations of the

text, any fragments connected with or relating to portions of it, and such explanations of allusions contained in it, as seemed advisable.

As far as lies in my power, I have left out nothing that may interest the thoughtful and studious, while I have endeavoured not to weary the cursory reader with long annotations.

I have no wish, and indeed no need to deprecate criticism*—for whenever it has been my task to prepare anything connected with my Father for publication, I have always met with a reception that proved to me how fully my critics have understood the difficulties which I have encountered. The kindly spirit in which the "Memorials" of my Father were received, encourages me to hope that my sincere desire to perform what I really feel as a sacred duty and responsibility, will be looked on with the same indulgence; for it should be remembered that many, nay most of those contemporaries of my Father, who could have pointed out where his scattered writings were to be found, are dead.

To those intimate acquaintances of his who survive, and who have assisted me most materially in my

* I shall, indeed, the rather be grateful for it, where it points out omissions or errors in a work, which it is my dearest wish to leave complete and perfect in every point.

arduous yet most grateful undertaking, as well as to numerous friends,—many unknown to me in the flesh,—who have so readily answered my appeals, through the public press, for information and assistance, I tender my most heartfelt thanks,

And am,

Very truly theirs,

THOMAS HOOD.

P.S. The chief part of "The Remains" published at the end of the "Memorials" has been incorporated with this Series. The great mass of additional matter collected since the publication of that Work would render their omission absolutely necessary under any circumstances in the next Edition.

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HOOD'S COMPLETE WORKS.

1821.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

[My father's first connection with literature was an appointment as assistant Sub-Editor to the old "London." The friendship which existed between my grandfather and Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, was the means of obtaining him this employment, after he had been compelled to give up engraving; for up to this time, I am told, he had displayed no strong literary tendencies. His duties were the perusal and the correction for press of papers sent for insertion, but he extended his labour by writing humorous answers to correspondents in the "Lion's Head," which he took under his special care. After a time, however, his productions found their way into the body of the Magazine. I have extracted the following from the Magazine for this year.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

—•—

Napoleon Bonaparte's death will surely be the cause of ours. Will the reader believe that we are up to our middles in mourning verses?

Lines by "A Student in the Inner Temple" are received. *Curia advisare vult.*

J. G. G., whose poem was too short for the bookseller, to whom he offered it for publication, and who fears it is too long for the London, is unfortunately in the right.

We are compelled to announce to E. R. that "The Storm" is blown over.

Colin has sent us a Summer Pastoral, and says he can supply us with one every month. Has he always got sheep in his *pen ?*

Beta's proposal of Scripture Sonnets "two a month or so" is kind, but we have no desire to see the Scriptures cut up into Sonnets. His poem on *Fame* will bring neither him nor us any.

Philogenes' "Verses on the *Matchless Orinda,*" are defective in the title, as our legal adviser informs us; Mrs. Katherine Phillips was once married.

[In the "Lion's Head" for this year appeared, under a feigned signature, the

ODE TO DR. KITCHENER.

Ye Muses nine inspire
And stir up my poetic fire;
Teach my burning soul to speak
With a bubble and a squeak!
Of Dr. Kitchener I fain would sing,
Till pots, and pans, and mighty kettles ring.

O culinary sage!
(I do not mean the herb in use,
That always goes along with goose)
How have I feasted on thy page:
"When like a lobster boil'd the morn
From black to red began to turn,"
Till midnight, when I went to bed,
And clapt my tewah-diddle * on my head.

* The Doctor's composition for a nightcap.

Who is there cannot tell,
Thou leadest a life of living well?
"What baron, or squire, or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as a holy Fry—er?"
In doing well thou must be reckon'd
The first,—and Mrs. Fry the second;
And twice a Job,—for, in thy fev'rish toils,
Thou wast all over roasts—as well as boils.

Thou wast indeed no dunce,
To treat thy subjects and thyself at once:
Many a hungry poet eats
His brains like thee,
But few there be
Could live so long on their receipts.
What living soul or sinner
Would slight thy invitation to a dinner,
Ought with the Danaïdes to dwell,
Draw gravy in a cullender, and hear
For ever in his ear
The pleasant tinkling of thy dinner bell.

Immortal Kitchener! thy fame
Shall keep itself when Time makes game
Of other men's—yea, it shall keep, all weathers,
And thou shalt be upheld by thy pen feathers.
Yea, by the sauce of Michael Kelly!
Thy name shall perish never,
But be magnified for ever—
—By all whose eyes are bigger than their belly.

Yea, till the world is done—
—To a turn—and Time puts out the sun,

Shall live the endless echo of thy name.
But, as for thy more fleshy frame,
Ah! Death's carnivorous teeth will tittle
Thee out of breath, and eat it for cold victual;
But still thy fame shall be among the nations
Preserved to the last course of generations.

Ah me, my soul is touch'd with sorrow!
To think how flesh must pass away—
So mutton, that is warm to-day,
Is cold, and turn'd to hashes, on the morrow!
Farewell! I would say more, but I
Have other fish to fry.

[The first poem of his, however, that appeared in the "London" is "To Hope," which came out in the July number—the "Ode to Dr. Kitchener" being in the "Lion's Head" for November. Between July and the end of the year he also contributed to this magazine a Review of "The Cook's Oracle," a poem entitled "The Departure of Summer," and a burlesque after Sterne, called "A Sentimental Journey from Islington to Waterloo Bridge."]

TO HOPE.

—✦—

Oh! take, young seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.
Oh! take thy harp!
Oh! sing as thou were wont to do,
When, all youth's sunny season long,
I sat and listen'd to thy song,
And yet 'twas ever, ever new,

With magic in its heaven-tuned string—
The future bliss thy constant theme,
Oh ! then each little woe took wing
Away, like phantoms of a dream ;
As if each sound
That flutter'd round
Had floated over Lethe's stream !

By all those bright and happy hours
We spent in life's sweet eastern bow'rs,
Where thou wouldst sit and smile, and show,
Ere buds were come, where flowers would grow,
And oft anticipate the rise
Of life's warm sun that scaled the skies ;
By many a story of love and glory,
And friendships promised oft to me ;
By all the faith I lent to thee,—
Oh ! take, young seraph, take thy harp,
And play to me so cheerily ;
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,
And life wears on so wearily.
Oh ! take thy harp !

Perchance the strings will sound less clear,
That long have lain neglected by
In sorrow's misty atmosphere ;
It ne'er may speak as it has spoken
Such joyous notes so brisk and high ;
But are its golden chords all broken ?
Are there not some, though weak and low,
To play a lullaby to woe ?
But thou canst sing of love no more,
For Celia show'd that dream was vain ;

And many a fancied bliss is o'er,
That comes not e'en in dreams again.
Alas! alas!
How pleasures pass,
And leave thee now no subject, save,
The peace and bliss beyond the grave!

Then be thy flight among the skies:
Take, then, oh! take the skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise
O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
On skylark's wing!
Another life-spring there adorns
Another youth, without the dread
Of cruel care, whose crown of thorns
Is here for manhood's aching head.
Oh! there are realms of welcome day,
A world where tears are wiped away!
Then be thy flight among the skies:
Take, then, oh! take the skylark's wing,
And leave dull earth, and heavenward rise
O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing
On skylark's wing!

THE COOK'S ORACLE.*

Dr. Kitchener has greatly recognised the genius of his name by taking boldly the path to which it points; disregarding all the usual seductions of life, he has kept his eye steadily on the larder, the *Mecca* of his appetite; and has unravelled all the mysteries and intricacies of *celery soup*, and *beef haricot*, to the eyes of a reading public. He has taken an extensive *kitchen range* over the whole world of stews, and broils, and roasts, and comes home to the fireside (from which, indeed, his body has never departed), boiling over with knowledge—stored with curiosities of bone and sinew—a made-up human dish of cloves, mace, curry, catsup, cayenne, and the like. He has sailed over all the soups, has touched at all quarters of the lamb, has been in short, round the stomach world and returns a second *Captain Cook!* Dr. Kitchener has written a book; and if he, good easy man, should think to surprise any friend or acquaintance by slily asking, "What book have I written?" he would be sure to be astounded with a successful reply, "A book on Cookery." His name is above all disguises. In the same way a worthy old gentleman of our acquaintance, who was wont to lead his visitors around his kitchen garden (the Doctor will prick up his ears at this) which he had carefully and cunningly obscured with a laurel hedge, and who always said, with an exulting tone, "now you would be puzzled to say where the kitchen garden was

* The Cook's Oracle; containing Receipts for Plain Cookery, &c.: the whole being the Result of Experiments instituted in the Kitchen of a Physician.

situated," once met with a strong-hearted man who remorselessly answered, "Not I! over that hedge, to be sure." The Doctor might expect you, in answer to his query, to say; "A book, sir! Why, perhaps you have plunged your whole soul into the ocean of an epic; or rolled your mind, with the success of a Sisyphus, up the hills of metaphysics: or played the sedate game of the mathematics, that Chinese puzzle to English minds! or gone a tour with Dugald Stuart, in search of the picturesque, or leaped double sentences and waded through metaphors, in a grammatical steeple chase with Colonel Thornton; or turned literary cuckoo, and gone sucking the eggs of other people's books, and making the woods of the world echo with one solitary, complaining, *reviewing* note." Such might be the Doctor's notion of a reply to which we fancy we see him *simmering* with delight, and saying, "No sir! I have not meddled either with the curry of poetry or the cold meat of prose. I have not wasted over the slow fire of the metaphysics, or cut up the mathematics into thin slices—I have not lost myself amongst the *kick-shaws* of fine scenery, or pampered myself on the mock turtle of metaphors. Neither have I dined at the table and the expense of other men's minds! No, sir, I have written on cookery, on the kitchen, on the solids—'the substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials'!"

If it were not that critics are proverbial for having no bowels, we should hesitate at entering the paradise of pies and puddings which Dr. Kitchener has opened to us; for the steam of his rich sentences rises about our senses like the odours of flowers around the imagination of a poet; and larded beef goes nigh to lord it over our bewildered appetites. But being steady men, of sober and temperate habits, and used to privations in the way of food, we shall not scruple at looking a leg of mutton in the face or shaking hands with a

shoulder of veal. "Minced collops" nothing daunt us; we brace our nerves, and are not overwhelmed with "cockle catsup!" When Bags asks his friend, "How do you do when you write?" it would seem that he had the Cook's Oracle in his eye—for to men of any mastication, never was there a book that required more training for a quiet and useful perusal. Cod's head rises before you in all its glory! While the oysters revolve around it, in their firmament of melted butter, like its well ordered satellites! Moorgame, mackarel, muscles, fowls, eggs, and force-meat balls, start up in all directions and dance the hays in the imagination. We should recommend those readers with whom dinner is a habit, not to venture on the Doctor's pages, without seeing that their hunger, like a ferocious house-dog, is carefully tied up. To read four pages with an unchained appetite, would bring on dreadful dreams of being destroyed with spits, or drowned in mulligatawny soup, or of having your tongue neatly smothered in your own brains, and, as Matthew says, a lemon stuck in your mouth. We cannot but conceive that such reading, in such unprepared minds, would have strange influences; and that the dreams of persons should be dished up to suit the various palates. The school girl would, like the French goose, "be persuaded to roast itself." The indolent man would "sleep a fortnight" and even then not be fit for use. The lover would dream that his heart was overdone. The author would be roasted alive in his own quills and basted with cold ink. It were an endless task to follow this speculation; and indeed we are keeping our readers too long without the meal to which we have taken the liberty of inviting them. The dinner "bell invites" us—we go, and it is *done*.

The book, the Cook's Oracle, opens with a preface, as other books occasionally do; but "the likeness ends;" for it

continues with a whole bunch of introductions, treating of cooks, and invitations to dinner, and refusals, and "friendly advice," and weights and measures, and then we get fairly launched on the sea of boiling, broiling, roasting, stewing, and again return and cast anchor among the vegetables. It is impossible to say where the book begins; it is a heap of initiatory chapters—a parcel of graces before meat,—a bunch of heads,—the asparagus of literature. You are not troubled with "more last words of Mr. Baxter," but are delighted, and *re*delighted, with more first words of Dr. Kitchener. He makes several starts like a restless race-horse before he fairly gets upon the second course; or rather, like Lady Macbeth's dinner party, he stands much upon the order of his going. But now, to avoid sinking into the same trick, we will proceed without further preface to conduct our readers through the maze of pots, grid-irons and frying pans, which Dr. Kitchener has rendered a very poetical, or we should say, a very palatable amusement.

The *first* preface tells us, *inter alia*, that he has worked all the culinary problems which his book contains, in his own kitchen; and that, after this warm experience, he did not venture to print a sauce, or a stew, until he had read "two hundred cookery books," which, as he says, "he patiently pioneered through, before he set about recording the results of his own experiments!" We scarcely thought there had been so many volumes written on the Dutch-oven.

"The following receipts are not a mere marrowless collection of shreds, and patches, and cuttings, and pastings, but a *bonâ fide* register of practical facts,—accumulated by a perseverance not to be subdued, or evaporated, by the igniferous terrors of a roasting fire in the dog days,—in defiance of the odoriferous and calefacient repellants of

roasting,—boiling,—frying,—and broiling; moreover the author has submitted to a labour no preceding Cookery Book maker, perhaps, ever attempted to encounter,—having *eaten* each receipt before he set it down in his book."

We should like to see the Doctor, we confess, after this extraordinary statement. To have superintended the agitations of the pot,—to have hung affectionately over a revolving calf's heart—to have patiently witnessed the noisy marriage of bubble and squeak,—to have coolly investigated the mystery of a haricot,—appears within the compass of any old lady or gentleman, whose frame could stand the fire and whose soul could rule the roast. But to have eaten the substantials of four hundred and forty closely printed pages is "a thing to read of, not to tell." It calls for a man of iron interior, a man *alieni appetens, sui profusus.* It demands the rival of time; an *edax rerum!* The Doctor does not tell us how he travelled from gridiron to frying-pan—from frying-pan to Dutch-oven—from Dutch-oven to spit—from spit to pot—from pot to fork—he leaves us to guess at his progress. We presume he ate his way, page by page, through fish, flesh, fowl and vegetable; he would have left us dead among the soups and gravies. Had a whole army of martyrs accompanied him on this Russian retreat of the appetite, we should have found *them* strewing the way; and *him* alone, the Napoleon of the task, living and fattening at the end of the journey. The introduction goes on very learnedly, descanting upon Shakspeare, Descartes, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Glasse, Professor Bradley, Pythagoras, Miss Seward, and other persons equally illustrious. The Doctor's chief aim is to prove, we believe, that cookery is the most laudable pursuit, and the most pleasurable amusement of life. Much depends on the age of your domestics; for we are told that "it is a good

maxim to select servants not younger than THIRTY." Is it so? Youth "thou art shamed!" This first introduction concludes with a long eulogy upon the Doctor's "laborious stove work;" and upon the spirit, temper and ability with which he had *dressed* his book. The Doctor appends to this introduction a chapter called "Culinary Curiosities," in which he gives the following recipe for "persuading a goose to roast itself." We must say it outhorrors all the horrors we ever read of.

"HOW TO ROAST A GOOSE ALIVE."

"Take a goose, or a duck, or some such lively creature (but a goose is best of all for such purpose), pull off all her feathers, only the head and neck must be spared, then make a fire round about her, not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape fire: within the circle of the fire let there be set small cups and pots full of water wherein salt and honey are mingled, and let there be set also chargers full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The goose must be all larded and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better: put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste, when you see her beginning to roast; for by walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire that stops her way out, the unwearied goose is kept in;* she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst, and cool her heart, and all

* This cook of a goose, or goose of a cook, whichever it may be, strangely reminds us of the Doctor's own intense and enthusiastic bustle among the butter-boats. We fancy we see him, and not the goose, "walking about, and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire." By this time, we should suppose, he must be about "roasted enough."

her body, and the apple-sauce will make her dung, and cleanse and empty her. And when she roasteth, and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge ; and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead. It is mighty pleasant to behold!!! See *Wecker's Secrets of Nature*, in folio, London, 1660, pp. 148, 309."

The next chapter, or introduction (for we are not within forty spits length of the cookery directions yet), is entitled "Invitations to Dinner;" and commences thus :

"In the affairs of the mouth the strictest punctuality is indispensable ;—the gastronomer ought to be as accurate an observer of time as the astronomer—the least delay produces fatal and irreparable misfortunes."

It appearing, therefore, that delay is dangerous, as mammas say to their daughters on certain occasions, the Doctor directs that "the dining-room should be furnished with a good-going clock." He then speaks of food "well done when it is done," which leads to certain learned sentences on indigestion. The sad disregard of dinner-hours generally observed meets with his most serious displeasure and rebuke ; but to refuse an invitation to dinner is the capital crime, for which there is apparently no capital punishment. "Nothing can be more disobliging than a refusal which is not grounded on some very strong and unavoidable cause, except not coming at the appointed hour ; according to the laws of conviviality, a certificate from a sheriff's officer, a doctor, or an undertaker, are the only pleas which are admissible. The duties which invitation imposes do not

fall only on the persons invited, but, like all other social duties, are reciprocal."

If you should, therefore, fortunately happen to be arrested, or have had the good luck to fracture a limb, or, if better than all, you should have taken a box in that awful theatre at which all must be present once and for ever; you may be pardoned refusing the invitation of some tiresome friend to take a chop; but there is no other excuse, no other available excuse, for absenting yourself; no mental inaptitude will save you. Late comers are thus rebuked:

"There are some who seldom keep an appointment; we can assure them they as seldom 'scape without whipping,' and exciting those murmurs which inevitably proceed from the best regulated stomachs—when they are empty and impatient to be filled."

Carving is the next subject of the Doctor's care; but he resolutely and somewhat vehemently protests against your wielding the king of knives at any other table than your own: thus for ever excluding an author from the luxuries of table-anatomy. After giving an erudite passage from the "Almanach des Gourmands," the Doctor wanders into anecdote, and becomes facetious after the following recipe:

"I once heard a gentle hint on this subject given to a blue mould fancier, who, by looking too long at a Stilton cheese, was at last completely overcome by his eye exciting his appetite, till it became quite ungovernable, and unconscious of everything but the *mity* object of his contemplation, he began to pick out, in no small portions, the primest parts his eye could select from the centre of the cheese."

The good natured founder of the feast, highly amused at the ecstacies each morsel created in its passage over the palate of the enraptured *gourmand*, thus encouraged the perseverance of his guest—"Cut away, my dear sir, use no

ceremony, I pray ;—I hope you will pick out all the best of my cheese—the rind and the rotten will do very well for my wife and family !"

There is something so serene and simple in the above little story, that we recommend it to persons after dinner in preference to those highly seasoned and spicy jests which Mr. Joseph Miller has potted for the use of posterity. The next introduction contains "Friendly Advice to Cooks and other servants ;" but we cannot help thinking that Dr. Swift has in some degree forestalled our own good Doctor in this department of literature, although perhaps Dr. Kitchener is the most sober of counsellors. The following, to be sure, is a little suspicious. "Enter into all their plans of economy, and endeavour to make the most of everything as well for your own honour as your master's profit." This, without the note, would be unexceptionable ; but the Doctor quotes from Dr. Trusler (all the Doctor's are *redolent* of servants) as follows :—"I am persuaded that no servant ever *saved* her master sixpence but she found it in the end of her own *pocket.*"—"Have the dust removed," says Dr. Kitchener, "regularly every fortnight !"—What dust ?—Not that, we trust, which people are often entreated to come down with. The accumulation of soot has its dire evils : for "many good dinners have been spoiled, and many houses burned down, by the soot falling." Thus the Doctor, very properly, puts the greater evil first. "Give notice to your employers when the contents of your coal cellar are *diminished* to a chaldron." *Diminished !* we should be glad to hear when our cellars had increased to this stock. There is no hope, then, for those chamber-gentlemen who fritter away their lives by sack or bushel ! Dr. Kitchener is rather abstruse and particular in another of his directions :—"*The best rule* for *marketing* is to pay *ready money for everything.*" This is

a good rule with the elect;—but, is there no luxury in a baker's bill? Are butchers' reckonings nothing? Is there no virtue in a milk-tally? We cannot help thinking that *tick* was a great invention, and gives many a man a dinner that would otherwise go unfed.

The chapter on weights and measures is short, but deeply interesting and intense. There is an episode upon *trough nutmeg-graters* that would do the water-gruel generation good to hear.

And now the book begins *to boil.* The reader is told that meat takes twenty minutes to the pound; and that block-tin saucepans are the best. We can fish out little else, except a long and rather skilful calculation of the manner in which meat jockeys itself and reduces its weight in the cooking. Buckle and Sam Chiffney are nothing to "a leg of mutton with the shank bone taken out;" and it perhaps might not be amiss if the Newmarket profession were to consider how far it would be practicable to substitute the *cauldron* for the *blanket*, and thus reduce by *steam.* We should suppose a young gentleman, with half-an-hour's boiling, would ride somewhere about feather-weight.

Baking is dismissed in a page and a half. We are sorry to find that some joints, when fallen into poverty and decay, are quite unworthy of credit. "When baking a joint of *poor* meat I have seen *it* (what?) start from the bone, and shrivel up *scarcely to be believed.*"

Roasting is the next object of Dr. Kitchener's anxious care; and if this chapter be generally read, we shall not be surprised to see people in future roasting their meat before their doors and in their areas: for the Doctor says—

"*Roasting should be done in the open air,* to ventilate the meat from its own fumes, and by the radiant heat of a clear glowing fire,—otherwise it is in fact baked—the machines

the economical grate-makers call roasters, are, in plain English, ovens."

The Doctor then proceeds, not being content with telling you how to cook your victuals, to advise carefully as to the best method of cooking the *fire*. "The fire that is but just sufficient to receive the noble sirloin will parch up a lighter joint;" which is plainly a translation into the cook's own particular language of "temper the wind to the shorn lamb." The chapter does not conclude without observing that "everybody knows the advantage of *slow boiling—slow roasting* is equally important." This is an axiom.

Frying is a very graceful and lively species of cooking, though yielding perhaps in its vivacity and music to *boiling* —but of this more anon. We are sorry to find the Doctor endeavouring to take away from the originality of *frying*, classing it unkindly with the inferior sorts of boiling—calling it, in fact, the mere corpulence of boiling.

"A frying-pan should be about four inches deep, with a perfectly flat and thick bottom, twelve inches long, and nine broad, with perpendicular sides, and must be half filled with fat: good frying is, in fact, boiling in fat. To make sure that the pan is quite clean, rub a little fat over it, and then make it warm, and rub it with a clean cloth."

Broiling follows. We really begin to be enacting this sort of cookery ourselves, from the vigour and spirit with which we have rushed along in the company of Dr. Kitchener. *Broiling* is the poetry of cooking. The lyre-like shape of the instrument on which it was performed, and the brisk and pleasant sounds that arise momentarily, are rather musical than culinary. We are transported, at the thought, to that golden gridiron in the Beef Steak Club, which seems to confine the white cook in his burning cage, which generates wit, whim, and song, for hours together, and pleasantly

blends the fanciful and the substantial in one laughing and robust harmony.

The Doctor is profound on the subject of vegetables, and when we consider the importance of it, we are not surprised to hear him earnestly exclaim, "I should as soon think of *roasting an animal alive,* as of boiling *a vegetable after it is dead.*" No one will question that the one is quite as pardonable as the other. Our readers cannot be too particular in looking to their brocoli and potatoes. "This branch of cookery requires the most vigilant attention. If vegetables are a minute or two too long over the fire, they lose all their beauty and flavour. If not thoroughly boiled tender, they are tremendously indigestible, and much more troublesome during their residence in the stomach than underdone meats."

We pass over the rudiments of dressing fish, and of compounding broths and soups, except with remarking, that a turbot is said to be better for *not* being fresh, and that "lean juicy beef, mutton, or veal form the *basis of broth.*"

Gravies and sauces are not neglected. The Doctor writes —"However 'les pompeuses Bagatelles de la cuisine masquée,' may tickle the fancy of *demi connoisseurs,* who, leaving the substance to pursue the shadow, prefer wonderful and whimsical metamorphoses, and things extravagantly expensive, to those which are intrinsically excellent —in whose mouth, mutton can hardly hope for a welcome unless accompanied by venison sauce—or a rabbit any chance for a race down the red lane, without assuming the form of a frog or spider—or pork without being either 'goosified' or 'lambified,' and game and poultry in the shape of crawfish or hedgehogs.

"These travesties rather show the patience than the science of the cook,—and the bad taste of those who prefer

such baby tricks to old English nourishing and substantial plain cookery. *We* could have made this the biggest book with half the trouble it has taken *me* to make it the best; —concentration and perspicuity have been my aim."

We do not know what the Doctor understands as "a big book;" but to our notions (and we are experienced in the weights and measures of printed works) the Cook's Oracle is a tolerably huge and Gog-like production. We should have been glad to have had a calculation of what the manuscript lost in the printing. In truth a comparative scale of the wasting of meat and prose during the cooking would be no uninteresting performance. For our parts, we can only remark from experience, that these our articles in the London Magazine boil up like spinage. We fancy, when written, that we have a heap of leaves fit to feed thirty columns; and they absolutely and alarmingly shrink up to a page or two when dressed by the compositor.

The romantic fancy of cooks is thus restrained:

"The imagination of most cooks is so incessantly on the hunt for a relish, that they seem to think they cannot make sauce sufficiently savoury, without putting into it everything that ever was eaten; and supposing every addition must be an improvement, they frequently overpower the natural flavour of their plain sauces, by overloading them with salt and spices, &c.:—but, remember, these will be deteriorated by any addition, save only just salt enough to awaken the palate—the lover of 'piquance' and compound flavours may have recourse to the 'Magazine of Taste.'"

Again——

"Why have clove and allspice,—or mace and nutmeg, in the same sauce?—or marjoram,—thyme,—and savory?—or onions,—leeks—eschallots—and garlick? one will very

well supply the place of the other,—and the frugal cook may save something considerable by attending to this to the advantage of her employers, and her own time and trouble.—You might as well, to make soup, order one quart of water from the Thames, another from the New River, a third from Hampstead, and a fourth from Chelsea, with a certain portion of spring and rain water."

The Doctor himself, however, in spite of his correction of the cooks, is not entirely free from the fanciful. When you have opened a bottle of catsup, he says, "use only the best superfine *velvet taper* corks." This is *drawing* a cork with the hand of a poet.

And now, will the reader believe it? The work commences afresh! After all our labour,—after all our travelling through boiling, broiling, roasting, &c., we find that we have the whole to go over again. To our utter dismay, p. 142 begins anew with—*boiling!* It is little comfort to us that joints and cuttings come in for their distinct treatment: we seem to have made no way, and sit down with as much despair as a young school-girl, who, after three quarters of a year's dancing, is put back to the Scotch step. Beef has been spoken of before; but we have not at all made up our minds on the following subject :—

"Obs.—In Mrs. Mason's Ladies' Assistant this joint is called haunch-bone; in Henderson's Cookery, edge-bone; in Domestic Management, aitch-bone; in Reynolds' Cookery, ische-bone; in Mrs. Lydia Fisher's Prudent Housewife, ach-bone; in Mrs. M'Iver's Cookery, hook-bone. We have also seen it spelt each-bone, and ridge-bone, and we have also heard it called natch-bone."

Of "half a calf's head" Dr. Kitchener says, slily enough, if you like it *full-dressed* score it *superficially;* beat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it over the head with a *feather;*

powder it, &c. Such a calf's head as this, so full-dressed, might be company for the best nobleman's ditto in the land.

It is quite impossible for us to accompany Dr. Kitchener regularly through "roasting, frying, vegetables," &c., as we are by no means sure that our readers would sanction the *encore*. We shall pick a bit here and a bit there, from the Doctor's dainty larder; and take care to choose, as the English do with a French bill of fare, from those niceties which are novelties.

"A pig," observes the Doctor, as though he were speaking of any other dull, obstinate personage, "is a very troublesome subject to *roast*. Most persons have them *baked:* send a quarter of a pound of butter, and beg the baker to *baste* it well." The following occurs to us to be as difficult a direction to fulfil as any of Sir Thomas Parkin's wrestling instructions: "Lay your *pig back* to *back* in the dish, with one half of the head on each side, and the ears one at each end, which you must take care to make nice and *crisp*, or you will get scolded, as the good man was who brought his wife a pig with one ear." The point at the end is like the point of a spit. Again: "A sucking pig, like a young child, must not be left for an instant!" Never was such affection manifested before for this little interesting and persecuted tribe.

If Izaak Walton be the greatest of writers on the catching of fish, Dr. Kitchener is, beyond doubt, triumphant over all who have written upon the *dressing* of them. The Doctor dwells upon "the fine pale red rose colour" of pickled salmon, till you doubt whether he is not admiring a carnation. "Cod's skull" becomes flowery and attractive; and fine "silver eels," when "stewed Wiggig's way," swim in beauty as well as butter. The Doctor points out the best method of killing this perversely living fish, observing, very

justly, "that the human executioner does certain criminals the favour to *hang* them before he breaks them on the wheel."

Of salmon the Doctor rather quaintly and *posingly* observes, "the *thinnest* part of the fish is the *fattest*. *If you have any left*, put it into a pie-dish, and cover it," etc. The direction is conditional, we perceive.

"Remember to choose your lobsters '*heavy and lively*.'" —"Motion," says the Doctor, "is the index of their freshness."

Upon Oysters, Dr. Kitchener is eloquent indeed. He is, as it were, "native here, and to the manner born."

"The true lover of an oyster will have some regard for the feelings of his little favourite, and will never abandon it to the mercy of a bungling operator,—but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously, that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodging, till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death."

Who would not be an oyster to be thus surprised, to be thus pleasingly ejected from its tenement of mother of pearl, to be thus tickled to death? When we are placed in our shell, we should have no objection to be astonished with a similar delicate and titillating opening!

Giblet soup requires to be eaten with the fingers. We were not aware that these handy instruments could be used successfully in the devouring of gravies and soups.

"N.B. This is rather a family dish than a company one; the bones cannot be well picked without the help of a live pincers. Since Tom Coryat introduced forks, A.D. 1642, it has not been the fashion to put 'pickers and stealers' into soup."

After giving a most elaborate recipe for mock-turtle soup, he proceeds—

"This soup was eaten by the committee of taste with unanimous applause, and they pronounced it a very satisfactory substitute for 'the far fetcht and dear bought' turtle; which itself is indebted for its title of 'sovereign of savouriness' to the rich soup with which it is surrounded; without its paraphernalia of double relishes, a 'starved-turtle' has not more intrinsic sapidity than a FATTED CALF."

And a little further on he observes—

"Obs.—This is a delicious soup, within the reach of those 'who eat to live;' but if it had been composed expressly for those 'who only live to eat,' I do not know how it could have been made more agreeable; as it is, the lover of good eating will 'wish his throat a mile long, and every inch of it palate.'"

Our readers will pant to have "Mr. Michael Kelly's sauce for boiled tripe, calf's-head, or cow-heel." It is this:—

"Garlick vinegar, a tablespoonful; of mustard, brown sugar, and black pepper, a teaspoonful each; stirred into half a pint of oiled melted butter."

Gad-a-mercy, what a gullet must be in the possession of Mr. Michael Kelly!

We think the following almost a superfluous direction to cooks:—"Take your chops out of the frying-pan," p. 324; but then he tells you in another place, "to put your tongue into plenty of cold water;" p. 156, which makes all even again.

After giving ample directions for the making of essence of anchovy, the Doctor rather damps our ardour for entering upon it, by the following observations: "Mem.—*You cannot make essence of anchovy half so cheap as you can buy it.*"

The following passage is rather too close an imitation of one of the puff directions in the "Critic:"

"To a pint of the cleanest and strongest rectified spirit,

(sold by Rickards, Piccadilly,) add two drachms and a half of the sweet oil of orange peel, (sold by Stewart, No. 11, Old Broad-street, near the Bank,) shake it up, etc."

"Obs.—We do not offer this receipt as a rival to Mr. Johnson's curaçoa; it is only proposed as an humble substitute for that incomparable liqueur."

The Doctor proceeds to luxuriate upon made dishes, etc.; in the course of which he says, "The sirloin of beef I divide into three parts: I first have it nicely *boned!*" This is rather a suspicious way of having it at all. Mrs. Philip's Irish stew has all the fascination of her country-women. In treating of shin of beef, the Doctor gives us a proverb which we never remember to have heard before.

"Of all the fowls of the air, commend me to the shin of beef: for there's marrow for the master, meat for the mistress, gristles for the servants, and bones for the dogs."

On pounded cheese the Doctor writes, "the *piquance* of this *buttery-caseous* relish," etc. Is not this a little *overdone?* The passage, however, on the frying of eggs makes up for all.

"Be sure the frying-pan is quite clean; when the fat is hot, break two or three eggs into it; do not turn them, but, while they are frying, keep pouring some of the fat over them with a spoon: when the yolk just begins to look white, which it will be in about a couple of minutes, they are done enough; if they are done nicely, they will look as white and delicate as if they had been poached; take them up with a tin slice, drain the fat from them, trim them neatly, and send them up with the bacon round them."

"The beauty of a poached egg is for the yolk to be seen *blushing* through the white, which should only be just sufficiently hardened to form a transparent veil for the egg."

So much for the Cook's Oracle. The style is a piquant sauce to the solid food of the instructions; and we never

recollect reading sentences that relished so savourily. The Doctor appears to have written his work upon the back of a dripping-pan, with the point of his spit, so very cooklike does he dish up his remarks. If we were to be cast away upon a desert island, and could only carry one book ashore, we should take care to secure the Cook's Oracle; for let victuals be ever so scarce, there are pages in that erudite book that are, as Congreve's Jeremy says, "a feast for an emperor." Who could starve with such a larder of reading?

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

Summer is gone on swallows' wings,
And Earth has buried all her flowers:
No more the lark,—the linnet—sings,
But Silence sits in faded bowers.
There is a shadow on the plain
Of Winter ere he comes again,—
There is in woods a solemn sound
Of hollow warnings whisper'd round,
As Echo in her deep recess
For once had turn'd a prophetess.
Shuddering Autumn stops to list,
And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,
With clouded face, and hazel eyes
That quench themselves, and hide in mist.

Yes, Summer's gone like pageant bright;
Its glorious days of golden light
Are gone—the mimic suns that quiver,
Then melt in Time's dark-flowing river.

Gone the sweetly-scented breeze
That spoke in music to the trees ;
Gone—for damp and chilly breath,
As if fresh blown o'er marble seas,
Or newly from the lungs of Death.
Gone its virgin roses' blushes,
Warm as when Aurora rushes
Freshly from the god's embrace,
With all her shame upon her face.
Old Time hath laid them in the mould ;
Sure he is blind as well as old,
Whose hand relentless never spares
Young cheeks so beauty-bright as theirs !
Gone are the flame-eyed lovers now
From where so blushing-blest they tarried
Under the hawthorn's blossom-bough,
Gone ; for Day and Night are married.
All the light of love is fled :—
Alas ! that negro breasts should hide
The lips that were so rosy red,
At morning and at even-tide !

Delightful Summer ! then adieu
Till thou shalt visit us anew :
But who without regretful sigh
Can say, adieu, and see thee fly ?
Not he that e'er hath felt thy pow'r,
His joy expanding like a flow'r,
That cometh after rain and snow,
Looks up at heaven, and learns to glow :—
Not he that fled from Babel-strife
To the green sabbath-land of life,
To dodge dull Care 'mid cluster'd trees,

And cool his forehead in the breeze,—
Whose spirit, weary-worn perchance,
Shook from its wings a weight of grief,
And perch'd upon an aspen leaf,
For every breath to make it dance.

Farewell !—on wings of sombre stain,
That blacken in the last blue skies,
Thou fly'st ; but thou wilt come again
On the gay wings of butterflies.
Spring at thy approach will sprout
Her new Corinthian beauties out,
Leaf-woven homes, where twitter-words
Will grow to songs, and eggs to birds ;
Ambitious buds shall swell to flowers,
And April smiles to sunny hours.
Bright days shall be, and gentle nights
Full of soft breath and echo-lights,
As if the god of sun-time kept
His eyes half-open while he slept.
Roses shall be where roses were,
Not shadows, but reality ;
As if they never perish'd there,
But slept in immortality :
Nature shall thrill with new delight,
And Time's relumined river run
Warm as young blood, and dazzling bright,
As if its source were in the sun !

But say, hath Winter then no charms ?
Is there no joy, no gladness warms
His aged heart ? no happy wiles
To cheat the hoary one to smiles ?

Onward he comes—the cruel North
Pours his furious whirlwind forth
Before him—and we breathe the breath
Of famish'd bears that howl to death.
Onward he comes from rocks that blanch
O'er solid streams that never flow :
His tears all ice, his locks all snow,
Just crept from some huge avalanche—
A thing half-breathing and half-warm,
As if one spark began to glow
Within some statue's marble form,
Or pilgrim stiffen'd in the storm.
Oh ! will not Mirth's light arrows fail
To pierce that frozen coat of mail ?
Oh ! will not joy but strive in vain
To light up those glazed eyes again ?

No ! take him in, and blaze the oak,
And pour the wine, and warm the ale ;
His sides shall shake to many a joke,
His tongue shall thaw in many a tale,
His eyes grow bright, his heart be gay,
And even his palsy charm'd away.
What heeds he then the boisterous shout
Of angry winds that scold without,
Like shrewish wives at tavern door ?
What heeds he then the wild uproar
Of billows bursting on the shore ?
In dashing waves, in howling breeze,
There is a music that can charm him ;
When safe, and shelter'd, and at ease,
He hears the storm that cannot harm him.

But hark! those shouts! that sudden din
Of little hearts that laugh within.
Oh! take him where the youngsters play,
And he will grow as young as they!
They come! they come! each blue-eyed Sport,
The Twelfth-Night King and all his court—
'Tis Mirth fresh crown'd with misletoe!
Music with her merry fiddles,
Joy "on light fantastic toe,"
Wit with all his jests and riddles,
Singing and dancing as they go.
And Love, young Love, among the rest,
A welcome—nor unbidden guest.

But still for Summer dost thou grieve?
Then read our Poets—they shall weave
A garden of green fancies still,
Where thy wish may rove at will.
They have kept for after-treats
The essences of summer sweets,
And echoes of its songs that wind
In endless music through the mind:
They have stamp'd in visible traces
The "thoughts that breathe," in words that shine—
The flights of soul in sunny places—
To greet and company with thine.
These shall wing thee on to flow'rs—
The past or future, that shall seem
All the brighter in thy dream
For blowing in such desert hours.
The summer never shines so bright
As thought-of in a winter's night;
And the sweetest loveliest rose

Is in the bud before it blows ;
The dear one of the lover's heart
Is painted to his longing eyes,
In charms she ne'er can realise—
But when she turns again to part.
Dream thou then, and bind thy brow
With wreath of fancy roses now,
And drink of Summer in the cup
Where the Muse hath mix'd it up ;
The "dance, and song, and sun-burnt mirth,"
With the warm nectar of the earth :
Drink ! 'twill glow in every vein,
And thou shalt dream the winter through :
Then waken to the sun again,
And find thy Summer Vision true !

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY FROM ISLINGTON TO WATERLOO BRIDGE, IN MARCH, 1821.

"The son of Cornelius shall make his own legs his compasses ; with those he shall measure continents, islands, capes, bays, straits, and isthmuses."—*Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus.*

"I SHOULD very much like to travel," said a young cockney, with his feet on the fender. "London is a vast place ; but the world is ten times bigger, and no doubt a many strange things are to be seen in it."

"And pray, young man," said an old gentleman, whom he called the philosopher, "pray, are you so familiar with the features of your own country ; are you so well acquainted with its men and manners, that you must go out of it for matter of investigation and speculation ?"

"As for men," replied the cockney, "we may see them any where. I've seen Cribb and Spring, and the *best good ones* that ever peel'd; and as for manners, I learned them at the dancing-school. I have not been all over England, to be sure, like my father's riders; but I've been to Margate, Brighton, and Moulsey Hurst; so that what I have not seen by sack I have seen by sample. Besides, London is the very focus of England; and sure I am, that I know it from Wapping to Hyde Park Corner, and have seen all that is instructive in it. I've been up the Monument, and down St. Paul's, over the Bridges, and under the Tunnel. I've seen the King and Court, Mrs. Salmon's royal waxwork too, and the wild beasts at Exeter 'Change;—I've seen Drury Lane and Covent Garden play-houses, besides the Houses of Lords and Commons—the Soho Bazaar, and both Bartlemy Fair and the Brighton Pavilion. I never missed a Lord Mayor's show, nor anything that is worth seeing; and I know by sight Lord Castlereagh, Jack Ketch, Sir William Curtis, Billy Waters, and many other public and distinguished characters."

"If you have seen no more than you say," said the philosopher, "you have seen a great deal more than is English; and if you only wish to study mankind, it is at least a reason against your leaving the country. England has, to be sure, its national character; but it gives birth to many mongrels, who belong rather to the Spanish, Dutch, or other breeds: there are foreigners born here, as well as others who visit us; and why should we go abroad to study them, when we have them all in epitome at home? Different nations, like different men, are only compounds of the same ingredients, but in different proportions. We shall find knaves and honest men in every state, and a large proportion of fools and dunces in them all. We shall find every where the

same passions, the same virtues and vices, but altered in their proportions by the influences of education, laws, and religion; which in some parts tend to improve, and, in others, to pervert the common nature of mankind.

"It is in their civil and religious institutions that we are to look for the grand causes effecting those distinctions which constitute national character; but before we go to investigate them, we should at least understand a little of our own."

"Pshaw!" said the cockney, who began to grow tired of this harangue; "there are sights to be seen abroad which can't be brought over here, and as for men being the same all the world over, it's all my eye,—a'nt there the Hottentots that have noses like your pug's, and heads as black and woolly as my poodle's? A'nt the Frenchmen all skinny, and haven't the Spaniards large whiskers? There are the Patagonians, too, that are as big as the Irish giant, and Laplanders no bigger than Miss What's-her-name, the dwarf?"

"Pshaw," said the philosopher, in his turn; "all these are minor distinctions, and shrink, as it were, to nothing when compared with the immeasurable distances between the minds of men: whether I be Englishman or Hottentot, a Laplander or a Patagonian,—

> If I could stretch from pole to pole,
> And grasp the ocean in a span,
> I must be measured by my soul:
> The mind's the standard of the man.

"There is, no doubt, a considerable difference between a Hottentot's nose and my own, which, as you observe, is a fine Roman one, and very like Cæsar's; but there is, I flatter myself, a much greater difference between our understandings. The first is only a difference in the conformation of matter, but the last is a gradation in mind, which, to speak in common language, is the most material matter of the two."

Here the Cockney was quite out of patience; "he did not care," he said, "about mind and matter; and as to the difference of men's minds, why men would differ, but he meant to be of his own mind, and the philosopher might be of his," and so they parted.

As I was present at this conversation, it occurred to me that if men were so much alike everywhere, or rather, if every soil produced the same varieties, I could see as much of them in a walk through the populous streets of London as in a hasty journey all over the Continent. Oh! I will not travel, said I, for, in the first place, it's unnecessary; and secondly, I do not feel equal to its fatigues and dangers; and lastly, said I (for we always get to the true reason at last), I can't afford it. Besides, I had not seen Waterloo Bridge; and we ought to see our own bridges, before we go to see the bridges of others. A traveller, said I, should have all his wits about him, and so will I. He should let nothing escape him, no more will I. He should extract reflections out of a cabbage stump, like sun-beams squeezed out of cucumbers; so will I, if I can; and he should converse with every and any one, even a fish-woman. Perhaps I will, and perhaps I will not, said I. Who knows but I may make a sentimental journey, as good as Sterne's; but at any rate I can write it, and send it to the London Magazine.

I had hardly left the threshold of my door, ere I met, as I thought, with an adventure. I had just reached that ancient and grotesque house which is said to have been a summer seat of Queen Elizabeth, though now in the centre of the village, or rather town of Islington, when I observed that the steps which led down to the door, had become the seat, or rather the couch of an unfortunate female. She had, like Sterne's Maria, her *dog*, and her *pipe*, and like her, too, she was evidently beside herself. "Poor unfortunate and interesting

Maria," said I, as she came into my mind, exactly as Sterne had drawn her. I had touched a string—at the name of Maria, the female for the first time raised her head, and I caught a glance at her uncommon countenance. The rose had not fled from it, nor the bloom, for this was damson, and that was damask; there was a fixedness in her gaze, and although she quickly turned her head away, she could not hide from me that she had a drop in her eye. "It won't do," said I, shaking my head, "Maria found Sterne's handkerchief, and washed it with tears, and dried it in her bosom; but if I lose mine here, it's ten to one if I see it again; and if this Maria should wet it with her eyes, methinks it would dry best again at her nose. There is nothing to sympathise with in her bewilderment—she's rather bewitched than bewitching—she's a dry subject," and so I left her. My eyes, however, were full charged with the tears, and my bosom with the sighs, which I had expected to mingle with those of the supposed unfortunate. Some sentimentalists would have vented them upon the first dead dog or lame chicken they might meet with, but I held them too valuable to be wasted upon such objects. I hate the weeping-willow set, who will cry over their pug dogs and canaries, till they have no tears to spare for the real children of misfortune and misery; but sensibility is too scarce, and too valuable, not to be often imitated; and these, therefore, are the ways in which they advertise their counterfeit drops. They should be punished like any other impostors, and they might be made of some use to society at the same time; for as other convicts are set to beat hemp, and pick oakum, so I would set these to perform funerals, and to chop onions. These reflections, and the incidents which gave rise to them, I resolved to treasure up, for they would perhaps have their use in some part of my journey.

They will warn me against being too sentimental, said I.

In the first place it is ridiculous; secondly, it's useless; and lastly, it's inconvenient: for I just recollect that there's a very large hole in my pocket handkerchief. These reflections brought me into Colebrook Row, or rather into a heap of mud that stood at the end of it, for street reveries are very subject to such sudden terminations. They say that Englishmen have a rusticity about them that only rubs off by a little travel; but that must certainly be erroneous, for I had hardly gone a quarter of a mile, ere I lost, in the mudding of my boots, the little all of polish that I wore about me. Barring the first agony of mortification, I bore it, however, with uncommon fortitude, for I knew that travellers must expect to meet, as I did, with sad and serious accidents. There passed however a young gentleman in very tight *trotter-cases*, but whilst his feet gave evident signs of suffering, I observed that his countenance was calm, vacant, and stoical. Pshaw! said I, if he can bear his pinches so well, I may surely put up with my splashes; this pain of mine exists only in imagination, whereas his poor feet, like Shakspeare's stricken deer, "distend their leathern coats almost to bursting." What a felicity there is in a happy application of words! I was so pleased with the resemblance which I had discovered between the foot of a dandy and a stricken deer, that I quite forgot my vexation, and its cause. I found, as I thought, that I had a genius for apt quotations, and resolved not to be sparing of them; they would give to my travels an air of great learning; and if learning be better than riches, there would be no more harm in showing it thus than in pulling out a large purse, as some do, to give a poor beggar a halfpenny.

"Give a poor beggar a halfpenny," said a man, as if he had heard and echoed the last part of my thought.

The City Road was excessively dirty, but he had swept

a cleaner passage over it, and as I trod across his little track of Terra Firma, I dropped the merited coin into his hat, for I saw he had only half-a-crown in it. "Thank your honour," said he, looking full in my face, and then looking down upon my boots, he thanked me again, and still more emphatically. "It is very true," said I, entering into his feeling—"it's very true—and if I too had looked upon my boots, you probably had not had it."

He thought, no doubt, with certain philosophers, that man's main-spring is selfishness, and perhaps he was not quite wrong; but at all events to decide it, I resolved to watch his customers and analyze his profits. "A plague take the fellow!" said an old gentleman, whom he had hunted fifty paces for a halfpenny, "you ought to be reported to the Mendicity Society." He gave it to him, to get rid of his importunity, thought I. He would have kept his halfpenny by walking a little faster, but he walks very lame, poor old gentleman, and that perhaps makes him pettish. The next halfpenny he got from a lady, who had walked a long way down the road to avail herself of his labour. It was rather for her upper leathers than for her soul's sake, said I; and as for that old lady that followed her, I can read in his face that she has given him a pocket-piece; but they all go in charity, as it is called, and I have learned, by the bye, what to do with a forged or flash note. As nobody else seemed inclined to give him anything, I summed up my calculations: one third had given from inconvenience, and one third for convenience, and the rest, or the pocket-piece, was the gift of pure charity. We may say of charity, as Hamlet Travestied, does of death—that it's truly a fine thing to talk of. We all preach it—we all praise and admire, but when we come to the practice of it, we "leave that to men of more learning;" and are as careful of our

pence as of our lives, when we find they've no chance of returning. I had hardly ended these uncharitable reflections, when I was obliged to retract and repent them. I had begun to read a very conspicuous hand-bill which was posted on some palings near Sadler's Wells, and invited the admirers of fisty-cuffs to a grand sparring benefit at the Five's Court. But I had hardly got farther than the noble science of self-defence, than it was for the most part eclipsed by a new hand-bill, fresh from the pole of the bill-sticker; and altogether, they then appeared as follows :—To the Fancy—on such a day—a Sermon will be preached by such a Bishop at such a Church, for the benefit of such a charity—and as a little piece of the other bill expressed at the bottom that *real good ones* were expected, I applied it of course to the exclusion of pocket-pieces. I had a fresh subject besides in this piece of waggery of the bill-sticker's, which had afforded me no little entertainment. Shakspeare was right, and so was the philosopher, in my estimation; for I saw that what they had represented was correct, that certain characters are confined to no class, condition, nor country. We may meet with dull pedagogues and authors, and with sensible clowns and with witty bill-stickers; and I doubt not that we as readily meet with blunt Frenchmen, with shuffling Englishmen, and honest and brave Italians. I met with no other incident worth relating or reflecting upon, till I came to a public-house near Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, and there I met with matter of interest and amusement, inasmuch as it involved a question upon national and domestic government.

It was no less than a quarrel between a man and his wife, who had just ejected him from his seat in the parlour; and the argument was, not whether he should go there at all, but whether he should go there without her permission first sought and obtained. There were not wanting auxiliaries

and allies upon each side, and there were as many advocates for the rights of women, as there were supporters of the doctrine of the free will of man. There was, besides, a third party, composed chiefly of young persons, perhaps spinsters and bachelors, who by siding, sometimes with one and sometimes with the other, seemed inclined to provoke the opposing parties to a general combat. It was evident from the clamour of the females, and from the swearing of the men, that the argument, if such it might be called, would never arrive at any legitimate conclusion; and taking advantage therefore of a general pause, the effect of exhausted rage, I was induced to offer my aid as a mediator between the two sexes. Now, it so happens, that when persons are angry or ridiculous, they like to make parties of all the spectators; and as I had taken no part in the fray, but had been strictly neutral, the proposal was generally agreed to; especially as I had the appearance of one of the meek among men. Getting therefore upon one of the benches, I stretched forth my hand, and proceeded as follows :—

"Ladies and gentlemen, the question which you have referred to me is one of the greatest importance, not only to me, but to you,—not only to you, but to all the world.

"It requires to know which of the sexes was born for dominion—whether woman should rule ('or man should be ruled,' said an Irishman). It not only questions whether wife should rule husband, or husband rule wife—but also if Queens should ascend the throne, or if Kings should sit upon it; for whichever may be unfit to command a family must be equally unqualified to rule a nation." The conclusion of this sentence was followed by shouts of applause from both parties, each applying to the other the unfitness to which I alluded. "If," said I, "we may judge from a

law which exists and has existed, I should say that the softer sex are unqualified for the thrones, from which by that very law they stand excluded." Here I was obliged to bow to the applause of my male hearers, and also to the ladies, in order to avoid the force of a flying patten.

"But there is one circumstance," I continued, "and it certainly goes strongly against such a conclusion;—I mean that in that instance the men were the law makers." Here again I had to bow to the ladies, and duck to the gentlemen. "I will say, moreover, that if we refer to the history of a nation where that law was unknown, we shall find that the reigns of two thirds of her Queens have been happy and glorious. (Loud applause from the females.)

"This fact, however, goes no further in support of this side of the question, than the Salic law on the other; for allowing that the sway of those Queens was so sweet and splendid, yet we must remember, that they governed by their ministers, and conquered by their generals and admirals. (Cheers from the men.) If we trace still further back in history, even unto the days of Saul and David, and if we find a frequent mention of Kings, and of their being anointed, what then shall we say of this question, if we find in the whole course of that history, no instance of an anointed Queen! (Hisses and groans from the ladies.) If such be the fact, what shall we infer from it, but that there were no priestesses? (Shouts and laughter from the ladies.) But why had they no priestesses? I must confess that I am unable to answer. (Cheers from the males.) I will now consider the other branch of the subject; for although it is evident, that those who are unfit to rule families, must be unqualified to rule kingdoms, yet it does not follow, therefore, that those who are unable to govern kingdoms, are unequal to the lighter task of governing a family. There are very many worthy

women whom I should be loth to trust with a sceptre, but they sway the domestic rod with vigour and success—(hear! from the men); and there are also many men of a different stamp, of indolent and profligate characters, whose affairs thrive best, or would thrive better under the guidance of their wives. (Hear! from the women.) We know, too, that there are others who have willingly resigned to their wives the control of their purse, and the direction of their affairs; convinced, by experience, that they were the best merchants, the best accountants, and the best orators. (Hear, hear! from the ladies.) Upon these grounds we may assign the right of dominion to the female sex (screams of applause from the women, and groans from the men); I say, upon these grounds we may assign the right of dominion to the female sex (the same tumult repeated); I say (said I, raising my voice), I say that upon these groans we may assign the right of dominion to the female sex, provided that the whole, or greater portion of men, may be supposed idle, profligate, or the most ignorant. But I must confess, and I do it with all sincerity, that this would appear to me to be a most unhandsome, most uncharitable, and unjust estimate. (Shouts from the men, and hisses from the ladies.)

"How then shall we decide this great question, seeing that the trial by battle is by parliament abolished? It may be ruled by precedent, or rather the want of it, that the female sex be excluded from the sovereignty and the priesthood, but their claims to domestic dominion are as yet uncontroverted (cheers from the ladies); and as yet unestablished. (Cheers from the gentlemen.) There only remains, in my opinion, a middle course to pursue.

> Let all agree,—let none engross the sway,
> But each command by turns, and each obey.

Let the lady be paramount in the kitchen and the nursery, and absolute in the garrets. Let the gentleman be king in his parlour, and emperor in his study; and as for the drawing-room and the garden, let their sway there be divided. Let her be a judge in fashions, in novels, and in all fancy articles; and let him decide on politics, on liquors, and on horseflesh. As for all other matters of argument, let them be considered as drawn battles at draughts; and finally let each sex consider itself as bound to the other, by an alliance offensive and defensive." The conclusion of this my oration was followed by very general cries of applause, which were the more gratifying, when I considered the difficulty of pleasing all parties in a concern of so much interest to each. Nor was that my only reward, for I received I know not how many invitations to partake of porter, gin, and punch, all of which I declined, alleging that I wished to go straightway to Waterloo Bridge—at least, as far as it was possible to do so by Gray's Inn Lane, Chancery Lane, and the Strand. I had just reached the middle of Elm Street, when I was alarmed by loud and piercing screams, and as a carriage had rapidly turned the corner, I feared that some unfortunate human being had been run over. There is something in the shrill cry of a female in distress, that irresistibly impels, and wings one to her succour; I flew up the hill—turned the corner, and beheld at my feet a poor swine, which was screaming under the repeated lashes of a ruffian drover. She had sunk down, apparently from exhaustion, in the middle of the kennel, and as she started and kicked under the blood-thirsty thong, her struggles and splashings were truly shocking. Aged—and a female—exposed to insult, cruelty, and indignity; her grunts so like groans, and her squeaks so like screams, it was impossible for humanity to look on and be passive. I straddled over the unfortunate

sow, and interposed my body betwixt her and her tormentor; and had it been at the risk of immolation, my feelings could not have allowed me to shrink from it. I should have died a glorious martyr to humanity! I protected the innocent, and I did more, for I threatened to chastise her oppressor; and I should certainly have done so with his own whip, if I could only have wrested it from him. However, I accepted the brute's challenge to fight; and here I must say, that upon any other occasion, I should have deemed it disgraceful and ungentlemanly; but in such a cause, as the champion of humanity, the guardian of the brute creation, I thought it not only gentlemanly, but angelic; and I felt that I was quite in my duty when I folded up my new coat, and confided it to the care of a decent shopkeeper. We exchanged only a few blows, and if I did not thrash him heartily, he owed it to my humanity; for it was merely from a reluctance to end in blood what I had begun in tears, that I so speedily declined the combat. The spectators indeed did not seem to enter into my feeling; but whip me the man who would not prefer the praise of mercy to the meed of victory! Besides, I considered it a sin, a kind of profanation, to mar and disfigure "the human face divine," and one of us at least, was handsome.

I did not however resign the cause and interests of the poor sow, but slipping a crown into the hand of the drover, I recommended her to his mercy as a man and a Christian: "coax her," said I, "call her, or run before her, and entice her with a cabbage leaf—do anything but whip her so cruelly. And now," I continued, addressing myself to the by-standers, amongst whom were some very well dressed ladies and gentlemen, "now let me impress one very great error as regards pig driving. A pig will run this way and that, and any way, perhaps, but the right one; but it is

uncharitable and cruel to attribute to *obstinacy* what may only originate in an over anxiety to please. I have seen a pig run backward, and forward, and sideways, and if it had been possible to run a dozen ways at once, I verily believe it would have done it."

The sow got up, the crowd dispersed, and I pursued my journey. It afterwards struck me that I heard at a distance the same shrill, humanlike, and persevering screams; but it might be fancy, for I believe they will ring in my ears as often as I pass the corner of Elm Street, Gray's Inn Lane. Gray's Inn Lane, by the bye, is not, as I conjecture, the true name of it; the ancient appellation must have been anything but what it now bears—perhaps *Grazing Lane*, because ere it was built upon, the cattle used to graze in it.

Be that as it may, there is nothing farther to remark of Gray's Inn Lane, but that it brings one into Holborn.

Hence, and through Chancery Lane, I amused myself by speculating on the faces of the passengers. It's a study I am very fond of, and if I am in any way superstitious, it is in the signs and forebodings of the countenance. Who cannot trace in the face of a dandy the circulation of his two ideas,—his opinion of himself and others; and who is there that mistakes the keen eye of a genius?

But it is Temper that writes the most legible hand in the countenance; and it is easy therefore to distinguish, amongst a crowd, the pet lamb of his mother; the tyrant of his family; and the humble servant of his wife. There's that man, said I, looking at a gentleman who was standing on the edge of the pavement—his curled lip indicates his pride; but I know by the very restlessness of his eye, that he's afraid of bailiffs. As for that man who has just passed, I would not live with such a temper for my board and lodging. That lady's mask is handsome; but I must say

with the fox, "cerebrum non habet;" and her little girl's doll has more wit in her one eye than she has in two. My judgments, however, were not always fortunate; the man with restless eyes was only looking for his poodle dog: and as the cross-looking man went soon afterwards into a cook shop, I supposed that he had been rather hungered than ill-natured. As for the lady and the child, I don't know whether I set them down rightly or not, but in the meantime I will suppose so, and cling to my study. I was now in the Strand, close to Temple Bar; and from hence to Waterloo Bridge, I calculated would be the journey of an hour. Who is there that can walk along this, or any of the principal City streets, without admiring the number of elegant shops, and the still more elegant and wonderful productions which they contain? they are to me the sources of the greatest pleasure, and when time will permit me to do so, I inspect them from the goldsmith's and jeweller's, down to the humbler repositories of the tinman and brazier. Nay I have been caught, and rallied by my acquaintance for looking in lovingly at the haberdasher's and milliner's.

It is not that I am merely smitten with the beauty of their articles that I look into them with such admiration and delight, but it is because I can there trace an evident and progressive improvement in the arts and manufactures of my country. *This* affords me a delight in which all ought to sympathise, and *that* calls forth an admiration in which all must participate. Whether we examine those paintings and prints, which are more strictly termed works of art; whether we examine those fabrics which have been produced by the most complicated machinery, or those minor articles which are the work of the handicraftsman, we shall find that there prevails in all a degree of taste which can only be the result of a general cultivation of mind. It is this that has

led to so many ingenious inventions, and has tended above all to promote the general alliance between elegance and utility; and when we contemplate the mighty effects of its progress hitherto, who can calculate its future attainments? Long may it continue its mighty march, to the honour and happiness of my countrymen; and may they, in better days, obtain for their industry and ingenuity those rewards which hitherto have not kept pace with their merits. May they still travel onwards in the path of improvement, and surmounting all obstacles which a meaner ambition would plant in their way, reach that point of excellence and perfection to which man in this world may be destined to attain! Here a bookseller's shop gave a new turn to my speculations. We are certainly a reading people, I thought, as I looked in at the window; but I would fain know if this cultivation of the mind conduces to happiness. I was inclined to decide in the affirmative; for the collection before me suggested the names of Shakspeare, Addison, Milton, and a host of other authors, linked with a thousand delightful reminiscences—much must depend upon one's course of reading, said I, while running over the titles :—*A Sermon to Sinne—The Foole's Jest Book—Dialogues of the Dead—Life in London—Tomline's Sea Worthies—The Newgate Calendar—Cato's Letter to the Country—The King's Reply to his People—Wordes to the Wyse—Witte's Chronykill —A New Spelling Book.* But what have we here? It happened very strangely, I might almost say miraculously, that I read a solution of my speculation in a book before me. It was called *The Prayse of Ignorance;* and in the two grave-looking brown complexioned pages that lay open, I read as follows :—

"Hee was made to bee happye but not learned: for eating of the Tree of Knowledge hee was caste out of Paradyse.

Hys was the Blisse of Ignorance; but We being born to bee learned, and unhappye withal, have noght but the Ignorance of Blisse. Soe we aske not which bee the most happye; but which bee the leeste unhappye; and trulye hee hath leeste Paines that hath not most Bokes. Hee is your Berkshire or Hampshire manne with a harde Head and a long Stomach —which is a Hogge among Wittes, not a Witte among Hogges; and when hee sleepes you wot not which can grunte loudeste. For why? Hee beares no care on hys Head, excepte hys Hatte, and that hee hath not much care withal except a-Sundayes. One maye rede in hys Vysage that he wots not to write: but he maketh hys Marke and soe hath one to ten chances against the Gallowes. Hys Haire is unkempte; and so is hys Intellecte; but betwixt both hee saveth a World of Trouble. Hys Head itches: it doth not ake. It is as emptye as a drye Bowle; but hys Belly is crammede to the fulle—for hee is no author.

You may write him downe a Manne with an Idea: but hee is more blessede than anye with two; for hee hath nonne of their feverish Deliriums. How can hys Minde wandere?

Now look you to your Schollar. He cryes in hys very Birthe, for hee is stryped into his A B C; most of hys Wordes doe end in O, and hys Whyppinges have many Syllables. Hee hateth his Boke fulle sore: and noe Marvel! For he wotteth to the Sorrowe of hys Bottom, that Learning is at the Bottom of hys Sorrowe. There is a naturall Hyphen betwixt them. A connexion of Minde and Matter. One cometh not without the other, and hee curseth them both in his Waye. Hys Grammar bringes him fresh annoye: for hee onlye weepeth in another Sense. But hee gets the Interjections by Harte. Figures are a great Greefe unto him; and onlye multiplie hys Paines. The dead Tongues doe bringe him a lively sorrowe: hee gets them at hys

Fingers endes. And soe hee waxeth in Growth; into a Quarto or Folio, as maye bee; a greater Bulke of Learning and Heavinesse; and belike hee goeth madde with Study overmuch. Alsoe hee betaketh him to write; and letts hys Braines be sukede forthe through a Quill. If hee seeke to get Monnye hys Boke is unsolde; and if hee wolde have of the Worlde's Fame hee is praysde of those that studye not hys Rimes: or is scornde and mockede of those that will not understande hys Conceites, which is a greate Sorrowe; for Poesie hath made hys Harte tender, and a little Worde is a greate Paine. Soe hee gets no Substance, but looses Fleshe. Lastlye hee dyeth a pitifull Death; the kindly Creditour of an unkindlye Worlde; and then hee is weepede for; and it is askde, 'Why will hee not write again?'

And the Parishe Clarke hys witte sufficeth to hys Epitaph, which runnes:—

> Alake! alake! that Studye colde not save
> Soe great a Witte out of so small a grave.
> But Learning must decaye, and Letters both,
> And Studye too. Death is a dreadful Goth,
> Which spareth nonne."——

Unfortunately, I could neither read further, nor turn over the leaf through the glass; and still more unfortunately, I did not go in and purchase the book. However, I had read enough to lead me to a decision, that the ignorant are the most happy; and as I walked away from the window I repeated the lines:—

> "No more: where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

As this was the second great question that I had decided, I walked onward to Waterloo Bridge, without any doubt of being able to determine the third, viz.: as to the merits and demerits of the bridge and its architect. But here an

unforeseen difficulty presented itself; for owing to the lateness of my arrival, and the sudden fall of a very dense fog, I was unable to do any thing more than determine to come again.

I accordingly walked back into the Strand, and finding a stage at Somerset House, I took my seat in it, and turned towards home. I had three travelling companions, two males and one female; and after we had discussed the usual topics, and paid the usual compliments, the conversation dwindled away into a profound silence; I therefore employed myself in the arrangement of my travels, and in recollecting the various incidents and reflections to which they had given rise.

I must request, Mr. Editor, your utmost indulgence towards one, so inexperienced as a traveller, and if you should find that the style of my narration is rugged and uneven, and that the incidents and reflections are abrupt and unconnected, I beg that you will attribute it to the unpleasant jolting of the stage, and the frequent interruptions and stoppages that it met with.

1822.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

[In this year my Father still continued to manage the "Lion's Head," from which I append selections. But as his place, as one of the regular contributors, was established from this time until the Magazine passed out of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey's hands, in 1823, his writings are to be met with pretty frequently. I suspect the various correspondents, who sent lines "On Winter," "A Conflagration," and "Captivity," were in reality the same writer whose papers appeared in the "London," signed sometimes "Theodore M.," sometimes "Incog.," and occasionally with an "H." or "T." only.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

If I. E. L. had written her "Stanzas" before the appearance of Lord Byron's, their merit would have been unquestionable.

G.'s Muse should use Steer's Opodeldoc, which is allowed to be excellent for "strains."

To Y. and Y.—No; a word to the Y's.

L.—sends us a "Scene from Memory, from the French." We suppose L.'s memory is in French.

A. B. F.—"Hymn; in Imitation of Wordsworth." Lion's Head is unfortunately obliged to decline giving it the opportunity of being "said or sung" by the readers of the "London."

A Correspondent has sent us some lines "On Winter,"

which with much gravity he informs us are meant for burlesque. The following are certainly serious :

"Riding on the storm, he shies
Hail and snowballs from the skies :
And the earth, all over white,
Is very bad for a weak sight ;
But spectacles made of green glass
Will make it look again like grass,
And you shall dream of making hay
In the middle of Christmas-day,
And think you spy green gooseberries pudding
In all the eyes of a raisin pudding."

[Here occurs the poem called "Please to ring the Belle," afterwards published in "Whims and Oddities," and now to be found in the second series of "Hood's Own." It is introduced by a letter from a sham correspondent, who says, "After reading, the other day, that Pope could have extracted poetry out of a warming-pan, it occurred to me that I could perhaps wring a verse or two out of a bell, or strike a few stanzas out of a brass knocker."]

TO A CRITIC.

O CRUEL One ! How littel dost thou knowe
How manye poetes with Unhappyenesse
Thou mayest have slaine ; are they beganne to blowe
Like to yonge Buddes in theyre firste sappyenesse !
Even as Pinkes from littel Pipinges growe
Great Poetes yet maye come of singinges smalle,
Which, if an hungrede Worme doth gnawe belowe,
Fold up theyre strypëd leaves, and dye withalle.
Alake, that pleasaunt Flowre must fayde and falle
Because a Grubbe hath ete into yts Hede,—
That els had growne soe fayre and eke soe talle
To-wardes the Heaven, and opened forthe and sprede
Its blossomes to the Sunne for Menne to rede
In soe brighte hues of Lovelinesse indeede !

W.'s "Night" is too long, for the moon rises twice in it.

We are happy to learn from L. that he has "descended from his poetic flights into another *walk;*" perhaps he has a prose essay on foot for our next number.

G. R.'s diction would inflate a balloon. He should remember that "a power of fine words" is not "poetic power."

T. says that his tale is out of his own head: is he a tadpole?

B. conjures us to tell him "whether he may ever hope to produce anything he need not blush at?" No, never; if he continues to write such poetry as he now submits to our perusal. To be serious, let our correspondent take a hint from Dr. Watts:

> "How doth the little busy *b*
> *Improve* each shining hour."

We thank "A Constant Reader" for his translation of the "Opening of the obscure poem of Lycophron." In his anxiety to "render it as literally as possible" he has still retained too much of the obscurity.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum"—but *bonum* is not the Latin for Studens's lines on Chatterton.

Sam Sparkle's Anacreontic (from Queen Street, Cheapside —hush!) is too far gone: the Conduits in Chepe do not run wine now-a-days. The Muse is often agreeable in her cups; but when she stammers in her grammar and stumbles in her metaphors, it is high time she should be seen home. Sam's Muse has not a *foot* to stand upon. Can he send us something soberer, or was his Muse born with a claret-mark?

H. L. is always correct in his rhymes, but sometimes with the sacrifice of his sense—for example:

"Dark, dark is the sky, the thunder rolls,
The lightning follows,
The tempest hollows."

We should suggest also that Noah's three-decker was not provided, as in our naval *ark*itecture, with wings; and besides that, it is contrary to all seamanship to say

"Spread, spread your sail, for there *blows a gale.*"

"Lines to Boreas" go rather "too near the wind."

"The Dead Ass" is dispatched, as the author desired, and "The Rose in a Shower" is under cover at our Publishers'.

Minor's "Conflagration" exhibits some power. Sometimes indeed his "words that burn" go a step on the other side of the sublime.

"Uprose the curling flames, and writhed amain,
As they had burned themselves, and roar'd with pain;

* * * *

And flocks of glowing fragments, forced on high,
Like red flamingos soar'd along the sky."

We really did not know that "Juvenile was handed down to posterity as an author much read by the Romans." For this information we are indebted to B., and not less so for his candour in pointing out one fault in our Magazine—that "the London is too full of literature." We are glad it is no worse, and have no doubt that with B.'s assistance we shall be able, when necessary, to render it quite otherwise.

Centaur on "Riding" seems to have been inspired by the King's Mews. If he had as much of it as Charles at Charing Cross, he would be glad to feel his own feet again. Riding, however—we do not mean C.'s paper—is a good exercise.

The "Essay on Agricultural Distress" would only increase it.

The sonnet by Φ (O fie !) is warm with other fires than those of poesy.

P.'s "Time," we are sorry to say, is lost; and in endeavouring to find it, ours shared the fate.

"Lion's Head" is quite overwhelmed by the liberal offers of Sophronia. Her "Sonnet on the Iron Bridge" is too like Wordsworth's on the subject. The "Moral Essays in the manner of Pope" are too chaste in style for the readers of this age. The "Nativity" is not a good subject for a tale; and an "Essay on Platonic Love" would not be fairly treated by her.

"The Echo," we fear, will not answer.

H.'s "Captivity" is in some parts pathetic; but in others he has allowed himself to be tempted into a strain that accords but ill with its melancholy.

> "Ah me, it is the worst of wretched things
> When men are pinion'd and have got no wings;
> They watch regretfully the sparrows small,
> And gaze with envy on a *free*stone wall.
> Night brought me hither, and relieved my pains
> Awhile, because she hid me from my chains;
> The morning came, and she was *mist*, and I
> Was left," &c.

"Alien" is foreign to his subject.

Senex—Is he 81 in the shade?—appears to have suffered by the dry weather.

"It is pleasant to be immortal," says a correspondent signed S., "if it be only for a season." Marry, here is a fellow that discounts eternity.

Anacreon, in his foolish Greek manner, entreated one of the Royal Academy of Antiquity (some Sir Thomas Lawrence of Teos) to paint his mistress; and though he desired effects

which were sufficient to pose the acutest brush, he still did not (to use Mr. Egan's fanciful phraseology) "render the features perfectly unintelligible." A Chelsea Anacreon submits the following directions to the R. A.'s of this age. Whether they are capable of execution we leave to the painters to determine; but the lines have an originality about them which seems to hold out its own protection. We should like to see Mr. Shee or Mr. Phillips working to this pattern.

"Come, take thy pencil—paint my love
More tender than most tender dove;
Suffuse her cheeks with that warm glow
Would fain on lover hope bestow;
And make it frequent *go and come*
Back to and from its sighful home.
Lay on her *tongue the tone of truth*,
The Vesper Hymn of virgin youth.
She loves each eve, in pious praise,
To lisp to Sol's declining rays;
And hide that song from vulgar men
Within its own most hallow'd pen,
By double row of pillars, chaste
As Dian in the *moral waste* [&c.].
From those lips *let odours breathe;*
Round them *all my kisses wreathe.*
In her fond voluptuous chin
Mould a dimple, hearts to *gin;*
And make thy magic art uprear
A heartsease smile behind each tear [&c.].
Give to her feet the airy motion
Of sunbeams trembling on the ocean;
Lay her white fingers on a harp
Of gold, the power of gloom to warp.
And *if thou canst*, in its warm nest
Paint, paint the heart beneath the breast;
Make visible its million springs,
Nor snap one of its thousand strings;
Depict it in a tear-wove guise
Floating upon a sea of sighs,
Its hundred ears inclined to one
Sweet tale of love," &c., &c.

W.'s "Tears of Sensibility" had better be dropt.

B. is surely humming!

C.'s "Sleep" seems to have composed itself.

We suspect H. B.'s "Sonnet to the Rising Sun" was written for a lark.

Thersites is left "to be reclaimed," as he desires; of which there is much need, and perchance but little hope.

We should be loth to make Mr. Christie angry by printing Athenæus's "Ode to Fonthill Abbey," now that it is advertised for sale. The poem opens bravely, but sneaks off miserably at the conclusion—or, to speak in our own style, takes up at *The Lion*, and sets down at *The Lamb*. Caliph Vathek is not "that simple Eastern tale of Turkish hearts" which the bard describes. Why cannot our correspondent get his ode inserted among the sundries in the catalogue. It would sound well. "Three saucepans, four sets of fire-irons, two grates, one ode, and a coal-scuttle." There is a way of getting these things smuggled in.

The following verses are selected from an ode written in fear of the new Marriage Act:

"FARE THEE WELL.

"Before our banns be published like a tax,
Ask'd on the portals of St. Mary Axe,
If thou wilt marry me—then prythee tell—
Oh now—or fare thee well!

"Think of old maids of seventy—fourscore,
Fourscore old women at the temple's door,
Those that can read, and those that learn to spell—
Oh now—or fare thee well!

"Suppose our names a history—suppose
Our love forepicked to pieces, like a rose
Shed blushing all abroad—my Isabel!
Oh now—or fare thee well!"—THEODOSIUS.

L. F., who dates himself under sixteen years of age, will do well to remember that youth may excuse, but not recommend, bad poetry. The "Night Thoughts" are not admired because the author was Young.

[In addition to the "Lion's Head" contributions in this year's volume, occur "Lines to Celia"—"Presentiment"—"The Sea of Death"—"To an Absentee"—"The Stag-eyed Lady"—"Lycus the Centaur"—"The Two Peacocks of Bedfont"—"Hymn to the Sun"—Sonnets, "Midnight"—"Fancy"—and two "To a Sleeping Child"—besides a humorous notice of Martin's pictures in the form of a letter from an uneducated Welshwoman in the metropolis to her friends in Monmouth.]

TO CELIA.

Old fictions say that Love hath eyes,
Yet sees, unhappy boy! with none;
Blind as the night! but fiction lies,
For Love doth always see with one.

To one our graces all unveil,
To one our flaws are all exposed;
But when with tenderness we hail,
He smiles, and keeps the critic closed.

But when he's scorn'd, abused, estranged,
He opes the eye of evil ken,
And all his angel friends are changed
To demons—and are hated then!

Yet once it happ'd that, semi-blind,
He met thee on a summer day,
And took thee for his mother kind,
And frown'd as he was push'd away.

But still he saw thee shine the same,
Though he had oped his evil eye,
And found that nothing but her shame
Was left to know his mother by!

And ever since that morning sun
He thinks of thee, and blesses Fate
That he can look with both on one
Who hath no ugliness to hate.

PRESENTIMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

—♦—

If a man has a little child to whom he bows his heart and stretches forth his arms—if he has an only son, or a little daughter, with her sweet face and innocent hands, with her mother's voice, only louder—and her mother's eyes, only brighter,—let him go and caress them while they are his, for the dead possess nothing. Let him put fondness in his breath while it is with him, and caress his babes as if they would be fatherless, and blend his fingers with their glossy hair as if it were a frail, frail gossamer. And if he be away, let him hasten homeward with his impatient spirit before him, plotting kisses for their lips; but if he be far distant, let him read my story, and weep and utter fond breath, kissing the words before they go, wishing that they could reach his children's ear. And yet let him be glad; for though he is beyond seas, he is still near them while Death is behind him—for the greater distance swallows the less. And the wings of angels may waft his love to their far-away

thoughts, silently, like the whisperings of their own spirits while they weep for their father.

It was in the days of my bitterness, when care had bewildered me, and the feverish strife of this world had vexed me till I was mad, that I went into a little land of graves, and there wept; for my sorrow was deep into darkness, and I could not win friendship by friendship, nor love (though it still loved me) but in heaven—for it was purer than the pure air, and had floated up to God. And I sat down upon a tombstone with my unburied grief, and wondered what that earth contained of joy, and misery and triumph long past, and pride lower than nettles, and how old love was joined to love again, and hate was gone to hate. For there were many monuments with sunshine on one side and shade on the other, like life and death, with black frowning letters upon their white, bright faces; and through those letters one might hear the dead speaking silently and slow, for there was much meaning in those words, and mysteries which long thought could not fathom. And there was dust upon those flat dwellings, which I kissed, for lips like it were there, and eyes where much love had been, and cheeks that had warmed the sunshine. But the dust was gone in a breath, and so were they; and the wind brought shadows that passed and passed incessantly over that land of graves, which you might strive to stay, but could not, even as the dead had passed away and been missed in the after brightness.

Thus I buried my thoughts with the dead; and as I sat, unconsciously, I heard the sound of young sweet voices, and, looking up, I saw two little children coming up the path. The lambs lifted up their heads as they passed and gazed, but fed again without stirring, for there was nothing to fear from such innocent looks and so gentle voices; there was

even a melancholy in their tone which does not belong to childhood. The eldest was a young boy, very fair and gentle, with a little hand linked to his; for, by his talk, it seemed that he had brought his sister to show her where her poor father lay, and to speak about Death. Their lips seemed too rosy and tender to utter his dreadful name—but the word was empty to them, and unmeaning as the sound of a shell —for they knew him not, that he had kissed them before they were born or breathed, and would again when the time came. So they approached, dew-dabbled, and struggling through the long-tangled weeds to a new grave, and stood before it, and gazed on its record, like the ignorant sheep, without reading. They did not see their father, but only a little mound of earth, with strange grass and weeds; and they looked and looked again, and at each other, with whisperings in their eyes, and listened, till the flowers dropped from their forgotten hands. And when I saw how rosy they were in that black, which only made them the more rosy, and their bright curly hair, that had no proud hand to part it, I thought of the yearnings of disembodied love and invisible agony that had no voice, till methought their father's spirit passed into mine, and burned, and gazed through my eyes upon his children. They had not yet seemed to notice me, but only that silent grave; and, looking more and more sadly, their eyes filled with large tears, and their lips dropped, and their heads sank so mournfully and so comfortless, that my own grief rushed into my eyes and hid them from me. And I said inwardly, I will be their father, and dry their blue eyes, and win their sorrowful cheeks into dimples, for they are very fair and young—too young for this stormy life. I will watch them through the wide world, for it is a cruel place, where the tenderest are most torn because they are tenderest, and the

most beautiful are most blighted. Therefore this little one shall be my daughter, that I may gather her for heaven as my best deed upon earth ; and this young boy shall be my son, to share my blessing when I die, that God in that time may so deal with my own offspring. For I feel a misgiving that I shall soon die, and that my own little ones will come to my grave and weep over me, even as these poor orphans. Oh ! how shall I leave them to the care of the careless—to the advice of the winds—to the home of the wide world ? And as I thought of this, the full tears dropped from my eyes, and I saw again the two children. They were still there and weeping ; but as I looked at them more earnestly, I perceived that they were altered, or my sight changed, so that I knew their faces. I knew them—for I had seen them in very infancy, and through all their growth—in sickness when I prayed over them—and in slumber when I had watched over them till I almost wept.

They were so beautiful ! I had kissed, how often ! those very cheeks, blushing my own blood, and had breathed blessings upon their glossy brows, and had pressed their little hands in ecstasies of anxious love. They also knew me ; but there was an older grief in their looks than had ever been :—and why had they come to me in that place, and in black, so sad and so speechless, and with flowers so withering ? but they only shook their heads and wept. Then I trembled exceedingly, and stretched out my arms to embrace them, but there was nothing between me and the tombstone where they had seemed : yet they still gazed at me from behind it, and further and still further as I followed, till they stood upon the verge of the churchyard. Then I saw, in the sunshine, that they were shadowless ; and, as they raised their hands in the light, that no blood was in them ; and as I moved still closer, they slowly turned

into trees, and hills, and pale blue sky, that had been in the distance. Still I gazed where they had been, and the sky seemed full of them; but they were only clouds, and the shadows, and the rustling was the rustling of the sheep. I saw them no more. They were gone from me, as if for ever; but I knew that this was my warning, and wept, for it came to me through my own children in all its bitterness. I felt that I should leave them—as I had foretold—their hearts, and lips, and sweet voices, to one another, to be their own comfort; for I knew that such grief is prophetic of grief, and that angels so minister to man, and that Death thus converses in spirit with his elect. So I spread my arms to the world in farewell, and weaned my eyes from all things that had been pleasant on the Earth, and would be so after me, and prepared myself for her ready bosom. And I said now I will go home and kiss my children before I die, and put a life's love into my last hour; for I must hasten while my last thoughts are with me, lest I madden, and perhaps wrong them in my delirium, and spurn their sorrowful love, and curse them, instead of blessing, with a fierce, strange voice. Thus I hurried towards them faster and faster till I ran; but as my desire increased, my strength failed me, so that I wished for my deathbed, and threw myself down on a green hill, under the shade of trees that almost hid the sky with their intricate branches. And as I lay, the thought of death, with a deep gloom like the shade of a darkened chamber, blinded me to the trees, and the sky, and the grass, that were round me. But a pale light came, as I thought, through the pierced shutters, and I saw by it strange and familiar faces full of grief, and eyes that watched mine for the last look, and tiptoe figures gliding silently with clasped hands—and a woman that chafed my feet; and as she seemed to chafe them, she turned to shake her head,

and tears gushed into all eyes as if they had been one, so that I seemed drowned, and could see nothing except their shadows in the light of my own spirit. In that moment I heard the cries of my own children, calling to me fainter and fainter, as if they died and I could not save them; and I tried to stay them, but my tongue was lifeless in my mouth, and breath seemed locked up in my bosom: and I thought, 'surely I now die, and the last of my soul is in my ears, for I still hear, though I see not'; but the voices were soon drowned in a noise like the rushing of waters, for the blood was struggling through my heart, slower and slower, till it stopped, and I turned so cold, that I felt the burning of the air upon me, and the scalding of unknown tears. Yet for a moment the light returned to me, with those mourners—for they were already in black, even their faces; but they turned darker and darker, and whirled round into one shade till it was utterly dark: and as my breath went forth, the air pressed heavy upon me, so that I seemed buried, and in my deep grave, and suffering the pain of worms till I was all consumed and no more conscious. Thus I lay for unknown time, and without thought; and again awakening, I saw a dark figure bending over me, and felt him grasp me till I ached in all my bones. Then I asked him if he was Death or an angel, and if he had brought me wings, for I could not see plainly; but as my senses returned, I knew an intimate friend and neighbour, and recognised the sound of his voice. He had thus found me, he said, in passing, and had seen me faint, and had recovered me; but not till he had almost wrung the blood from my fingers; and he inquired the cause of my distress. So I thanked him, and told him of my vision, and he tried to comfort me: but I knew that the angels of my children had told me truly, and the more so for this shadow

of Death that I had passed; and feeling that my hour was near, and recollecting my home, I endeavoured to rise. But my strength was gone, and I fell backwards; till fear, which had first taken away my strength, restored it tenfold, and I descended the hill, and hurried onwards before my friend, who could not keep up with me.

When I had gone a little way, however, the road was of deep sand, so that I grew impatient of my steps, and wished for the speed of a horse that I heard galloping before me. Even as I heard it, the horse suddenly turned an angle of the road, and came running with all the madness of fright, plunging and scattering the loose sand from his fiery heels. As he came nearer, I thought I saw a rider upon his back—it was only fancy; but he looked like Death, and very terrible, for I knew that he was coming to tear me and trample me under his horse's hoofs, and carry me away for ever, so that I should never see my children again. At that thought my soul fainted within me without his touch, and my breath went from me, so that I could not stir even from Death, though he came nearer and nearer, and I could see him frown through the black tossing mane. In a moment he was close; the wild foaming horse struck at me with his furious heels—so that the loose sand flew up in my bosom—reared his head disdainfully, and flew past me with the rush of a whirlwind. The fiend grinned upon me as he passed, and tossed his arms in an ecstasy of triumph; but he left me untouched, and the noise soon died away behind me. Then a warm joy trembled over my limbs, and I hurried forward again with an hour's hope of life. My heart's beat quickened my feet, and I soon reached the corner where I had first seen the horse; but there I stopped—it was only a low moan—but my heart stopped with it. In another throb I was with my children, and in another

they were with God. I saw their eyes before they closed —but my son's——

How it happened I have never asked, or have forgotten. I only knew that I had children, and that they are dead. Now I have only their angels. They still visit me in the churchyard ; but their eyes are closed, and their little locks drop blood—they still shrink, and faint, and fade away—but still I die not !

THE SEA OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

———Methought I saw
Life swiftly treading over endless space ;
And, at her foot-print, but a bygone pace,
The ocean Past, which, with increasing wave,
Swallow'd her steps like a pursuing grave.

Sad were my thoughts that anchor'd silently
On the dead waters of that passionless sea,
Unstirr'd by any touch of living breath :
Silence hung over it, and drowsy Death,
Like a gorged sea-bird, slept with folded wings
On crowded carcases—sad passive things
That wore the thin grey surface, like a veil
Over the calmness of their features pale.

And there were spring-faced cherubs that did sleep
Like water-lilies on that motionless deep,
How beautiful ! with bright unruffled hair
On sleek unfretted brows, and eyes that were

Buried in marble tombs, a pale eclipse !
And smile-bedimpled cheeks, and pleasant lips,
Meekly apart, as if the soul intense
Spake out in dreams of its own innocence :
And so they lay in loveliness, and kept
The birth-night of their peace, that Life e'en wept
With very envy of their happy fronts ;
For there were neighbour brows scarr'd by the brunts
Of strife and sorrowing—where Care had set
His crooked autograph, and marr'd the jet
Of glossy locks, with hollow eyes forlorn,
And lips that curl'd in bitterness and scorn—
Wretched,—as they had breathed of this world's pain,
And so bequeathed it to the world again,
Through the beholder's heart in heavy sighs.
So lay they garmented in torpid light,
Under the pall of a transparent night,
Like solemn apparitions lull'd sublime
To everlasting rest,—and with them Time
Slept, as he sleeps upon the silent face
Of a dark dial in a sunless place.

TO AN ABSENTEE.

O'er hill, and dale, and distant sea,
Through all the miles that stretch between,
My thought must fly to rest on thee,
And would,—though worlds should intervene.

Nay, thou art now so dear, methinks
The farther we are forced apart,

Affection's firm elastic links
But bind thee closer round the heart.

For now we sever each from each,
I learn what I have lost in thee;
Alas, that nothing else could teach
How great indeed my love should be!

Farewell! I did not know thy worth;
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized:
So angels walk'd unknown on earth,
But when they flew were recognised!

THE STAG-EYED LADY.

A MOORISH TALE.

Scheherazade immediately began the following story :—

Ali Ben Ali (did you never read
His wondrous acts that chronicles relate,—
How there was one in pity might exceed
The sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sate
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed,
For those that he had under him were great—
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!
'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own mother—
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother

And sister too—but happily that none
Did live within harm's length of one another,
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
To endless night, and shorten'd the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,
Made Ali wicked—to a fault :—'tis fit
Monarchs should have some check-strings ; but he had
No curb upon his will—no, not a bit ;
Wherefore he did not reign well, and full glad
His slaves had been to hang him—but they falter'd,
And let him live unhang'd—and still unalter'd.

Until he got a sage bush of a beard,
Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
Of bristly hair—that, honour'd and unshear'd,
Grew downward like old women and cow's tail :
Being a sign of age—some grey appear'd,
Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale ;
But yet not so poetic as when Time
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
His royal bosom that he had no son,
No living child of the more noble sex,
To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one
To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
When he was gone—doom'd, when his days were done,
To leave the very city of his fame
Without an Ali to keep up his name.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear;
So called, because her lustrous eyes, above
All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear;
Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,
And drumm'd with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear,
Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
Or else he was not praying to his profit.

Beer will grow mothery, and ladies fair
Will grow like beer; so did that stag-eyed dame:
Ben Ali, hoping for a son and heir,
*Boy*ed up his hopes, and even chose a name
Of mighty hero that his child should bear;
He made so certain ere his chicken came:
But oh! all worldly wit is little worth,
Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
A little daughter to this world of sins.
Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
Brought on another, like a pair of twins:
Twins! female twins!—it was enough to stun
Their little wits and scare them from their skins,
To hear their father stamp, and curse and swear,
Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
This his paternal rage, and thus addrest:
"Oh! Most Serene! why dost thou stamp and frown,
And box the compass of the royal chest?

Ah! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
I love to gaze on!—Pr'ythee, thou hadst best
Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
Your beard, you'll want a wig upon your chin!"

But not her words, nor e'en her tears, could slack
The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew:
He called his slaves to bring an ample sack
Wherein a woman might be poked: a few
Dark grimly men felt pity and look'd black
At this sad order; but their slaveships knew
When any dared demur, his sword so bending
Cut off the "head and front of their offending."

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
The trophies it had lopp'd from many an elf
Were stuck at his head-quarters by the score—
Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
But jested with it, and his wit cut sore;
So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
He often did his dozen butts a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
Came with the sack the lady to enclose;
In vain from her stag-eyes "the big round tears
Coursed one another down her innocent nose;"
In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears;
Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
Though 'twas a piteous case, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine; for she
Was doom'd to have a winding sheet of water.
Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter!
She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
Like bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-fill'd
All that the waters oped, as down it fell;
Then closed the wave, and then the surface rill'd
A ring above her, like a water-knell;
A moment more, and all its face was still'd,
And not a guilty heave was left to tell
That underneath its calm and blue transparence
A dame lay drownëd in her sack, like Clarence.

But heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,
The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor;
The lady's natal star with pale affright
Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
Turn'd comets as the tail was brought to light;
And all look'd downward on the fatal wave,
And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night, a head—a little lady head,
Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
Comb'd by live ivory, to show the space

Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
Over their sleepy lids;—and so she raised
Her aqualine nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
So pale, it seem'd near drownëd to a white,—
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
Of music bubbling through the surface light;
The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
To listen to the air—and through the night
There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,
Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity:

THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

Farewell, farewell to my mother's own daughter,
The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave!
The Mussel-man coming to fish in this water,
Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
This greyish Bath cloak is her funeral pall,
And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell to the child of Al Hassan,
My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
She's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

LYCUS THE CENTAUR.*

FROM AN UNROLLED MANUSCRIPT OF APOLLONIUS CURIUS.

—✦—

THE ARGUMENT.

Lycus, detained by Circe in her magical dominion, is beloved by a Water Nymph, who, desiring to render him immortal, has recourse to the Sorceress. Circe gives her an incantation to pronounce, which should turn Lycus into a horse; but the horrible effect of the charm causing her to break off in the midst, he becomes a Centaur.

Who hath ever been lured and bound by a spell
To wander, fore-damn'd, in that circle of hell
Where Witchery works with her will like a god,
Works more than the wonders of time at a nod,—
At a word,—at a touch,—at a flash of the eye,
But each form is a cheat, and each sound is a lie,
Things born of a wish—to endure for a thought,
Or last for long ages—to vanish to nought,
Or put on new semblance? O Jove, I had given
The throne of a kingdom to know if that heaven,
And the earth and its streams were of Circe, or whether
They kept the world's birthday and brighten'd together!

* When this poem was republished in "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," the following dedication was added to it:—

TO J. H. REYNOLDS, ESQ.

My dear Reynolds,

You will remember "Lycus."—It was written in the pleasant spring-time of our friendship, and I am glad to maintain that association by connecting your name with the poem. It will gratify me to find that you regard it with the old partiality for the writings of each other, which prevailed with us in those days. For my own sake, I must regret that your pen goes now into far other records than those which used to delight me.

Your true friend and brother,

T. Hood.

For I loved them in terror, and constantly dreaded
That the earth where I trod, and the cave where I bedded,
The face I might dote on, should live out the lease
Of the charm that created, and suddenly cease :
And I gave me to slumber, as if from one dream
To another—each horrid,—and drank of the stream
Like a first taste of blood, lest as water I quaff'd
Swift poison, and never should breathe from the draught,—
Such drink as her own monarch husband drain'd up
When he pledged her, and Fate closed his eyes in the cup.
And I pluck'd of the fruit with held breath, and a fear
That the branch would start back and scream out in my ear ;
For once, at my suppering, I pluck'd in the dusk
An apple, juice-gushing and fragrant of musk ;
But by daylight my fingers were crimson'd with gore,
And the half-eaten fragment was flesh at the core ;
And once—only once—for the love of its blush,
I broke a bloom bough, but there came such a gush
On my hand, that it fainted away in weak fright,
While the leaf-hidden woodpecker shriek'd at the sight ;
And oh ! such an agony thrill'd in that note,
That my soul, startling up, beat its wings in my throat,
As it long'd to be free of a body whose hand
Was doom'd to work torments a Fury had plann'd !

There I stood without stir, yet how willing to flee,
As if rooted and horror-turn'd into a tree,—
Oh ! for innocent death,—and to suddenly win it,
I drank of the stream, but no poison was in it ;
I plunged in its waters, but ere I could sink,
Some invisible fate pull'd me back to the brink ;

I sprang from the rock, from its pinnacle height,
But fell on the grass with a grasshopper's flight;
I ran at my fears—they were fears and no more,
For the bear would not mangle my limbs, nor the boar,
But moan'd—all their brutalised flesh could not smother
The horrible truth,—we were kin to each other!

They were mournfully gentle, and group'd for relief,
All foes in their skin, but all friends in their grief:
The leopard was there,—baby-mild in its feature;
And the tiger, black-barr'd, with the gaze of a creature
That knew gentle pity; the bristle-back'd boar,
His innocent tusks stain'd with mulberry gore;
And the laughing hyena—but laughing no more;
And the snake, not with magical orbs to devise
Strange death, but with woman's attraction of eyes;
The tall ugly ape, that still bore a dim shine
Through his hairy eclipse of a manhood divine;
And the elephant stately, with more than its reason,
How thoughtful in sadness! but this is no season
To reckon them up from the lag-bellied toad
To the mammoth, whose sobs shook his ponderous load.
There were woes of all shapes, wretched forms, when I came,
That hung down their heads with a human-like shame;
The elephant hid in the boughs, and the bear
Shed over his eyes the dark veil of his hair;
And the womanly soul turning sick with disgust,
Tried to vomit herself from her serpentine crust;
While all groan'd their groans into one at their lot,
As I brought them the image of what they were not.

Then rose a wild sound of the human voice choking
Through vile brutal organs—low tremulous croaking;

Cries swallow'd abruptly—deep animal tones
Attuned to strange passion, and full-utter'd groans ;
All shuddering weaker, till hush'd in a pause
Of tongues in mute motion and wide-yawning jaws ;
And I guess'd that those horrors were meant to tell o'er
The tale of their woes ; but the silence told more,
That writhed on their tongues ; and I knelt on the sod,
And pray'd with my voice to the cloud-stirring god,
For the sad congregation of supplicants there,
That upturn'd to his heaven brute faces of prayer ;
And I ceased, and they utter'd a moaning so deep,
That I wept for my heart-ease,—but they could not weep,
And gazed with red eyeballs, all wistfully dry,
At the comfort of tears in a stag's human eye.
Then I motion'd them round, and, to soothe their distress,
I caress'd, and they bent them to meet my caress,
Their necks to my arm, and their heads to my palm,
And with poor grateful eyes suffer'd meekly and calm
Those tokens of kindness, withheld by hard fate
From returns that might chill the warm pity to hate ;
So they passively bow'd—save the serpent, that leapt
To my breast like a sister, and pressingly crept
In embrace of my neck, and with close kisses blister'd
My lips in rash love,—then drew backward, and glister'd
Her eyes in my face, and loud hissing affright,
Dropt down, and swift started away from my sight !

This sorrow was theirs, but thrice wretched my lot,
Turn'd brute in my soul, though my body was not,
When I fled from the sorrow of womanly faces,
That shrouded their woe in the shade of lone places,
And dash'd off bright tears, till their fingers were wet,
And then wiped their lids with long tresses of jet :

But I fled—though they stretch'd out their hands, all entangled
With hair, and blood-stain'd of the breasts they had mangled,—
Though they call'd—and perchance but to ask, had I seen
Their loves, or to tell the vile wrongs that had been :
But I stay'd not to hear, lest the story should hold
Some hell-form of words, some enchantment, once told,
Might translate me in flesh to a brute ; and I dreaded
To gaze on their charms, lest my faith should be wedded
With some pity,—and love in that pity perchance—
To a thing not all lovely ; for once at a glance,
Methought, where one sat, I descried a bright wonder
That flow'd like a long silver rivulet under
The long fenny grass,—with so lovely a breast,
Could it be a snake-tail made the charm of the rest ?

So I roam'd in that circle of horrors, and Fear
Walk'd with me, by hills, and in valleys, and near
Cluster'd trees for their gloom—not to shelter from heat—
But lest a brute-shadow should grow at my feet ;
And besides that full oft in the sunshiny place
Dark shadows would gather like clouds on its face,
In the horrible likeness of demons (that none
Could see, like invisible flames in the sun) ;
But grew to one monster that seized on the light,
Like the dragon that strangles the moon in the night ;
Fierce sphinxes, long serpents, and asps of the south ;
Wild birds of huge beak, and all horrors that drouth
Engenders of slime in the land of the pest,
Vile shapes without shape, and foul bats of the West,
Bringing Night on their wings ; and the bodies wherein
Great Brahma imprisons the spirits of sin,

Many-handed, that blent in one phantom of fight
Like a Titan, and threatfully warr'd with the light ;
I have heard the wild shriek that gave signal to close,
When they rush'd on that shadowy Python of foes,
That met with sharp beaks and wide gaping of jaws,
With flappings of wings, and fierce grasping of claws,
And whirls of long tails :—I have seen the quick flutter
Of fragments dissever'd,—and necks stretch'd to utter
Long screamings of pain,—the swift motion of blows,
And wrestling of arms—to the flight at the close,
When the dust of the earth startled upward in rings,
And flew on the whirlwind that follow'd their wings.

Thus they fled—not forgotten—but often to grow
Like fears in my eyes, when I walk'd to and fro
In the shadows, and felt from some beings unseen
The warm touch of kisses, but clean or unclean
I knew not, nor whether the love I had won
Was of heaven or hell—till one day in the sun,
In its very noon-blaze, I could fancy a thing
Of beauty, but faint as the cloud-mirrors fling
On the gaze of the shepherd that watches the sky,
Half-seen and half-dream'd in the soul of his eye.
And when in my musings I gazed on the stream,
In motionless trances of thought, there would seem
A face like that face, looking upward through mine ;
With its eyes full of love, and the dim-drownëd shine
Of limbs and fair garments, like clouds in that blue
Serene :—there I stood for long hours but to view
Those fond earnest eyes that were ever uplifted
Towards me, and wink'd as the water-weed drifted
Between ; but the fish knew that presence, and plied
Their long curvy tails, and swift darted aside.

There I gazed for lost time, and forgot all the things
That once had been wonders—the fishes with wings,
And the glimmer of magnified eyes that look'd up
From the glooms of the bottom like pearls in a cup,
And the huge endless serpent of silvery gleam,
Slow winding along like a tide in the stream.
Some maid of the waters, some Naiad, methought
Held me dear in the pearl of her eye—and I brought
My wish to that fancy; and often I dash'd
My limbs in the water, and suddenly splash'd
The cool drops around me, yet clung to the brink,
Chill'd by watery fears, how that beauty might sink
With my life in her arms to her garden, and bind me
With its long tangled grasses, or cruelly wind me
In some eddy to hum out my life in her ear,
Like a spider-caught bee,—and in aid of that fear
Came the tardy remembrance—Oh falsest of men!
Why was not that beauty remember'd till then?
My love, my safe love, whose glad life would have run
Into mine—like a drop—that our fate might be one,
That now, even now,—may-be,—clasp'd in a dream,
That form which I gave to some jilt of the stream,
And gazed with fond eyes that her tears tried to smother
On a mock of those eyes that I gave to another!

Then I rose from the stream, but the eyes of my mind,
Still full of the tempter, kept gazing behind
On her crystalline face, while I painfully leapt
To the bank, and shook off the curst waters, and wept
With my brow in the reeds; and the reeds to my ear
Bow'd, bent by no wind, and in whispers of fear,
Growing small with large secrets, foretold me of one
That loved me,—but oh to fly from her, and shun

Her love like a pest—though her love was as true
To mine as her stream to the heavenly blue;
For why should I love her with love that would bring
All misfortune, like hate, on so joyous a thing?
Because of her rival,—even Her whose witch-face
I had slighted, and therefore was doom'd in that place
To roam, and had roam'd, where all horrors grew rank,
Nine days ere I wept with my brow on that bank;
Her name be not named, but her spite would not fail
To our love like a blight; and they told me the tale
Of Scylla,—and Picus, imprison'd to speak
His shrill-screaming woe through a woodpecker's beak.

Then they ceased—I had heard as the voice of my star
That told me the truth of my fortunes—thus far
I had read of my sorrow, and lay in the hush
Of deep meditation,—when lo! a light crush
Of the reeds, and I turn'd and look'd round in the night
Of new sunshine, and saw, as I sipp'd of the light
Narrow-winking, the realised nymph of the stream,
Rising up from the wave with the bend and the gleam
Of a fountain, and o'er her white arms she kept throwing
Bright torrents of hair, that went flowing and flowing
In falls to her feet, and the blue waters roll'd
Down her limbs like a garment, in many a fold,
Sun-spangled, gold-broider'd, and fled far behind,
Like an infinite train. So she came and reclined
In the reeds, and I hunger'd to see her unseal
The buds of her eyes that would ope and reveal
The blue that was in them;—they oped and she raised
Two orbs of pure crystal, and timidly gazed
With her eyes on my eyes; but their colour and shine
Was of that which they look'd on, and mostly of mine—

For she loved me,—except when she blush'd, and they sank,
Shame-humbled, to number the stones on the bank,
Or her play-idle fingers, while lisping she told me
How she put on her veil, and in love to behold me
Would wing through the sun till she fainted away
Like a mist, and then flew to her waters and lay
In love-patience long hours, and sore dazzled her eyes
In watching for mine 'gainst the midsummer skies.
But now they were heal'd,—O my heart, it still dances
When I think of the charm of her changeable glances,
And my image how small when it sank in the deep
Of her eyes where her soul was,—Alas! now they weep,
And none knoweth where. In what stream do her eyes
Shed invisible tears? Who beholds where her sighs
Flow in eddies, or sees the ascent of the leaf
She has pluck'd with her tresses? Who listens her grief
Like a far fall of waters, or hears where her feet
Grow emphatic among the loose pebbles, and beat
Them together? Ah! surely her flowers float adown
To the sea unaccepted, and little ones drown
For need of her mercy,—even he whose twin-brother
Will miss him for ever; and the sorrowful mother
Imploreth in vain for his body to kiss
And cling to, all dripping and cold as it is,
Because that soft pity is lost in hard pain!
We loved,—how we loved!—for I thought not again
Of the woes that were whisper'd like fears in that place
If I gave me to beauty. Her face was the face
Far away, and her eyes were the eyes that were drown'd
For my absence,—her arms were the arms that sought round
And claspt me to nought; for I gazed and became
Only true to my falsehood, and had but one name

For two loves, and call'd ever on Ægle, sweet maid
Of the sky-loving waters,—and was not afraid
Of the sight of her skin ;—for it never could be,
Her beauty and love were misfortunes to me !

Thus our bliss had endured for a time-shorten'd space,
Like a day made of three, and the smile of her face
Had been with me for joy,—when she told me indeed
Her love was self-task'd with a work that would need
Some short hours, for in truth 'twas the veriest pity
Our love should not last, and then sang me a ditty,
Of one with warm lips that should love her, and love her
When suns were burnt dim and long ages past over.
So she fled with her voice, and I patiently nested
My limbs in the reeds, in still quiet, and rested
Till my thoughts grew extinct, and I sank in a sleep
Of dreams,—but their meaning was hidden too deep
To be read what their woe was ;—but still it was woe
That was writ on all faces that swam to and fro
In that river of night ;—and the gaze of their eyes
Was sad,—and the bend of their brows,—and their cries
Were seen, but I heard not. The warm touch of tears
Travell'd down my cold cheeks, and I shook till my fears
Awaked me, and lo ! I was couch'd in a bower,
The growth of long summers rear'd up in an hour !
Then I said, in the fear of my dream, I will fly
From this magic, but could not, because that my eye
Grew love-idle among the rich blooms ; and the earth
Held me down with its coolness of touch, and the mirth
Of some bird was above me,—who, even in fear,
Would startle the thrush ? and methought there drew near
A form as of Ægle,—but it was not the face
Hope made, and I knew the witch-Queen of that place,

Even Circe the Cruel, that came like a Death
Which I fear'd, and yet fled not, for want of my breath.
There was thought in her face, and her eyes were not raised
From the grass at her foot, but I saw, as I gazed,
Her spite—and her countenance changed with her mind
As she plann'd how to thrall me with beauty, and bind
My soul to her charms,—and her long tresses play'd
From shade into shine and from shine into shade,
Like a day in mid-autumn,—first fair, O how fair!
With long snaky locks of the adder-black hair
That clung round her neck,—those dark locks that I prize,
For the sake of a maid that once loved me with eyes
Of that fathomless hue,—but they changed as they roll'd,
And brighten'd, and suddenly blazed into gold
That she comb'd into flames, and the locks that fell down
Turn'd dark as they fell, but I slighted their brown,
Nor loved, till I saw the light ringlets shed wild,
That innocence wears when she is but a child;
And her eyes,—Oh I ne'er had been witch'd with their shine,
Had they been any other, my Ægle, than thine!

Then I gave me to magic, and gazed till I madden'd
In the full of their light,—but I sadden'd and sadden'd
The deeper I look'd,—till I sank on the snow
Of her bosom, a thing made of terror and woe,
And answer'd its throb with the shudder of fears,
And hid my cold eyes from her eyes with my tears,
And strain'd her white arms with the still languid weight
Of a fainting distress. There she sat like the Fate
That is nurse unto Death, and bent over in shame
To hide me from her—the true Ægle—that came
With the words on her lips the false witch had fore-given
To make me immortal—for now I was even

At the portals of Death, who but waited the hush
Of world-sounds in my ear to cry welcome, and rush
With my soul to the banks of his black-flowing river.
Oh, would it had flown from my body for ever,
Ere I listen'd those words, when I felt with a start,
The life-blood rush back in one throb to my heart,
And saw the pale lips where the rest of that spell
Had perish'd in horror—and heard the farewell
Of that voice that was drown'd in the dash of the stream!
How fain had I follow'd, and plunged with that scream
Into death, but my being indignantly lagg'd
Through the brutalised flesh that I painfully dragg'd
Behind me :—"O Circe! O mother of spite!
Speak the last of that curse! and imprison me quite
In the husk of a brute,—that no pity may name
The man that I was,—that no kindred may claim
The monster I am! Let me utterly be
Brute-buried, and Nature's dishonour with me
Uninscribed!"—But she listen'd my prayer, that was praise
To her malice, with smiles, and advised me to gaze
On the river for love,—and perchance she would make
In pity a maid without eyes for my sake,
And she left me like Scorn. Then I ask'd of the wave,
What monster I was, and it trembled and gave
The true shape of my grief, and I turn'd with my face
From all waters for ever, and fled through that place,
Till with horror more strong than all magic I pass'd
Its bounds, and the world was before me at last.

There I wander'd in sorrow, and shunn'd the abodes
Of men, that stood up in the likeness of Gods,
But I saw from afar the warm shine of the sun
On their cities, where man was a million, not one;

And I saw the white smoke of their altars ascending,
That show'd where the hearts of the many were blending,
And the wind in my face brought shrill voices that came
From the trumpets that gather'd whole bands in one fame
As a chorus of man,—and they stream'd from the gates
Like a dusky libation pour'd out to the Fates.
But at times there were gentler processions of peace
That I watch'd with my soul in my eyes till their cease,
There were women! there men! but to me a third sex
I saw them all dots—yet I loved them as specks:
And oft to assuage a sad yearning of eyes
I stole near the city, but stole covert-wise
Like a wild beast of love, and perchance to be smitten
By some hand that I rather had wept on than bitten!
Oh, I once had a haunt near a cot where a mother
Daily sat in the shade with her child, and would smother
Its eyelids in kisses, and then in its sleep
Sang dreams in its ear of its manhood, while deep
In a thicket of willows I gazed o'er the brooks
That murmur'd between us and kiss'd them with looks;
But the willows unbosom'd their secret, and never
I return'd to a spot I had startled for ever,
Though I oft long'd to know, but could ask it of none,
Was the mother still fair, and how big was her son?

For the haunters of fields they all shunn'd me by flight,
The men in their horror, the women in fright;
None ever remain'd save a child once that sported
Among the wild bluebells, and playfully courted
The breeze; and beside him a speckled snake lay
Tight strangled, because it had hiss'd him away
From the flower at his finger; he rose and drew near
Like a Son of Immortals, one born to no fear,

But with strength of black locks and with eyes azure bright
To grow to large manhood of merciful might.
He came, with his face of bold wonder, to feel,
The hair of my side, and to lift up my heel,
And question'd my face with wide eyes ; but when under
My lids he saw tears,—for I wept at his wonder,
He stroked me, and utter'd such kindliness then,
That the once love of women, the friendship of men
In past sorrow, no kindness e'er came like a kiss
On my heart in its desolate day such as this !
And I yearn'd at his cheeks in my love, and down bent,
And lifted him up in my arms with intent
To kiss him,—but he cruel-kindly, alas !
Held out to my lips a pluck'd handful of grass !
Then I dropt him in horror, but felt as I fled
The stone he indignantly hurl'd at my head,
That dissever'd my ear,—but I felt not, whose fate
Was to meet more distress in his love than his hate !

Thus I wander'd, companion'd of grief and forlorn
Till I wish'd for that land where my being was born,
But what was that land with its love, where my home
Was self-shut against me ; for why should I come
Like an after-distress to my grey-bearded father,
With a blight to the last of his sight ?—let him rather
Lament for me dead, and shed tears in the urn
Where I was not, and still in fond memory turn
To his son even such as he left him. Oh, how
Could I walk with the youth once my fellows, but now
Like Gods to my humbled estate ?—or how bear
The steeds once the pride of my eyes and the care
Of my hands ? Then I turn'd me self-banish'd, and came
Into Thessaly here, where I met with the same

As myself. I have heard how they met by a stream
In games, and were suddenly changed by a scream
That made wretches of many, as she roll'd her wild eyes
Against heaven, and so vanish'd.—The gentle and wise
Lose their thoughts in deep studies, and others their ill
In the mirth of mankind where they mingle them still. *

THE TWO PEACOCKS OF BEDFONT.

—♦—

Alas! That breathing Vanity should go
Where Pride is buried,—like its very ghost,
Uprisen from the naked bones below,
In novel flesh, clad in the silent boast
Of gaudy silk that flutters to and fro,
Shedding its chilling superstition most
On young and ignorant natures—as it wont
To haunt the peaceful churchyard of Bedfont!

Each Sabbath morning, at the hour of prayer,
Behold two maidens, up the quiet green
Shining, far distant, in the summer air
That flaunts their dewy robes and breathes between

* Although "Lycus" has never met with very warm admirers, owing, perhaps, to its classical origin and style (indeed, in a letter I have of his, simple John Clare confesses he does not understand a word of it), I incline to hold with the following opinion from a letter written to my father by Hartley Coleridge, in 1831.

"I wish you would write a little more in the style of 'Lycus the Centaur,' or 'Eugene Aram's Dream.' In whatever you attempt you excel. Then why not exert your best and noblest talent, as well as that wit, which I would never wish to be dormant. I am not a graduate in the Academy of Compliment, but I think 'Lycus' a work absolutely unique in its line, such as no man has written, or could have written, but yourself."

Their downy plumes,—sailing as if they were
Two far-off ships,—until they brush between
The churchyard's humble walls, and watch and wait
On either side of the wide open'd gate.

And there they stand—with haughty necks before
God's holy house, that points towards the skies—
Frowning reluctant duty from the poor,
And tempting homage from unthoughtful eyes :
And Youth looks lingering from the temple door,
Breathing its wishes in unfruitful sighs,
With pouting lips,—forgetful of the grace,
Of health, and smiles, on the heart-conscious face ;—

Because that Wealth, which has no bliss beside,
May wear the happiness of rich attire ;
And those two sisters, in their silly pride,
May change the soul's warm glances for the fire
Of lifeless diamonds ;—and for health denied,—
With art, that blushes at itself, inspire
Their languid cheeks—and flourish in a glory
That has no life in life, nor after-story.

The aged priest goes shaking his grey hair
In meekest censuring, and turns his eye
Earthward in grief, and heavenward in pray'r,
And sighs, and clasps his hands, and passes by,
Good-hearted man ! what sullen soul would wear
Thy sorrow for a garb, and constantly
Put on thy censure, that might win the praise
Of one so grey in goodness and in days ?

Also the solemn clerk partakes the shame
Of this ungodly shine of human pride,
And sadly blends his reverence and blame
In one grave bow, and passes with a stride
Impatient :—many a red-hooded dame
Turns her pain'd head, but not her glance, aside
From wanton dress, and marvels o'er again,
That heaven hath no wet judgments for the vain.

"I have a lily in the bloom at home,"
Quoth one, "and by the blessed Sabbath day
I'll pluck my lily in its pride, and come
And read a lesson upon vain array ;—
And when stiff silks are rustling up, and some
Give place, I'll shake it in proud eyes and say—
Making my reverence,—'Ladies, an you please,
King Solomon's not half so fine as these.'"

Then her meek partner, who has nearly run
His earthly course,—"Nay, Goody, let your text
Grow in the garden.—We have only one—
Who knows that these dim eyes may see the next ?
Summer will come again, and summer sun,
And lilies too,—but I were sorely vext
To mar my garden, and cut short the blow
Of the last lily I may live to grow."

"The last !" quoth she, "and though the last it were—
Lo ! those two wantons, where they stand so proud
With waving plumes, and jewels in their hair,
And painted cheeks, like Dagons to be bow'd

And curtsey'd to !—last Sabbath after pray'r,
I heard the little Tomkins ask aloud
If they were angels—but I made him know
God's bright ones better, with a bitter blow !"

So speaking, they pursue the pebbly walk
That leads to the white porch the Sunday throng,
Hand-coupled urchins in restrainëd talk,
And anxious pedagogue that chastens wrong,
And posied churchwarden with solemn stalk,
And gold-bedizen'd beadle flames along,
And gentle peasant clad in buff and green,
Like a meek cowslip in the spring serene ;

And blushing maiden—modestly array'd
In spotless white,—still conscious of the glass ;
And she, the lonely widow, that hath made
A sable covenant with grief,—alas !
She veils her tears under the deep, deep shade,
While the poor kindly-hearted, as they pass,
Bend to unclouded childhood, and caress
Her boy,—so rosy !—and so fatherless !

Thus, as good Christians ought, they all draw near
The fair white temple, to the timely call
Of pleasant bells that tremble in the ear.—
Now the last frock, and scarlet hood, and shawl
Fade into dusk, in the dim atmosphere
Of the low porch, and heav'n has won them all,
—Saving those two, that turn aside and pass,
In velvet blossom, where all flesh is grass.

Ah me! to see their silken manors trail'd
In purple luxuries—with restless gold,—
Flaunting the grass where widowhood has wail'd
In blotted black,—over the heapy mould
Panting wave-wantonly! They never quail'd
How the warm vanity abused the cold;
Nor saw the solemn faces of the gone
Sadly uplooking through transparent stone:

But swept their dwellings with unquiet light,
Shocking the awful presence of the dead;
Where gracious natures would their eyes benight
Nor wear their being with a lip too red,
Nor move too rudely in the summer bright
Of sun, but put staid sorrow in their tread,
Meting it into steps, with inward breath,
In very pity to bereaved death.

Now in the church, time-sober'd minds resign
To solemn pray'r, and the loud chaunted hymn,—
With glowing picturings of joys divine
Painting the mist-light where the roof is dim;
But youth looks upward to the window shine,
Warming with rose and purple and the swim
Of gold, as if thought-tinted by the stains
Of gorgeous light through many-colour'd panes;

Soiling the virgin snow wherein God hath
Enrobed his angels,—and with absent eyes
Hearing of Heav'n, and its directed path,
Thoughtful of slippers,—and the glorious skies

Clouding with satin,—till the preacher's wrath
Consumes his pity, and he glows, and cries
With a deep voice that trembles in its might,
And earnest eyes grown eloquent in light:

"Oh, that the vacant eye would learn to look
On very beauty, and the heart embrace
True loveliness, and from this holy book
Drink the warm-breathing tenderness and grace
Of love indeed! Oh, that the young soul took
Its virgin passion from the glorious face
Of fair religion, and address'd its strife,
To win the riches of eternal life!

"Doth the vain heart love glory that is none,
And the poor excellence of vain attire?
Oh go, and drown your eyes against the sun,
The visible ruler of the starry quire,
Till boiling gold in giddy eddies run,
Dazzling the brain with orbs of living fire;
And the faint soul down-darkens into night,
And dies a burning martyrdom to light.

"Oh go, and gaze,—when the low winds of ev'n
Breathe hymns, and Nature's many forests nod
Their gold-crown'd heads; and the rich blooms of heav'n
Sun-ripen'd give their blushes up to God;
And mountain-rocks and cloudy steeps are riv'n
By founts of fire, as smitten by the rod
Of heavenly Moses,—that your thirsty sense
May quench its longings of magnificence!

" Yet suns shall perish—stars shall fade away—
Day into darkness—darkness into death—
Death into silence ; the warm light of day,
The blooms of summer, the rich glowing breath
Of even—all shall wither and decay,
Like the frail furniture of dreams beneath
The touch of morn—or bubbles of rich dyes
That break and vanish in the aching eyes."

They hear, soul-blushing, and repentant shed
Unwholesome thoughts in wholesome tears, and pour
Their sin to earth,—and with low drooping head
Receive the solemn blessing, and implore
Its grace—then soberly with chasten'd tread,
They meekly press towards the gusty door,
With humbled eyes that go to graze upon
The lowly grass—like him of Babylon.

The lowly grass !—O water-constant mind !
Fast-ebbing holiness !—soon-fading grace
Of serious thought, as if the gushing wind
Through the low porch had wash'd it from the face
For ever !—How they lift their eyes to find
Old vanities !—Pride wins the very place
Of meekness, like a bird, and flutters now
With idle wings on the curl-conscious brow !

And lo ! with eager looks they seek the way
Of old temptation at the lowly gate ;
To feast on feathers, and on vain array,
And painted cheeks, and the rich glistering state

Of jewel-sprinkled locks.—But where are they,
The graceless haughty ones that used to wait
With lofty neck, and nods, and stiffen'd eye ?—
None challenge the old homage bending by.

In vain they look for the ungracious bloom
Of rich apparel where it glow'd before,—
For Vanity has faded all to gloom,
And lofty Pride has stiffen'd to the core,
For impious Life to tremble at its doom,—
Set for a warning token evermore,
Whereon, as now, the giddy and the wise
Shall gaze with lifted hands and wond'ring eyes.

The aged priest goes on each sabbath morn,
But shakes not sorrow under his grey hair ;
The solemn clerk goes lavender'd and shorn
Nor stoops his back to the ungodly pair ;—
And ancient lips that pucker'd up in scorn,
Go smoothly breathing to the house of pray'r ;
And in the garden-plot, from day to day,
The lily blooms its long white life away.

And where two haughty maidens used to be,
In pride of plume, where plumy Death had trod,
Trailing their gorgeous velvets wantonly,
Most unmeet pall, over the holy sod ;—
There, gentle stranger, thou may'st only see
Two sombre Peacocks.——Age, with sapient nod
Marking the spot, still tarries to declare
How they once lived, and wherefore they are there.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

—•—

Giver of glowing light!
Though but a god of other days,
The kings and sages
Of wiser ages
Still live and gladden in thy genial rays!

King of the tuneful lyre,
Still poets' hymns to thee belong;
Though lips are cold
Whereon of old
Thy beams all turn'd to worshipping and song!

Lord of the dreadful bow,
None triumph now for Python's death;
But thou dost save
From hungry grave
The life that hangs upon a summer breath.

Father of rosy day,
No more thy clouds of incense rise;
But waking flow'rs
At morning hours,
Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.

God of the Delphic fane,
No more thou listenest to hymns sublime;
But they will leave
On winds at eve,
A solemn echo to the end of time.

MIDNIGHT.

—♦—

Unfathomable Night! how dost thou sweep
Over the flooded earth, and darkly hide
The mighty city under thy full tide;
Making a silent palace for old Sleep,
Like his own temple under the hush'd deep,
Where all the busy day he doth abide,
And forth at the late dark, outspreadeth wide
His dusky wings, whence the cold water sweep!
How peacefully the living millions lie!
Lull'd unto death beneath his poppy spells;
There is no breath—no living stir—no cry—
No tread of foot—no song—no music-call—
Only the sound of melancholy bells—
The voice of Time—survivor of them all!

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.*

—♦—

I.

Oh, 'tis a touching thing, to make one weep,—
A tender infant with its curtain'd eye,
Breathing as it would neither live nor die
With that unchanging countenance of sleep!
As if its silent dream, serene and deep,
Had lined its slumber with a still blue sky

* This and the following sonnet were written to the infant son of the late Rev. Edward Rice, Master of Christ's Hospital.

So that the passive cheeks unconscious lie
With no more life than roses—just to keep
The blushes warm, and the mild, odorous breath.
O blossom boy! so calm is thy repose,
So sweet a compromise of life and death,
'Tis pity those fair buds should e'er unclose
For memory to stain their inward leaf,
Tinging thy dreams with unacquainted grief.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

II.

Thine eyelids slept so beauteously, I deem'd
No eyes could wake so beautiful as they:
Thy rosy cheeks in such still slumbers lay,
I loved their peacefulness, nor ever dream'd
Of dimples:—for those parted lips so seem'd,
I never thought a smile could sweetlier play,
Nor that so graceful life could chase away
Thy graceful death,—till those blue eyes upbeam'd.
Now slumber lies in dimpled eddies drown'd,
And roses bloom more rosily for joy,
And odorous silence ripens into sound,
And fingers move to sound.—All-beauteous boy!
How thou dost waken into smiles, and prove,
If not more lovely, thou art more like Love!

TO FANCY.

Most delicate Ariel ! submissive thing,
Won by the mind's high magic to its hest,—
Invisible embassy, or secret guest,—
Weighing the light air on a lighter wing ;—
Whether into the midnight moon, to bring
Illuminate visions to the eye of rest,—
Or rich romances from the florid West,—
Or to the sea, for mystic whispering,—
Still by thy charm'd allegiance to the will,
The fruitful wishes prosper in the brain,
As by the fingering of fairy skill,—
Moonlight, and waters, and soft music's strain,
Odours, and blooms, and *my* Miranda's smile,
Making this dull world an enchanted isle.

MR. MARTIN'S PICTURES AND THE BONASSUS.

A LETTER FROM MRS. WINIFRED LLOYD TO HER FRIEND MRS. PRICE, AT THE PARSONAGE HOUSE AT ——, IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

My dear Mrs. Price,

This is to let you know that me and Becky and little Humphry are safe arrived in London, where we have been since Monday. My darter is quite inchanted with the metropalus and longs to be intraduced to it satiety, which please God she shall be as soon as things are ready to make her debutt in. It is high time now she should be brought into the world being twenty years old come Midsummer &

very big for her size. You knows, Mrs. Price, that with her figure and accumplishments she was quite berried in Wales, but I hopes when the country is scowered off she will shine as bright as the best & make rare havock among the mail sects. She has learned the pinaforte and to draw, and does flowers and shells, as Mr. Owen says, to a mirrikle, for I spares no munny on her to make her fit for any gentleman's wife, when he shall please to ax her. I took her the other day to the Bullock's Museum to see Mr. Martin's expedition of picters—because she has such a pretty notion of painting herself—and a very nice site it was thof it cost half-a-crown. I tried to get the children in for half-price but the man said that Becky was a full-grown lady, and so she is sure enuff, so I could only beat him down to take a sixpence off little Humphry.

The picters are hung in a parler up-stairs (Becky calls it a drawing room) and you see about a dozen for your munny which brings it to about a penny a piece, & that is not dear. The first on the left hand as you go in—and on the right coming out—is called Revenge. It represents a man and woman with a fire breaking out at their backs—Becky thought it was the fire of London—but the show gentleman said it was Troy that was burned out of revenge, so that was a very good thought to paint. Then there was Bell Shazzar's Feast as you read of it in the Bible, with Daniel interrupting the handwriting on the wall—with the cunning men & the king & all the nobility. Becky said she never saw such bewtiful painting—and sure enuff they were the finest cullers I ever set eyes on, blews, & pinks and purples & greens, all as bright as fresh sattin and velvet, and no doubt they had court sutes all span new for the Banket. As for Humphry there was no getting him from a picter of a Welsh Bard because he knew the ballad about it & saw the whole

core of Captain Edwards's sodgers coming down the hill, with their waggin' train and all, quite nateral. To be sure their cullers were very bewtiful, but there was so many mountings piled atop of one another and some going out of sight into heaven that it made my neck ake to look after them. Next to that there was a storm in Babylon,* but not half so well painted Becky said as the rest. There was none hardly of those smart bright cullers only a bunch of flowers in a garden, that Becky said would look bewtiful on a chaney teacup. Howsomever some gentlemen looked at it a long while and called it clever and said they preferred his architecter work to his painting & he makes very handsum bildings for sartin. They said too that this picter was quieter than all the rest—but how that can be, God he knows, for I could not hear a pin's difference betwixt them—and besides that it was in better keeping which I suppose means it is sold to a Lord. The next was only a lady very well dressed and walking in a landskip. But oh, Mrs. Price, how shall I tell you about the burning of Herculeum! Becky said it put her in mind of what is written in the Revelations about the sky being turned to blood, and indeed it seemed to take all the culler out of her face when she looked at it. It looked as if all the world was going to be burnt to death with a shower of live coals! Oh dear to see the pore things running about in sich an earthquack as threw the pillers off their legs—and all the men of war in distress, beating their bottoms, & going to rack and ruin in the arber. It is a shocking site to see only in a picter, with so many people in silks and sattins and velvets having their things so scorched & burnt into holes! O Mrs. Price! what a mercy we was not born in Vesuvus & there is no burning mountings in

* The storming of Babylon: Mrs. Lloyd must have got her catalogue by hearsay.

Wales !—only think to be holding our sheelds over our heads to keep off the hot sinders, and almost suffercated to death with brimstun. It puts one in a shiver to think of it.

There is another picture of a burning mounting with Zadok* hanging upon a rock—Becky knows the story & shall tell it you—but it looked nothing after the other, though the criketal gentleman, you knows of, said it was a much better painting. But there is no saying for people's tastes—as Mr. Owen says, the world does not dine upon one dinner—but I have forgot one more & that is Mac Beth and the three Whiches, with such a ridgment of Hilanders that I wonder how they got into one picter. Becky said the band ought to be playing bag Pipes instead of Kittle drums, but no doubt Mr. Martin knows better than Becky, and I am sure from what I heard in the North that either Kittles or Drums would sound better than bag Pipes.

We are going to-morrow to the play, and any other sites we may see you shall hear. Till then give my respective complements to Mr. Price with a kiss from Beck & Humphry and remane,

Your faithful humble sarvent

Winifred Lloyd.

P.S. I forgot to say that after we had seen Mr. Martin's expedition, we went from the Bullock's to the Bonassus—as it is but a step from wan to the other. The man says it is a perfect picter, & so it is for sartin, and ought to be painted. It is like a bull only quite different, and comes from the Appellation Mountings. My Humphry thought it must have been catched in a pound, and I wundered the child could make sich a nateral idear, but he is a sweet boy and very foreward in his larning. He was eyely delited at the

* Mrs. Lloyd means Zadak, in the "Tales of the Genii."

site you may be sure, but Becky being timersome shut her eyes all the time she was seeing it. But saving his pushing now & then the anymil is no ways veracious & eats nothing but vegeatables. The man showed us some outlandish sort of pees that it lives upon but he gave it two hole pales of rare carruts besides. It must be a handsum customer to the green Grocer and a pretty penny I warrant it costs for vittles. But it is a wonderful work of Natur, and ought to make man look to his ways as Mr. Lloyd says. Which of our infiddles could make a Bonassus? let them tell me that, Mrs. Price. I would have carried him home in my eye to describe to you & Mr. Price, but we met Mrs. Striker the butcher's lady & she drove him quite out of my head. Howsomever as you likes carosities I shall send his playbill that knows more about him than I do, though there's nothing like seeing him with wan's one eye's. I think if the man would take him down to Monmouth in a Carry Wan he would get a good many hapence by showing him. Till then I remane once more

Your faithful humble sarvent

WINIFRED LLOYD.

[I discovered the following scrap of grim dry humour among other papers of my father's. From the appearance of the writing, I conclude it was of some of these early years.]

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A GHOST.

IT has been much questioned amongst the curious if there be such things (or nothings) as Ghosts; but whether or not, and leaving this Argument to the Learned,—the following may be relied upon as a wonderful instance of presence of mind in an apparition.

In the year 1421, the widow of Ralph Cranfield, of Dipmore End, in the parish of Sandhurst, Berkshire, was one midnight alarmed by a noise in her bed-chamber, and looking up she saw at her bed-foot the appearance of a skeleton (which she verily believed was her husband) nodding and talking to her on its fingers, or finger-bones, after the manner of a dumb person. [And the moonlight shone through the ribs as if through a trellis, making a barred shadow upon the counterpane.]* Whereupon she was so smitten with fear that after striving to scream aloud, which she could not by reason of her fright, she fell backward as in a swoon: yet not so insensible but she could see that the figure was greatly agitated and distressed, and would have clasped her, but on seeing her loathing, it desisted—only moving its jaw upward and downward, as if it would cry for help but could not for want of its parts of speech.

At last, she growing more and more faint and likely to die of fright, the skeleton suddenly, and as if at a thought, began to swing round its hand (which was loose at the wrist) with a brisk motion; and the finger-bones, being hard and long, and striking sharply against each other, made a loud noise like the springing of a watchman's rattle; at which alarm the neighbours running hastily in, and stoutly armed as against thieves and murderers, the Spectre suddenly departed.†

* This sentence is barely legible, having been scratched through on second thoughts.

† I cannot discover whether this ingenious ghost was the offspring of my father's brain, or the hero of some legend of Sandhurst, where my father resided, as a young man, for some period with his uncle, the late Mr. Sands.

1823.

THE LONDON MAGAZINE AND ANNUALS.

[My father this year contributed to the "London," besides the usual "Lion's Head," "Fair Ines"—"Ode to Autumn"—"To a Cold Beauty"—and Sonnets to "Silence"—"An Enthusiast"—"Death"—and "Keats' Endymion."]

THE LION'S HEAD.

A.R.'s poem has been burnt, as he requested, with a multitude of others. "It looked indifferent well," as Sir Andrew Aguecheek has it, "in a flame-coloured stock."

The Elegy on Dr. Hutton is well written —— by Mr. Carstairs.

M.'s Ode on the Martyrs who were burnt in the *rain* of Queen Mary is original, but wants fire.

"The Sketch of a Plan for abolishing Beggars"—by making them Gentlemen—is humane but Utopian.

[I suspect the following Epigram on a picture in the Academy, called "The Doubtful Sneeze," is also my father's.]

THE Doubtful Sneeze! a failure quite—
A winker half, and half a gaper—
Alas, to paint on canvas here
What should have been on tissue paper.

THOUGHTS ON SCULPTURE.

There is something sublime in the pale repose of fine sculpture: colour is as noise and motion.—Harlequin is motley and active—but a Statue is a thing only of light and shade; and stillness and silence are its proper attributes, and the first inspiration of its presence.

On entering the repository of the Elgin Marbles, the voice is instantly subdued to a whisper, and the foot is restrained in its tread; there is no occasion for the written request of the students to preserve silence—it will keep itself, the best peace-officer of the place. We seem to be, not among imitations, but petrifactions of life,—feel as if noise, or mirth, or ungentle motion, were an insult to their constrained quietness. The most impassioned, the most ruffled, are as mute as Niobe when she turned to stone: even that snorting horse, wild and fiery as he may once have been, distends only a breathless nostril to the air, and is fixed for ever. If he move not now, he will never move more, so much has he the look of fierce intent. Theseus sits too, as if he would never rise again; but in him you might fancy it merely the fault of his will. This repose seems the proper mood of a statue. It should be pale in act, as pale in substance—either above or beneath all violence—too rock-like to be rudely acted on, or too delicate and aerial, too sylph-like for touch—too pure even (as it seems) to be stained by the light. I remember a female figure of this nature, which might have been a personification of silence,—a marble metaphor of peace. Alone, and still, and hushed, it stood in the dark of a long passage, like an embodied

twilight,—not dead, but with such a breathless life as we conceive in a solemn midnight apparition ;—passionless, yet not incapable of passion, as if only there was no cause mighty enough in this world to disturb her divine rest. There she stood, with her blank eyes,* gazing no one knew whither—not asleep,—but as in one of those dreams which make up the life of gods, blissful, serene, and eternal—herself almost a dream, she seemed so pale, and shadowy, and unreal—as unreal as if only framed out of moonlight, or (what is quite possible) only the fanciful creation of my own theory.

FAIR INES.

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the West,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest:
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright;

* These blank eyes (wherein there is no indication of the pupil) are the true eyes in sculpture. They seem to hold no communion with your own, but to gaze, not on points, but on all space, like the eyes of gods, or of prophets looking into the future.

And blessed will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier,
Who rode so gaily by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near!
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more!

Alas, alas, fair Ines,
She went away with song,
With Music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before,—
Alas, for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

[The following poem is written on the same sheet of paper as the original copy of "Fair Ines." It was never published during my father's life—so I have decided on inserting it here.]

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again.
Friends, if we have ever been,
Friends we cannot now remain:
I only know I loved you once,
I only know I loved in vain;
Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again!

Then farewell to heart and hand!
I would our hands had never met:
Even the outward form of love
Must be resign'd with some regret.
Friends, we still might seem to be,
If I my wrong could e'er forget
Our hands have join'd but not our hearts:
I would our hands had never met!

ODE.

AUTUMN.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn ;
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the songs of Summer ?—With the sun,
Oping the dusky eyelids of the south,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds ?—Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undazzled at noon-day,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer ?—In the west,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest
Like tearful Proserpine, snatch'd from her flow'rs
To a most gloomy breast.
Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—
The many, many leaves all twinkling ?—Three

On the moss'd elm ; three on the naked lime
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak tree !
Where is the Dryad's immortality ?—
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy Winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel gloats o'er his accomplish'd hoard,
The ants have brimm'd their garners with ripe grain,
And honey bees have stored
The sweets of summer in their luscious cells ;
The swallows all have wing'd across the main ;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love-rosary ;
Whilst all the wither'd world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drownëd past
In the hush'd mind's mysterious far-away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, grey upon the grey.

O go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
Under the languid downfall of her hair ;
She wears a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care ;—
There is enough of wither'd everywhere
To make her bower,—and enough of gloom ;
There is enough of sadness to invite,
If only for the rose that died, whose doom

Is Beauty's,—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light:
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear,—
Enough of chilly droppings from her bowl;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

SONNET.

DEATH.

—•—

It is not death, that—sometime—in a sigh
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;
That—sometime—these bright stars, that now reply
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night;
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal sprite
Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below;
It is not death to know this,—but to know
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
So duly and so oft,—and when grass waves
Over the past-away, there may be then
No resurrection in the minds of men.

SONNET.

SILENCE.

—✦—

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound ;
No voice is hush'd—no life treads silently,
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,
That never spoke, over the idle ground :
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyæna, calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,——
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN KEATS' "ENDYMION."

—✦—

I SAW pale Dian, sitting by the brink
Of silver falls, the overflow of fountains
From cloudy steeps ; and I grew sad to think
Endymion's foot was silent on those mountains
And he but a hush'd name, that Silence keeps
In dear remembrance,—lonely, and forlorn,

Singing it to herself until she weeps
Tears, that perchance still glisten in the morn :—
And as I mused, in dull imaginings,
There came a flash of garments, and I knew
The awful Muse by her harmonious wings
Charming the air to music as she flew—
Anon there rose an echo through the vale
Gave back Endymion in a dreamlike tale.

SONNET.

TO AN ENTHUSIAST.

YOUNG ardent soul, graced with fair Nature's truth,
Spring warmth of heart, and fervency of mind,
And still a large late love of all thy kind,
Spite of the world's cold practice and Time's tooth,—
For all these gifts, I know not, in fair sooth,
Whether to give thee joy, or bid thee blind
Thine eyes with tears,—that thou hast not resign'd
The passionate fire and fierceness of thy youth :
For as the current of thy life shall flow,
Gilded by shine of sun or shadow-stain'd,
Through flow'ry valley or unwholesome fen,
Thrice blessed in thy joy, or in thy woe
Thrice cursed of thy race,—thou art ordain'd
To share beyond the lot of common men.

TO A COLD BEAUTY.

Lady, wouldst thou heiress be
To Winter's cold and cruel part?
When he sets the rivers free,
Thou dost still lock up thy heart;—
Thou that shouldst outlast the snow,
But in the whiteness of thy brow?

Scorn and cold neglect are made
For winter gloom and winter wind,
But thou wilt wrong the summer air,
Breathing it to words unkind,—
Breath which only should belong
To love, to sunlight, and to song!

When the little buds unclose,
Red, and white, and pied, and blue,
And that virgin flow'r, the rose,
Opes her heart to hold the dew,
Wilt thou lock thy bosom up
With no jewel in its cup?

Let not cold December sit
Thus in Love's peculiar throne:
Brooklets are not prison'd now,
But crystal frosts are all agone,
And that which hangs upon the spray,
It is no snow, but flow'r of May!

[I find the original MS. of this dated 1823. I have been unable to trace its appearance anywhere during my father's life.]

SERENADE

Ah, sweet, thou little knowest how
I wake and passionate watches keep;
And yet while I address thee now,
Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.
'Tis sweet enough to make me weep,
That tender thought of love and thee,
That while the world is hush'd so deep,
Thy soul's perhaps awake to me!

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep!
With golden visions for thy dower,
While I this midnight vigil keep,
And bless thee in thy silent bower;
To me 'tis sweeter than the power
Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurl'd,
That I alone, at this still hour,
In patient love outwatch the world.

[The "Old Ballad" which follows is also dated 1823 in my father's common-place book. I have been unable to find where it was published. The air to which it is given is that of an old song that I remember hearing my mother repeat often. Its plot is similar to the ballad of "Binnorie," and it has a burden somewhat of the same sort. As far as I can remember, the first verse begins:

There was a King in the North Countree,
Down—Down—Downderry—Down.
There was a King in the North Countree
And he had daughters one two and three,
The Bough it shall bend to me, &c.]

OLD BALLAD.

Air—"There was a King in the North Countree."

THERE was a Fairy lived in a well,
And she pronounced a magical spell;
"Whoever looks in this wave," she said,
"Shall see the lady that he's to wed!"

A King came by with his hunting-spear
And stoop'd to look in the waters clear;
He laid by the brim his signet of gold,
And gave his Brother his crown to hold.

But while he knelt and was looking down,
His Brother stood and tried-on the crown;
The pearls were bright, and the rubies brave,
So he tumbled his brother into the wave.

"Oh Brother, oh Brother, you've got my ring
And the lawful crown that made me king;
But your heart shall fail, and your hand shall quake,
And the head that wears my jewels shall ache!"

The murderer stood and look'd from the brink,
"The sun is so hot, I should like to drink!"
But lo! as he stoop'd with a silver cup,
His head went down, and his heels flew up!

"Oh! Brother, oh! Brother,—I've got your crown,
But the weight of the jewels has pull'd me down,
You shall be crown'd in the skies again,—
But I shall be mark'd on the brow like Cain!"

Down he sank in the dismal wave,
As cold as death, and dark as the grave;
But when he came to the stones at last,
The Fairy caught him, and held him fast.

She took him into her crystal hall
And there he saw his face in the wall;
She look'd rosy, but he look'd white,
And all the tapers were burning bright.

The King leap'd down from his Fairy throne,
With eyes that brighter than diamonds shone:
His left hand balanced a golden globe,
But his right hand lifted his purple robe.

"Oh Brother! oh Brother! bend down your knee,
But kneel to Heaven, and not to me,
For God may frown on your grievous sin,
But I'm too happy you push'd me in.

Come hither, come hither, you're welcome now,
To my crown of gold that decks your brow;
There's smiles worth heav'n on my true-love's face,
And she has made me King of this place!"

[The following lines, suggested by a bunch of English grapes, were written about this time—as well as the two Sonnets which succeed them—and which have never been printed before.]

We did not wear a leafy crown,
And darkly glance to darker glance,
Under the green leaf and the brown,
Wooing the eyes of maids of France,

With very bloomy down :
We stain'd not hands with purple blood
In golden Arno's pleasant vale,
Where the proud Brothers quench'd the stain,
And saw two murderers in the flood
With faces guilty-pale :
Nor on the sunny hills of Spain
We used to drink the sun and twine
Long amorous tendrils to entrap
The careless finger of maid to linger
And pluck us from the trembling vine
To brim her dimpled lap.

SONNET.

Love, I am jealous of a worthless man
Whom—for his merits—thou dost hold too dear :
No better than myself, he lies as near
And precious to thy bosom. He may span
Thy sacred waist and with thy sweet breath fan
His happy cheek, and thy most willing ear
Invade with words and call his love sincere
And true as mine, and prove it—if he can :—
Not that I hate him for such deeds as this—
He were a devil to adore thee less,
Who wears thy favour,—I am ill at ease
Rather lest he should e'er too coldly press
Thy gentle hand :—This is my jealousy
Making myself suspect but never thee !

SONNET.

—♦—

Love, see thy lover humbled at thy feet,
Not in servility, but homage sweet,
Gladly inclined :—and with my bended knee
Think that my inward spirit bows to thee—
More proud indeed than when I stand or climb
Elsewhere :—there is no statue so sublime
As Love's in all the world, and e'en to kiss
The pedestal is still a better bliss
Than all ambitions. O ! Love's lowest base
Is far above the reaching of disgrace
To shame this posture. Let me then draw nigh
Feet that have fared so nearly to the sky,
And when this duteous homage has been given
I will rise up and clasp the heart in Heaven.

1824.

[For this year I have been unable to trace clearly much of my father's writing. "The Forsaken," however, which is noted in the commonplace book as "for head of Madeline," I imagine, from its date, must have appeared in some annual about this time, as also the song following it, which is marked "for Ackermann's." I have reason to believe that the next song, "O Lady, leave thy silken thread," sent to the "Times" by the late Mr. Shoberl, with a letter which I give below,* should be assigned to this date.]

THE FORSAKEN.

—♦—

The dead are in their silent graves,
And the dew is cold above,
And the living weep and sigh,
Over dust that once was love.

Once I only wept the dead,
But now the living cause my pain:
How couldst thou steal me from my tears,
To leave me to my tears again?

* "THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

"The author of the following very beautiful song was the late Thomas Hood, who published it with a *nom de guerre*, when he was not known to literature. I have reason to believe that many exquisite productions by this highly-gifted writer must be lying, like wild-flowers, scattered and unnoticed, which I fear it is impossible now to gather into his wreath. That it may not prove so, and that in an edition of his collected works will be preserved all his anonymous and graceful snatches, is the wish of

"May 19, 1845. "Frederick Shoberl, Jun."

My Mother rests beneath the sod,—
Her rest is calm and very deep :
I wish'd that she could see our loves,—
But now I gladden in her sleep.

Last night unbound my raven locks,
The morning saw them turn'd to grey,
Once they were black and well beloved,
But thou art changed,—and so are they !

The useless lock I gave thee once,
To gaze upon and think of me,
Was ta'en with smiles,—but this was torn
In sorrow that I send to thee !

SONG.

The stars are with the voyager
Wherever he may sail ;
The moon is constant to her time ;
The sun will never fail ;
But follow, follow round the world,
The green earth and the sea,
So love is with the lover's heart,
Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars
Must daily lose their light ;
The moon will veil her in the shade ;
The sun will set at night.

The sun may set, but constant love
Will shine when he's away;
So that dull night is never night,
And day is brighter day.

SONG.

O Lady, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestrie:
There's living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the tree;
Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume;
There's crimson buds, and white and blue—
The very rainbow showers
Have turn'd to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the east,
The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues,
And blossom as they run:

While Morn opes like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly showers ;
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
Thou twinest into flowers !

[Of the "Birthday Verses"—"I love Thee"—"Lines"—and the sonnet "to Wordsworth" I have not been able to discover the first publication. For want of better indications of their date, I have been led to attribute them to this period, from the appearance of the paper on which they are transcribed, and the style of the hand in which they are written.]

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

Good morrow to the golden morning,
Good morrow to the world's delight—
I've come to bless thy life's beginning,
Since it makes my own so bright !

I have brought no roses, sweetest,
I could find no flowers, dear,—
It was when all sweets were over
Thou wert born to bless the year.*

But I've brought thee jewels, dearest,
In thy bonny locks to shine,—
And if love shows in their glances,
They have learn'd that look of mine !

* My mother's birthday was the 6th November.

I LOVE THEE.

I LOVE thee—I love thee!
'Tis all that I can say;—
It is my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day;
The very echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray:
I love thee—I love thee!
Is all that I can say.

I love thee—I love thee!
Is ever on my tongue;
In all my proudest poesy
That chorus still is sung;
It is the verdict of my eyes,
Amidst the gay and young:
I love thee—I love thee!
A thousand maids among.

I love thee—I love thee!
Thy bright and hazel glance,
The mellow lute upon those lips,
Whose tender tones entrance;
But most, dear heart of hearts, thy proofs
That still these words enhance,
I love thee—I love thee!
Whatever be thy chance.

LINES.

Let us make a leap, my dear,
In our love, of many a year,
And date it very far away,
On a bright clear summer day,
When the heart was like a sun
To itself, and falsehood none ;
And the rosy lips a part
Of the very loving heart,
And the shining of the eye
But a sign to know it by ;—
When my faults were all forgiven,
And my life deserved of Heaven.
Dearest, let us reckon so,
And love for all that long ago ;
Each absence count a year complete,
And keep a birthday when we meet.

FALSE POETS AND TRUE.

TO WORDSWORTH.

Look how the lark soars upward and is gone,
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky !
His voice is heard, but body there is none *
To fix the vague excursions of the eye.

* These lines are repeated in the fourth verse of "Hero and Leander."

So, poets' songs are with us, tho' they die
Obscured, and hid by death's oblivious shroud,
And Earth inherits the rich melody
Like raining music from the morning cloud.
Yet, few there be who pipe so sweet and loud
Their voices reach us through the lapse of space :
The noisy day is deafen'd by a crowd
Of undistinguish'd birds, a twittering race ;
But only lark and nightingale forlorn
Fill up the silences of night and morn.

[This unfinished fragment, and "Guido and Marina," which was published in an annual after my father's death, appear to me to belong to this period also.]

"Farewell—Farewell"—it is an awful word
When that the quick do speak it to the dead ;
For though 'tis brief upon the speaker's lips,
'Tis more than death can answer to, and hath
No living echo on the living ear.

* * * *

'Tis awful to behold the midnight stars
They say do rule the destinies of men,
Gazing upon us from that point of space,
Where they were set even from their lustrous birth,
With a most sure foreknowledge of our doom
Watching its consummation.

* * * *

GUIDO AND MARINA.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

[Guido, having given himself up to the pernicious study of magic and astrology, casts his nativity, and resolves that at a certain hour of a certain day he is to die. MARINA, to wean him from this fatal delusion, which hath gradually wasted him away, even to the verge of death, advances the hour-hand of the clock. He is supposed to be seated beside her in the garden of his palace at Venice.]

Guido. Clasp me again! My soul is very sad;
And hold thy lips in readiness near mine,
Lest I die suddenly. Clasp me again!
'Tis such a gloomy day!

Mar. Nay, sweet, it shines.

Guido. Nay, then, these mortal clouds are in mine eyes.
Clasp me again!—ay, with thy fondest force,
Give me one last embrace.

Mar. Love, I do clasp thee!

Guido. Then closer—closer—for I feel thee not;
Unless thou art this pain around my heart.
Thy lips at such a time should never leave me.

Mar. What pain—what time, love? Art thou ill? Alas!
I see it in thy cheek. Come, let me nurse thee.
Here, rest upon my heart.

Guido. Stay, stay, Marina.
Look!—when I raise my hand against the sun,
Is it red with blood?

Mar. Alas! my love, what wilt thou?
Thy hand is red—and so is mine—all hands
Show thus against the sun.

Guido. All living men's,

Marina, but not mine. Hast never heard
How death first seizes on the feet and hands,
And thence goes freezing to the very heart?

Mar. Yea, love, I know it; but what then?—the hand
I hold is glowing.

Guido. But my eyes!—my eyes!—
Look *there*, Marina—there is death's own sign.
I have seen a corpse,
E'en when its clay was cold, would still have seem'd
Alive, but for the eyes—such deadly eyes!
So dull and dim! Marina, look in mine!

Mar. Ay, they are dull. No, no—not dull, but bright:
I see myself within them. Now, dear love,
Discard these horrid fears that make me weep.

Guido. Marina, Marina—where thy image lies,
There must be brightness—or perchance they glance
And glimmer like the lamp before it dies.
Oh, do not vex my soul with hopes impossible!
My hours are ending. [*Clock strikes.*

Mar. Nay, they shall not! Hark!
The hour—four—five—hark!—six!—the very time!
And, lo! thou art alive! My love—dear love—
Now cast this cruel phantasm from thy brain—
This wilful, wild delusion—cast it off!
The hour is come—and *gone!* What! not a word!
What, not a smile, even, that thou livest for me!
Come, laugh and clap your hands as I do—come.
Or kneel with me, and thank th' eternal God
For this blest passover! Still sad! still mute!—
Oh, why art thou not glad, as I am glad,
That death forbears thee? Nay, hath all my love
Been spent in vain, that thou art sick of life?

Guido. Marina, I am no more attach'd to death

Than Fate hath doomed me. I am his elect,
That even now forestalls thy little light,
And steals with cold infringement on my breath :
Already he bedims my spiritual lamp,
Not yet his due—not yet—quite yet, though Time,
Perchance, to warn me, speaks before his wont :
Some minutes' space my blood has still to flow—
Some scanty breath is left me still to spend
In very bitter sighs.
But there's a point, true measured by my pulse,
Beyond or short of which it may not live
By one poor throb. Marina, it is near.

Mar. Oh, God of heaven !

Guido. Ay, it is *very* near.
Therefore, cling now to me, and say farewell
While I can answer it. Marina, speak !
Why tear thine helpless hair? it will not save
Thy heart from breaking, nor pluck out the thought
That stings thy brain. Oh, surely thou hast known
This truth too long to look so like Despair?

Mar. O, no, no, no !—a hope—a little hope—
I had erewhile—but I have heard its knell.
Oh, would my life were measured out with thine—
All my years number'd—all my days, my hours,
My utmost minutes, all summ'd up with thine !

Guido. Marina—

Mar. Let me weep—no, let me kneel
To God—but rather thee—to spare this end
That is so wilful. Oh, for pity's sake !
Pluck back thy precious spirit from these clouds
That smother it with death. Oh ! turn from death,
And do not woo it with such dark resolve,
To make me widow'd.

Guido. I have lived my term.
Mar. No—not thy term—no ! not the natural term
Of one so young. Oh ! thou hast spent thy years
In sinful waste upon unholy—
Guido. Hush !
Marina.
Mar. Nay, I must. Oh ! cursed lore,
That hath supplied this spell against thy life.
Unholy learning—devilish and dark—
Study ! O, God ! O, God !—how can thy stars
Be bright with such black knowledge ? Oh, that men
Should ask more light of them than guides their steps
At evening to love !
Guido. Hush, hush, oh hush !
Thy words have pain'd me in the midst of pain.
True, if I had not read, I should not die ;
For, if I had not read, I had not been.
All our acts of life are pre-ordain'd,
And each pre-acted, in our several spheres,
By ghostly duplicates. They sway our deeds
By their performance. What if mine hath been
To be a prophet and foreknow my doom ?
If I had closed my eyes, the thunder then
Had roar'd it in my ears ; my own mute brain
Had told it with a tongue. What must be, must.
Therefore I knew when my full time would fall ;
And now—to save thy widowhood of tears—
To spare the very breaking of thy heart,
I may not gain even a brief hour's reprieve !
What seest thou yonder ?
Mar. Where ?—a tree—the sun
Sinking behind a tree.
Guido. It is no tree,

Marina, but a shape—the awful shape
That comes to claim me. Seest thou not his shade
Darken before his steps? Ah me! how cold
It comes against my feet! Cold, icy cold!
And blacker than a pall.
Mar. My love!
Guido. Oh heaven
And earth, where are ye? Marina— [Guido *dies.*
Mar. I am here!
What wilt thou? dost thou speak?—Methought I heard thee
Just whispering. He is dead?—O God! he's dead!

[This and the following poem (the "Ode to Clapham Academy") appeared during this year in the "New Monthly"—which my father subsequently edited, but which at this time had only reached its tenth volume.]

THE TWO SWANS.

A FAIRY TALE.

—✦—

Immortal Imogen, crown'd queen above
The lilies of thy sex, vouchsafe to hear
A fairy dream in honour of true love—
True above ills, and frailty, and all fear—
Perchance a shadow of his own career
Whose youth was darkly prison'd and long-twined
By serpent-sorrow, till white Love drew near,
And sweetly sang him free, and round his mind
A bright horizon threw, wherein no grief may wind.

I saw a tower builded on a lake,
Mock'd by its inverse shadow, dark and deep—
That seem'd a still intenser night to make,
Wherein the quiet waters sank to sleep,—

And, whatsoe'er was prison'd in that keep,
A monstrous Snake was warden :—round and round
In sable ringlets I beheld him creep,
Blackest amid black shadows, to the ground,
Whilst his enormous head the topmost turret crown'd.

From whence he shot fierce light against the stars,
Making the pale moon paler with affright ;
And with his ruby eye out-threaten'd Mars—
That blazed in the mid-heavens, hot and bright—
Nor slept, nor wink'd, but with a steadfast spite
Watch'd their wan looks and tremblings in the skies ;
And that he might not slumber in the night,
The curtain-lids were pluck'd from his large eyes,
So he might never drowse, but watch his secret prize.

Prince or princess in dismal durance pent,
Victims of old Enchantment's love or hate,
Their lives must all in painful sighs be spent,
Watching the lonely waters soon and late,
And clouds that pass and leave them to their fate,
Or company their grief with heavy tears :—
Meanwhile that Hope can spy no golden gate
For sweet escapement, but in darksome fears
They weep and pine away as if immortal years.

No gentle bird with gold upon its wing
Will perch upon the grate—the gentle bird
Is safe in leafy dell, and will not bring
Freedom's sweet key-note and commission-word
Learn'd of a fairy's lips, for pity stirr'd—
Lest while he trembling sings, untimely guest !
Watch'd by that cruel Snake and darkly heard,

He leave a widow on her lonely nest,
To press in silent grief the darlings of her breast.

No gallant knight, adventurous, in his bark,
Will seek the fruitful perils of the place,
To rouse with dipping oar the waters dark
That bear that serpent-image on their face.
And Love, brave Love! though he attempt the base,
Nerved to his loyal death, he may not win
His captive lady from the strict embrace
Of that foul Serpent, clasping her within
His sable folds—like Eve enthrall'd by the old Sin.

But there is none—no knight in panoply,
Nor Love, intrench'd in his strong steely coat:
No little speck—no sail—no helper nigh,
No sign—no whispering—no plash of boat:—
The distant shores show dimly and remote,
Made of a deeper mist,—serene and grey,—
And slow and mute the cloudy shadows float
Over the gloomy wave, and pass away,
Chased by the silver beams that on their marges play.

And bright and silvery the willows sleep
Over the shady verge—no mad winds tease
Their hoary heads; but quietly they weep
Their sprinkling leaves—half fountains and half trees:
There lilies be—and fairer than all these,
A solitary Swan her breast of snow
Launches against the wave that seems to freeze
Into a chaste reflection, still below
Twin-shadow of herself wherever she may go.

And forth she paddles in the very noon
Of solemn midnight like an elfin thing,
Charm'd into being by the argent moon—
Whose silver light for love of her fair wing
Goes with her in the shade, still worshipping
Her dainty plumage :—all around her grew
A radiant circlet, like a fairy ring ;
And all behind, a tiny little clue
Of light, to guide her back across the waters blue.

And sure she is no meaner than a fay,
Redeem'd from sleepy death, for beauty's sake,
By old ordainment :—silent as she lay,
Touch'd by a moonlight wand I saw her wake,
And cut her leafy slough, and so forsake
The verdant prison of her lily peers,
That slept amidst the stars upon the lake—
A breathing shape—restored to human fears,
And new-born love and grief—self-conscious of her tears.

And now she clasps her wings around her heart,
And near that lonely isle begins to glide,
Pale as her fears, and oft-times with a start
Turns her impatient head from side to side
In universal terrors—all too wide
To watch ; and often to that marble keep
Upturns her pearly eyes, as if she spied
Some foe, and crouches in the shadows steep
That in the gloomy wave go diving fathoms deep.

And well she may, to spy that fearful thing
All down the dusky walls in circlets wound ;

Alas! for what rare prize, with many a ring
Girding the marble casket round and round?
His folded tail, lost in the gloom profound,
Terribly darkeneth the rocky base;
But on the top his monstrous head is crown'd
With prickly spears, and on his doubtful face
Gleam his unwearied eyes, red watchers of the place.

Alas! of the hot fires that nightly fall,
No one will scorch him in those orbs of spite,
So he may never see beneath the wall
That timid little creature, all too bright,
That stretches her fair neck, slender and white,
Invoking the pale moon, and vainly tries
Her throbbing throat, as if to charm the night
With song—but, hush—it perishes in sighs,
And there will be no dirge sad-swelling, though she dies!

She droops—she sinks—she leans upon the lake,
Fainting again into a lifeless flower;
But soon the chilly springs anoint and wake
Her spirit from its death, and with new power
She sheds her stifled sorrows in a shower
Of tender song, timed to her falling tears—
That wins the shady summit of that tower,
And, trembling all the sweeter for its fears,
Fills with imploring moan that cruel monster's ears.

And, lo! the scaly beast is all deprest,
Subdued like Argus by the might of sound—
What time Apollo his sweet lute addrest
To magic converse with the air, and bound
The many monster eyes, all slumber-drown'd:—

So on the turret-top that watchful Snake
Pillows his giant head, and lists profound,
As if his wrathful spite would never wake,
Charm'd into sudden sleep for Love and Beauty's sake!

His prickly crest lies prone upon his crown,
And thirsty lip from lip disparted flies,
To drink that dainty flood of music down —
His scaly throat is big with pent-up sighs—
And whilst his hollow ear entrancëd lies,
His looks for envy of the charmed sense
Are fain to listen, till his steadfast eyes,
Stung into pain by their own impotence,
Distil enormous tears into the lake immense.

Oh, tuneful Swan! oh, melancholy bird!
Sweet was that midnight miracle of song,
Rich with ripe sorrow, needful of no word
To tell of pain, and love, and love's deep wrong—
Hinting a piteous tale—perchance how long
Thy unknown tears were mingled with the lake,
What time disguised thy leafy mates among—
And no eye knew what human love and ache
Dwelt in those dewy leaves, and heart so nigh to break.

Therefore no poet will ungently touch
The water-lily, on whose eyelids dew
Trembles like tears; but ever hold it such
As human pain may wander through and through,
Turning the pale leaf paler in its hue—
Wherein life dwells, transfigured, not entomb'd,
By magic spells. Alas! who ever knew

Sorrow in all its shapes, leafy and plumed,
Or in gross husks of brutes eternally inhumed ?

And now the winged song has scaled the height
Of that dark dwelling, builded for despair,
And soon a little casement flashing bright
Widens self-open'd into the cool air—
That music like a bird may enter there
And soothe the captive in his stony cage ;
For there is nought of grief, or painful care,
But plaintive song may happily engage
From sense of its own ill, and tenderly assuage.

And forth into the light, small and remote,
A creature, like the fair son of a king,
Draws to the lattice in his jewell'd coat
Against the silver moonlight glistening,
And leans upon his white hand listening
To that sweet music that with tenderer tone
Salutes him, wondering what kindly thing
Is come to soothe him with so tuneful moan,
Singing beneath the walls as if for him alone !

And while he listens, the mysterious song,
Woven with timid particles of speech,
Twines into passionate words that grieve along
The melancholy notes, and softly teach
The secrets of true love,—that trembling reach
His earnest ear, and through the shadows dun
He missions like replies, and each to each
Their silver voices mingle into one,
Like blended streams that make one music as they run.

"Ah! Love, my hope is swooning in my heart,—"
"Ay, sweet, my cage is strong and hung full high—"
"Alas! our lips are held so far apart,
Thy words come faint,—they have so far to fly!—"
"If I may only shun that serpent-eye,—"
"Ah me! that serpent-eye doth never sleep;—"
"Then, nearer thee, Love's martyr, I will die!—"
"Alas, alas! that word has made me weep!
For pity's sake remain safe in thy marble keep!"

"My marble keep! it is my marble tomb—"
"Nay, sweet! but thou hast there thy living breath—"
"Aye to expend in sighs for this hard doom;—"
"But I will come to thee and sing beneath,
And nightly so beguile this serpent wreath;—"
"Nay, I will find a path from these despairs."
"Ah, needs then thou must tread the back of death,
Making his stony ribs thy stony stairs.—
Behold his ruby eye, how fearfully it glares!"

Full sudden at these words, the princely youth
Leaps on the scaly back that slumbers, still
Unconscious of his foot, yet not for ruth,
But numb'd to dulness by the fairy skill
Of that sweet music (all more wild and shrill
For intense fear) that charm'd him as he lay—
Meanwhile the lover nerves his desperate will,
Held some short throbs by natural dismay,
Then down the serpent-track begins his darksome way.

Now dimly seen—now toiling out of sight,
Eclipsed and cover'd by the envious wall;

Now fair and spangled in the sudden light,
And clinging with wide arms for fear of fall;
Now dark and shelter'd by a kindly pall
Of dusky shadow from his wakeful foe;
Slowly he winds adown—dimly and small,
Watch'd by the gentle Swan that sings below,
Her hope increasing, still, the larger he doth grow.

But nine times nine the serpent folds embrace
The marble walls about—which he must tread
Before his anxious foot may touch the base:
Long is the dreary path, and must be sped!
But Love, that holds the mastery of dread,
Braces his spirit, and with constant toil
He wins his way, and now, with arms outspread,
Impatient plunges from the last long coil:
So may all gentle Love ungentle Malice foil!

The song is hush'd, the charm is all complete,
And two fair Swans are swimming on the lake:
But scarce their tender bills have time to meet,
When fiercely drops adown that cruel Snake—
His steely scales a fearful rustling make,
Like autumn leaves that tremble and foretell
The sable storm;—the plumy lovers quake—
And feel the troubled waters pant and swell,
Heaved by the giant bulk of their pursuer fell.

His jaws, wide yawning like the gates of Death,
Hiss horrible pursuit—his red eyes glare
The waters into blood—his eager breath
Grows hot upon their plumes:—now, minstrel fair!

She drops her ring into the waves, and there
It widens all around, a fairy ring
Wrought of the silver light—the fearful pair
Swim in the very midst, and pant and cling
The closer for their fears, and tremble wing to wing.

Bending their course over the pale grey lake,
Against the pallid East, wherein light play'd
In tender flushes, still the baffled Snake
Circled them round continually, and bay'd
Hoarsely and loud, forbidden to invade
The sanctuary ring—his sable mail
Roll'd darkly through the flood, and writhed and made
A shining track over the waters pale,
Lash'd into boiling foam by his enormous tail.

And so they sail'd into the distance dim,
Into the very distance—small and white,
Like snowy blossoms of the spring that swim
Over the brooklets—follow'd by the spite
Of that huge Serpent, that with wild affright
Worried them on their course, and sore annoy,
Till on the grassy marge I saw them 'light,
And change, anon, a gentle girl and boy,
Lock'd in embrace of sweet unutterable joy!

Then came the Morn, and with her pearly showers
Wept on them, like a mother, in whose eyes
Tears are no grief; and from his rosy bowers
The Oriental sun began to rise,
Chasing the darksome shadows from the skies;

Wherewith that sable Serpent far away
Fled, like a part of night—delicious sighs
From waking blossoms purified the day,
And little birds were singing sweetly from each spray.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM ACADEMY.*

—✦—

Ah me! those old familiar bounds!
That classic house, those classic grounds
My pensive thought recalls!
What tender urchins now confine,
What little captives now repine,
Within yon irksome walls?

Ay, that's the very house! I know
Its ugly windows, ten a-row!
Its chimneys in the rear!
And there's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
And turn'd our table-beer!

There I was birch'd! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woeful tree!
The weary tasks I used to con!—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon!—
Most fruitless leaves to me!—

* No connexion with any other Ode.

The summon'd class !—the awful bow !—
I wonder who is master now
  And wholesome anguish sheds !
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
  Have nothing in their heads !

And Mrs. S * * * ?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
  Some favour'd two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
  And swill her prize—bohea ?

Ay, there's the playground ! there's the lime,
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
  So wildly I have read !—
Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
  Of Love and Cottage-bread ?

Who struts the Randall of the walk ?
Who models tiny heads in chalk ?
  Who scoops the light canoe ?
What early genius buds apace ?
Where's Poynter ? Harris ? Bowers ? Chase ?
  Hal Baylis ? blithe Carew ?

Alack ! they're gone—a thousand ways !
And some are serving in "the Greys,"
  And some have perish'd young !—

Jack Harris weds his second wife ;
Hal Baylis drives the *wane* of life ;
And blithe Carew—is hung !

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To savages at Owhyee ;
Poor Chase is with the worms !—
All, all are gone—the olden breed !—
New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
" And push us from our *forms !*"

Lo ! where they scramble forth, and shout,
And leap, and skip, and mob about,
At play where we have play'd !
Some hop, some run, (some fall,) some twine
Their crony arms ; some in the shine,—
And some are in the shade !

Lo there what mix'd conditions run !
The orphan lad ; the widow's son ;
And Fortune's favour'd care—
The wealthy-born, for whom she hath
Mac-Adamised the future path—
The Nabob's pamper'd heir !

Some brightly starr'd—some evil born,—
For honour some, and some for scorn,—
For fair or foul renown !
Good, bad, indiff'rent—none may lack !
Look, here's a White, and there's a Black !
And there's a Creole brown !

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
And wish *their* 'frugal sires would keep
Their only sons at home;'—
Some tease the future tense, and plan
The full-grown doings of the man,
And pant for years to come!

A foolish wish! There's one at hoop;
And four at *fives!* and five who stoop
The marble taw to speed!
And one that curvets in and out,
Reining his fellow Cob about,—
Would I were in his *stead!*

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
That boyish harness off, to swop
With this world's heavy van—
To toil, to tug. O little fool!
While thou canst be a horse at school,
To wish to be a man!

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
To wear a crown,—to be a king!
And sleep on regal down!
Alas! thou know'st not kingly cares;
Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown!

And dost thou think that years acquire
New added joys? Dost think thy sire
More happy than his son?

That manhood's mirth?—Oh, go thy ways
To Drury-lane when Dillon* *plays,*
And see how *forced* our fun!

Thy taws are brave!—thy tops are rare!—
Our tops are spun with coils of care,
Our *dumps* are no delight!—
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 'tis at best a sorry game
To fly the Muse's kite!

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
Like balls with no rebound!
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground!

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot;
There's sky-blue in thy cup!
Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone! and Age at last
A sorry *breaking-up!*

* This blank exists in the original.

1825.

ODES AND ADDRESSES, AND ANNUALS.

[This year, in conjunction with John Hamilton Reynolds, my father published anonymously a volume of "Odes and Addresses to Great People." It would, I think, be impossible to separate the respective Odes—I am nearly sure that "Maria Darlington," "Dymoke," "Elliston," and perhaps "Dr. Ireland," were addressed by Reynolds. The little volume reached a second, and shortly after a third edition—each being ushered in by a few words in the shape of a preface.]

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.

—•—

"Catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littleness of conscious greatness by the way."—*Citizen of the World.*

ADDRESS.

The present being the first appearance of this little Work, some sort of Address seems to be called for from the Author, Editor, and Compiler,—and we come forward in prose, totally overcome, like a flurried manager in his every-day clothes, to solicit public indulgence—protest an indelible feeling of reverence—bow, beseech, promise,—and "all that."

To the persons addressed in the Poems nothing need be said, as it would be only swelling the book, (a custom which we detest,) to recapitulate in prose what we have said in verse. To those unaddressed an apology is due;—and to

them it is very respectfully offered. Mr. Hunt, for his Permanent Ink, deserves to have his name recorded in his own composition—Mr. Colman, the amiable King's Jester, and Oath-blaster of the modern Stage, merits a line—Mr. Accum, whose fame is potted—Mr. Bridgman, the maker of Patent Safety Coffins—Mr. Kean, the great Lustre of the Boxes—Sir Humphry Davy, the great Lamplighter of the Pits—Sir William Congreve, one of the proprietors of the Portsmouth Rocket—yea, several others call for the Muse's approbation ;—but our little Volume, like the Adelphi House, is easily filled, and those who are disappointed of places are requested to wait until the next performance.

Having said these few words to the uninitiated, we leave our Odes and Addresses, like Gentlemen of the Green Isle, to hunt their own fortunes ;—and, by a modest assurance, to make their way to the hearts of those to whom they have addressed themselves.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

A Second Edition being called for, the Author takes the opportunity of expressing his grateful thanks to his Readers and Reviewers, for the kind way in which they have generally received his little Book. Many of those who have been *be-Oded* in the following pages have taken the verse-offerings in good part ; and the Author has been given to understand that certain "Great People," who have been kept "out of situations," have, like Bob Acres, looked upon themselves as very ill-used Gentlemen. It is rather hard that there should not be room for all the Great ;—but this little conveyance,—a sort of light coach to Fame,—like other conveyances, while it has only four *in*, labours under the disadvantage of having

twelve *out*. The Proprietor apprehends he must meet the wants of the Public by starting an extra coach: in which case Mr. Colman (an anxious Licenser) and Mr. Hunt (the best maker of speeches and blacking in the City and Liberty of Westminster) shall certainly be *booked* for places. To the latter Gentleman, the Author gratefully acknowledges the compliment of a bottle of his permanent ink: it will be, indeed, pleasant to write an Address to Mr. Wilberforce in the liquid of a beautiful jet Black, which the Author now meditates doing. Odes, written in permanent ink, will doubtless stand a chance of running a good race with Gray's!

A few objections have been made to the present Volume, which the Author regrets he cannot attend to, without serious damage to the whole production. The Address to Maria Darlington is said by several ingenious and judicious persons to be *namby-pamby*.—This is a sad disappointment to the Writer, as he was in hopes he had accomplished a bit of the right *Shenstonian*. The verses to the Champion of England are declared irreverent,—and those to Dr. Ireland, and his Partners in the Stone Trade, are held out as an improper interference with sacred things; these Addresses are certainly calumniated: the one was really written as an affectionate inquiry after a great and reverend Warrior, now in rural retirement; and the other was intended as a kindly advertisement of an exhibition, which, although cheaper than the Tower, and nearly as cheap as Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work, the modesty of the Proprietors will not permit them sufficiently to puff.

To the universal objection,—that the Book is overrun with puns,—the Author can only say, he has searched every page without being able to detect a thing of the kind. He can only promise, therefore, that if any respectable Reviewer will

point the *vermin* out, they shall be carefully trapped and thankfully destroyed.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

From the kindness with which this little volume has been received, the Authors have determined upon presenting to the Public "more last Baxterish words;" and the Reader will be pleased therefore to consider this rather as a Preface or Advertisement to the volume to come, than a third Address in prose, explanatory or recommendatory of the present portion of the Work. It is against etiquette to introduce one gentleman to another thrice; and it must be confessed, that if these few sentences were to be billeted upon the first volume, the Public might overlook the Odes, but would have great reason to complain of the Addresses.

So many Great Men stand over, like the correspondents to a periodical, that they must be "continued in our next." These are certainly bad times for paying debts; but all persons having any claims upon the Authors, may rest assured that they will ultimately be paid in full.

No material alterations have been made in this third Edition,—with the exception of the introduction of a few new commas, which the lovers of punctuation will immediately detect and duly appreciate;—and the omission of the three puns,* which, in the opinion of all friends and reviewers, were detrimental to the correct humour of the publication.

* I have read, and had the two editions read repeatedly, but have failed to detect any of these omissions, unless one of them is the elision of the word "washing" in Bridget Jones's letter, as pointed out in a note there.

ODE TO MR. GRAHAM,

THE AERONAUT.

—✦—

"Up with me !—up with me into the sky !"
Wordsworth—on a Lark!

Dear Graham, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Their meaner flights pursue,
Let us cast off the foolish ties
That bind us to the earth, and rise
And take a bird's-eye view !—

A few more whiffs of my cigar
And then, in Fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies :—
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurl'd
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies !—

Away !—away !—the bubble fills—
Farewell to earth and all its hills !—
We seem to cut the wind !—
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney tops are far below,
The Eagle's left behind !—

Ah me ! my brain begins to swim !—
The world is growing rather dim ;
The steeples and the trees—
My wife is getting very small !
I cannot see my babe at all !—
The Dollond, if you please !—

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,
Lord ! what a Lilliput it is,
That little world of Mogg's !—
Are those the London Docks ?—that channel,
The mighty Thames ?—a proper kennel
For that small Isle of Dogs !—

What is that seeming tea-urn there ?
That fairy dome, St. Paul's !—I swear,
Wren must have been a Wren !—
And that small stripe ?—it cannot be
The City Road !—Good lack ! to see
The little ways of men !

Little, indeed !—my eyeballs ache
To find a turnpike.—I must take
Their tolls upon my trust !—
And where is mortal labour gone ?
Look, Graham, for a little stone
Mac Adamized to dust !

Look at the horses !—less than flies !—
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs
To wish to be a Mayor !
What is the honour ?—none at all,
One's honour must be very small
For such a civic chair !—

And there's Guildhall !—'tis far aloof—
Methinks, I fancy through the roof
Its little guardian Gogs
Like penny dolls—a tiny show !—
Well,—I must say they're ruled below
By very little logs !—

Oh ! Graham, how the upper air
Alters the standards of compare ;
One of our silken flags
Would cover London all about—
Nay then—let's even empty out
Another brace of bags !

Now for a glass of bright champagne
Above the clouds !—Come, let us drain
A bumper as we go !—
But hold !—for God's sake do not cant
The cork away—unless you want
To brain your friends below.

Think ! what a mob of little men
Are crawling just within our ken,
Like mites upon a cheese !—
Pshaw !—how the foolish sight rebukes
Ambitious thoughts !—can there be *Dukes*
Of *Gloster* such as these !—

Oh ! what is glory ?—what is fame ?
Hark to the little mob's acclaim,
'Tis nothing but a hum !—
A few near gnats would trump as loud
As all the shouting of a crowd
That has so far to come !—

Well—they are wise that choose the near,
A few small buzzards in the ear,
To organs ages hence !—
Ah me, how distance touches all ;
It makes the true look rather small,
But murders poor pretence.

"The world recedes !—it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With buzzing noises ring !"—
A fig for Southey's Laureat lore !—
What's Rogers here ?—Who cares for Moore
That hears the Angels sing !—

A fig for earth, and all its minions !—
We are above the world's opinions,
Graham ! we'll have our own !—
Look what a vantage height we've got !—
Now——*do* you think Sir Walter Scott
Is such a Great Unknown ?

Speak up,—or hath he hid his name
To crawl through "subways" unto fame,
Like Williams of Cornhill ?—
Speak up, my lad !—when men run small
We'll show what's little in them all,
Receive it how they will !—

Think now of Irving !—shall he preach
The princes down,—shall he impeach
The potent and the rich,
Merely on ethic stilts,—and I
Not moralize at two miles high
The true didactic pitch !

Come :—what d'ye think of Jeffrey, sir ?
Is Gifford such a Gulliver
In Lilliput's Review,
That like Colossus he should stride
Certain small brazen inches wide
For poets to pass through ?

Look down ! the world is but a spot.
Now say—Is Blackwood's *low* or not,
For all the Scottish tone ?
It shall not weigh us here—not where
The sandy burden's lost in air—
Our lading—where is't flown ?

Now,—like you Croly's verse indeed—
In heaven—where one cannot read
The "Warren" on a wall ?
What think you here of that man's fame ?
Though Jerdan magnified his name,
To me 'tis very small !

And, truly, is there such a spell
In those three letters, L. E. L.,
To witch a world with song ?
On clouds the Byron did not sit,
Yet dared on Shakspeare's head to spit,
And say the world was wrong !

And shall not we ? Let's think aloud !
Thus being couch'd upon a cloud,
Graham, we'll have our eyes !
We felt the great when we were less,
But we'll retort on littleness
Now we are in the skies.

O Graham, Graham, how I blame
The bastard blush,—the petty shame,
That used to fret me quite,—
The little sores I cover'd then,
No sores on earth, nor sorrows when
The world is out of sight !

My name is Tims.—I am the man
That North's unseen diminish'd clan
So scurvily abused!
I am the very P. A. Z.
The London's Lion's small pin's head
So often hath refused!

Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—
Hath scorn'd my *lays*:—do his appear
Such great eggs from the sky?—
And Longman, and his lengthy Co.
Long only in a little Row,
Have thrust my poems by!

What else?—I'm poor, and much beset
With damn'd small duns—that is—in debt
Some grains of golden dust!
But only worth above, is worth.—
What's all the credit of the earth?
An inch of cloth on trust!

What's Rothschild here, that wealthy man!
Nay, worlds of wealth?—Oh, if you can
Spy out,—the *Golden Ball!*
Sure as we rose, all money sank:
What's gold or silver now?—the Bank
Is gone—the 'Change and all!

What's all the ground-rent of the globe?—
Oh, Graham, it would worry Job
To hear its landlords prate!
But after this survey, I think
I'll ne'er be bullied more, nor shrink
From men of large estate!

And less, still less, will I submit
To poor mean acres' worth of wit—
I that have heaven's span—
I that like Shakspeare's self may dream
Beyond the very clouds, and seem
An Universal Man!

Mark, Graham, mark those gorgeous crowds!
Like Birds of Paradise the clouds
Are winging on the wind!
But what is grander than their range?
More lovely than their sun-set change?—
The free creative mind!

Well! the Adults' School 's in the air!
The greatest men are lesson'd there
As well as the Lessee!
Oh could Earth's Ellistons thus small
Behold the greatest stage of all,
How humbled they would be!

"Oh would some Power the giftie gie 'em
To see themselves as others see 'em,"
'Twould much abate their fuss!
If they could think that from the skies
They are as little in our eyes
As they can think of us!

Of us! are *we* gone out of sight?
Lessen'd! diminish'd! vanish'd quite!
Lost to the tiny town!
Beyond the Eagle's ken—the grope
Of Dollond's longest telescope!
Graham! we're going down!

Ah me! I've touch'd a string that opes
The airy valve!—the gas elopes—
Down goes our bright Balloon!—
Farewell the skies! the clouds! I smell
The lower world! Graham, farewell,
Man of the silken moon!

The earth is close! the City nears—
Like a burnt paper it appears,
Studded with tiny sparks!
Methinks I hear the distant rout
Of coaches rumbling all about—
We're close above the Parks!

I hear the watchmen on their beats,
Hawking the hour about the streets.
Lord! what a cruel jar
It is upon the earth to light!
Well—there's the finish of our flight!
I've smoked my last cigar!

ODE TO MR. M'ADAM.

—✦—

"Let us take to the road!"—*Beggar's Opera.*

M'Adam, hail!
Hail, Roadian! hail, Colossus! who dost stand
Striding ten thousand turnpikes on the land!
Oh universal Leveller! all hail!
To thee, a good, yet stony-hearted man,
The kindest one, and yet the flintiest going,—

To thee,—how much for thy commodious plan,
Lanark Reformer of the Ruts, is Owing!
The Bristol mail
Gliding o'er ways, hitherto deem'd invincible,
When carrying Patriots, now shall never fail
Those of the most "*unshaken* public principle."
Hail to thee, Scot of Scots!
Thou northern light, amid those heavy men!
Foe to Stonehenge, yet friend to all beside,
Thou scatter'st flints and favours far and wide,
From palaces to cots;—
Dispenser of coagulated good!
Distributor of granite and of food!
Long may thy fame its even path march on,
E'en when thy sons are dead!
Best benefactor! though thou giv'st a stone
To those who ask for bread!

Thy first great trial in this mighty town
Was, if I rightly recollect, upon
That gentle hill which goeth
Down from "the County" to the Palace gate,
And, like a river, thanks to thee, now floweth
Past the Old Horticultural Society,—
The chemist Cobb's, the house of Howell and James,
Where ladies play high shawl and satin games—
A little *Hell* of lace!
And past the Athenæum, made of late,
Severs a sweet variety
Of milliners and booksellers who grace
Waterloo Place,
Making division, the Muse fears and guesses,
'Twixt Mr. Rivington's and Mr. Hessey's.

Thou stood'st thy trial, Mac! and shaved the road
From Barber Beaumont's to the King's abode
So well, that paviors threw their rammers by,
Let down their tuck'd shirt sleeves, and with a sigh
Prepared themselves, poor souls, to chip or die!

Next, from the palace to the prison, thou
Didst go, the highway's watchman, to thy beat,—
Preventing though the *rattling* in the street,
Yet kicking up a row,
Upon the stones—ah! truly watchman-like,
Encouraging thy victims all to strike,
To further thy own purpose, Adam, daily;—
Thou hast smooth'd, alas, the path to the Old Bailey!
And to the stony bowers
Of Newgate, to encourage the approach,
By caravan or coach,—
Hast strew'd the way with flints as soft as flowers.

Who shall dispute thy name!
Insculpt in stone in every street,
We soon shall greet
Thy trodden down, yet all unconquer'd fame!
Where'er we take, even at this time, our way,
Nought see we, but mankind in open air,
Hammering thy fame, as Chantrey would not dare;—
And with a patient care
Chipping thy immortality all day!
Demosthenes, of old,—that rare old man,—
Prophetically *follow'd*, Mac! thy plan:—
For he, we know,
(History says so,)
Put *pebbles* in his mouth when he would speak

The *smoothest* Greek !
It is "impossible, and cannot be,"
But that thy genius hath,
Besides the turnpike, many another path
Trod, to arrive at popularity.
O'er Pegasus, perchance, thou hast thrown a thigh,
Nor ridden a roadster only ;—mighty Mac !
And 'faith I'd swear, when on that wingèd hack,
Thou hast observed the highways in the sky !
Is the path up Parnassus rough and steep,
And "hard to climb," as Dr. B. would say ?
Dost think it best for Sons of Song to keep
The noiseless *tenor* of their way ? (see Gray.)
What line of road *should* poets take to bring
Themselves unto those waters, loved the first !—
Those waters which can wet a man to sing !
Which, like thy fame, "from *granite* basins burst,
Leap into life, and, sparkling, woo the thirst ?"

That thou'rt a proser, even thy birthplace might
Vouchsafe ;—and Mr. Cadell *may*, God wot,
Have paid thee many a pound for many a blot,—
Cadell's a wayward wight !
Although no Walter, still thou art a Scot,
And I can throw, I think, a little light
Upon some works thou hast written for the town,—
And publish'd, like a Lilliput Unknown !
"Highways and Byeways" is thy book, no doubt,
(One whole edition's out,)
And next, for it is fair
That Fame,
Seeing her children, should confess she had 'em ;—
"Some *Passages* from the life of Adam Blair,"—

(Blair is a Scottish name,)
What are they, but thy own good roads, M'Adam?

O! indefatigable labourer
In the paths of men! when thou shalt die, 'twill be
A mark of thy surpassing industry,
That of the monument, which men shall rear
Over thy most inestimable bone,
Thou didst thy very self lay the first stone!—
Of a right ancient line thou comest,—through
Each crook and turn we trace the unbroken clue,
Until we see thy sire before our eyes,—
Rolling his gravel walks in Paradise!
But he, our great Mac Parent, err'd, and ne'er
Have our walks since been fair!
Yet Time, who, like the merchant, lives on 'Change,
For ever varying, through his varying range,
Time maketh all things even!
In this strange world, turning beneath high heaven,
He hath redeem'd the Adams, and contrived,—
(How are Time's wonders hived!)
In pity to mankind, and to befriend 'em,—
(Time is above all praise,)
That he, who first did make our evil ways,
Reborn in Scotland, should be first to mend 'em!

A *FRIENDLY* EPISTLE TO MRS. FRY, *IN* NEWGATE.

"Sermons in stones."—*As you like It.*
"Out! out! damned spot!"—*Macbeth.*

I LIKE you, Mrs. Fry! I like your name!
It speaks the very warmth you feel in pressing
In daily act round Charity's great flame—
I like the crisp Browne way you have of dressing,
Good Mrs. Fry! I like the placid claim
You make to Christianity,—professing
Love, and good *works*—of course you buy of Barton,
Beside the young *fry's* bookseller, Friend Darton!

I like, good Mrs. Fry, your brethren mute—
Those serious, solemn gentlemen that sport—
I should have said, that *wear*, the sober suit
Shaped like a court dress—but for heaven's court.
I like your sisters too,—sweet Rachel's fruit—
Protestant nuns! I like their stiff support
Of virtue—and I like to see them clad
With such a difference—just like good from bad!

I like the sober colours—not the wet;
Those gaudy manufactures of the rainbow—
Green, orange, crimson, purple, violet—
In which the fair, the flirting, and the vain, go—
The others are a chaste, severer set,
In which the good, the pious, and the plain, go—
They're moral *standards*, to know Christians by—
In short, they are your *colours*, Mrs. Fry!

As for the naughty tinges of the prism—
Crimson's the cruel uniform of war—
Blue—hue of brimstone! minds no catechism;
And green is young and gay—not noted for
Goodness, or gravity, or quietism,
Till it is sadden'd down to tea-green, or
Olive—and purple's giv'n to wine, I guess;
And yellow is a convict by its dress!

They're all the devil's liveries, that men
And women wear in servitude to sin—
But how will they come off, poor motleys, when
Sin's wages are paid down, and they stand in
The Evil presence? You and I know, then
How all the party colours will begin
To part—the *Pit*tite hues will sadden there,
Whereas the *Foxite* shades will all show fair!

Witness their goodly labours one by one!
Russet makes garments for the needy poor—
Dove-colour preaches love to all—and *dun*
Calls every day at Charity's street-door—
Brown studies scripture, and bids woman shun
All gaudy furnishing—*olive* doth pour
Oil into wounds: and *drab* and *slate* supply
Scholar and book in Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

Well! Heaven forbid that I should discommend
The gratis, charitable, jail-endeavour!
When all persuasions in your praises blend—
The Methodist's creed and cry are, *Fry* for ever!

No—I will be your friend—and, like a friend,
Point out your very worst defect—Nay, never
Start at that word !—But I *must* ask you why
You keep your school *in* Newgate, Mrs. Fry ?

Too well I know the price our mother Eve
Paid for *her* schooling : but must all her daughters
Commit a petty larceny, and thieve—
Pay down a crime for "*entrance*" to your "*quarters ?*"
Your classes may increase, but I must grieve
Over your pupils at their bread-and-waters !
Oh, tho' it cost you rent—(and rooms run high !)
Keep your school *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry !

O save the vulgar soul before it's spoil'd !
Set up your mounted sign *without* the gate—
And there inform the mind before 'tis soil'd !
'Tis sorry writing on a greasy slate !
Nay, if you would not have your labours foil'd,
Take it *inclining* tow'rds a virtuous state,
Not prostrate and laid flat—else, woman meek !
The *upright* pencil will but hop and shriek !

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to drain
The evil spirit from the heart it preys in,—
To bring sobriety to life again,
Choked with the vile Anacreontic raisin,—
To wash Black Betty when her black's ingrain,—
To stick a moral lacquer on Moll Brazen,
Of Suky Tawdry's habits to deprive her ;
To tame the wild-fowl-ways of Jenny Diver !

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to teach
Miss Nancy Dawson on her bed of straw—
To make Long Sal sew up the endless breach
She made in manners—to write heaven's own law
On hearts of granite.—Nay, how hard to preach,
In cells, that are not memory's—to draw
The moral thread, thro' the immoral eye
Of blunt Whitechapel natures, Mrs. Fry !

In vain you teach them baby-work within :
'Tis but a clumsy botchery of crime ;
'Tis but a tedious darning of old sin—
Come out yourself, and stitch up souls in time—
It is too late for scouring to begin
When virtue's ravell'd out, when all the prime
Is worn away, and nothing sound remains ;
You'll fret the fabric out before the stains !

I like your chocolate, good Mistress Fry !
I like your cookery in every way ;
I like your shrove-tide service and supply ;
I like to hear your sweet *Pandeans* play ;
I like the pity in your full-brimm'd eye ;
I like your carriage, and your silken grey,
Your dove-like habits, and your silent preaching ;
But I don't like your Newgatory teaching.

Come out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry ! Repair
Abroad, and find your pupils in the streets.
O, come abroad into the wholesome air,
And take your moral place, before Sin seats

Her wicked self in the Professor's chair.
Suppose some morals raw! the true receipt's
To dress them in the pan, but do not try
To cook them in the fire, good Mrs. Fry!

Put on your decent bonnet, and come out!
Good lack! the ancients did not set up schools
In jail—but at the *Porch!* hinting, no doubt,
That Vice should have a lesson in the rules
Before 'twas whipt by law.—O come about,
Good Mrs. Fry! and set up forms and stools
All down the Old Bailey, and thro' Newgate-street,
But not in Mr. Wontner's proper seat!

Teach Lady Barrymore, if, teaching, you
That peerless Peeress can absolve from dolour;
Teach her it is not virtue to pursue
Ruin of blue, or any other colour;
Teach her it is not Virtue's crown to rue,
Month after month, the unpaid drunken dollar;
Teach her that "flooring Charleys" is a game
Unworthy one that bears a Christian name.

O come and teach our children—that ar'n't *ours*—
That heaven's straight pathway is a narrow way,
Not Broad St. Giles's, where fierce Sin devours
Children, like Time—or rather they both prey
On youth together—meanwhile Newgate low'rs
Ev'n like a black cloud at the close of day,
To shut them out from any more blue sky:
Think of these hopeless wretches, Mrs. Fry!

You are not nice—go into their retreats,
And make them Quakers, if you will.—'Twere best
They wore straight collars, and their shirts sans *pleats;*
That they had hats *with* brims,—that they were drest
In garbs without *lappels*—than shame the streets
With so much raggedness.—You may invest
Much cash this way—but it will cost its price,
To give a good, round, real *cheque* to Vice!

In brief,—Oh teach the child its moral rote,
Not *in* the way from which 'twill not depart,—
But *out*—out—out! Oh, bid it walk remote!
And if the skies are closed against the smart,
Ev'n let him wear the single-breasted coat,
For that ensureth singleness of heart.—
Do what you will, his every want supply,
Keep him—but *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

ODE TO RICHARD MARTIN, ESQ.,

M.P. FOR GALWAY.

"Martin in this has proved himself a very good man!"—*Boxiana.*

How many sing of wars,
Of Greek and Trojan jars—
The butcheries of men!
The Muse hath a "Perpetual Ruby Pen!"
Dabbling with heroes and the blood they spill;
But no one sings the man
That, like a pelican,
Nourishes Pity with his tender *Bill!*

Thou Wilberforce of hacks!
Of whites as well as blacks,
Pyebald and dapple gray,
Chesnut and bay—
No poet's eulogy thy name adorns!
But oxen, from the fens,
Sheep—in their pens,
Praise thee, and red cows with their winding horns!
Thou art sung on brutal pipes!
Drovers may curse thee,
Knackers asperse thee,
And sly M.P.'s bestow their cruel wipes;
But the old horse neighs thee,
And zebras praise thee,—
Asses, I mean—that have as many stripes!

Hast thou not taught the Drover to forbear,
In Smithfield's muddy, murderous, vile environ,—
Staying his lifted bludgeon in the air!
Bullocks don't wear
Oxide of iron!
The cruel Jarvy thou hast summon'd oft,
Enforcing mercy on the coarse Yahoo,
That thought his horse the *courser* of the two—
Whilst Swift smiled down aloft!—
O worthy pair! for this, when he inhabit
Bodies of birds—(if so the spirit shifts
From flesh to feather)—when the clown uplifts
His hand against the sparrow's nest, to *grab* it,—
He shall not harm the MARTINS and the *Swifts!*

Ah! when Dean Swift was *quick*, how he enhanced
The horse!—and humbled biped man like Plato!

But now he's dead, the charger is mischanced—
Gone backward in the world—and not advanced,—
Remember Cato!
Swift was the horse's champion—not the King's,
Whom Southey sings,
Mounted on Pegasus—would he were thrown!
He'll wear that ancient hackney to the bone,
Like a mere clothes-horse airing royal things!
Ah well-a-day! the ancients did not use
Their steeds so cruelly!—let it debar men
From wanton rowelling and whip's abuse—
Look at the ancients' *Muse!*
Look at their *Carmen!*

O, Martin! how thine eye—
That one would think had put aside its lashes,—
That can't bear gashes
Thro' any horse's side, must ache to spy
That horrid window fronting Fetter-lane,—
For there's a nag the crows have pick'd for victual,
Or some man painted in a bloody vein—
Gods! is there no *Horse-spital!*
That such raw shows must sicken the humane!
Sure Mr. Whittle
Loves thee but little,
To let that poor horse linger in his *pane!*

O build a Brookes's Theatre for horses!
O wipe away the national reproach—
And find a decent Vulture for their corses!
And in thy funeral track
Four sorry steeds shall follow in each coach!
Steeds that confess "the luxury of *wo!*"

True mourning steeds, in no extempore black,
And many a wretched hack
Shall sorrow for thee,—sore with kick and blow
And bloody gash—it is the Indian knack—
(Save that the savage is his own tormentor)—
Banting shall weep too in his sable scarf—
The biped woe the quadruped shall enter,
And Man and Horse go half and half,
As if their griefs met in a common *Centaur!*

ODE TO THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

"O breathe not his name!"—*Moore.*

Thou Great Unknown!
I do not mean Eternity nor Death,
That vast incog!
For I suppose thou hast a living breath,
Howbeit we know not from whose lungs 'tis blown,
Thou man of fog!
Parent of many children—child of none!
Nobody's son!
Nobody's daughter—but a parent still!
Still but an ostrich parent of a batch
Of orphan eggs,—left to the world to hatch.
Superlative Nil!
A vox and nothing more,—yet not Vauxhall;
A head in papers, yet without a curl!
Not the Invisible Girl!
No hand—but a hand-writing on a wall—

A popular nonentity,
Still call'd the same,—without identity!
A lark, heard out of sight,—
A nothing shined upon,—invisibly bright,
"Dark with excess of light!"
Constable's literary John-a-Nokes—
The real Scottish wizard—and not which,
Nobody—in a niche;
Every one's hoax!
Maybe Sir Walter Scott—
Perhaps not!
Why dost thou so conceal, and puzzle curious folks?

Thou,—whom the second-sighted never saw,
The Master Fiction of fictitious history!
Chief Nong-tong-paw!
No mister in the world—and yet all mystery!
The "tricksy spirit" of a Scotch Cock Lane—
A *novel* Junius puzzling the world's brain—
A man of magic—yet no talisman!
A man of clair obscure—not he o' the moon!
A star—at noon.
A non-descriptus in a caravan,
A private—of no corps—a northern light
In a dark lantern,—Bogie in a crape—
A figure—but no shape;
A vizor—and no knight;
The real abstract hero of the age;
The staple Stranger of the stage;
A Some One made in every man's presumption,
Frankenstein's monster—but instinct with gumption
Another strange state captive in the north,
Constable-guarded in an iron mask—

Still let me ask,
Hast thou no silver platter,
No door-plate, or no card—or some such matter,
To scrawl a name upon, and then cast forth?

Thou Scottish Barmecide, feeding the hunger
Of Curiosity with airy gammon!
Thou mystery-monger,
Dealing it out like middle cut of salmon,
That people buy, and can't make head or tail of it;
(Howbeit that puzzle never hurts the sale of it;)
Thou chief of authors mystic and abstractical,
That lay their proper bodies on the shelf—
Keeping thyself so truly to thyself,
Thou Zimmerman made practical!
Thou secret fountain of a Scottish style,
That, like the Nile,
Hideth its source wherever it is bred,
But still keeps disemboguing
(Not disembroguing)
Thro' such broad sandy mouths without a head!
Thou disembodied author—not yet dead,—
The whole world's literary Absentee!
Ah! wherefore hast thou fled,
Thou learned Nemo—wise to a degree,
Anonymous L. L. D.!

Thou nameless captain of the nameless gang
That do—and inquests cannot say who did it!
Wert thou at Mrs. Donatty's death-pang?
Hast thou made gravy of Weare's watch—or hid it?
Hast thou a Blue-Beard chamber? Heaven forbid it!
I should be very loth to see thee hang!

I hope thou hast an alibi well plann'd,
An innocent, altho' an ink-black hand.
Tho' thou hast newly turn'd thy private bolt on
The curiosity of all invaders—
I hope thou art merely closeted with Colton,
Who knows a little of the *Holy Land*,
Writing thy next new novel—The Crusaders!

Perhaps thou wert even born
To be Unknown.—Perhaps hung, some foggy morn,
At Captain Coram's charitable wicket,
Pinn'd to a ticket
That Fate had made illegible, foreseeing
The future great unmentionable being.—
Perhaps thou hast ridden
A scholar poor on St. Augustine's Back,
Like Chatterton, and found a dusty pack
Of Rowley novels in an old chest hidden;
A little hoard of clever simulation,
That took the town—and Constable has bidden
Some hundred pounds for a continuation—
To keep and clothe thee in genteel starvation.

I liked thy Waverly—first of thy breeding;
I like its modest "sixty years ago,"
As if it was not meant for ages' reading.
I don't like Ivanhoe,
Tho' Dymoke does—it makes him think of clattering
In iron overalls before the king,
Secure from battering, to ladies flattering,
Tuning his challenge to the gauntlets' ring—
Oh better far than all that anvil clang
It was to hear thee touch the famous string

Of Robin Hood's tough bow and make it twang,
Rousing him up, all verdant, with his clan,
Like Sagittarian Pan!

I like Guy Mannering—but not that sham son
Of Brown.—I like that literary Sampson,
Nine-tenths a Dyer, with a smack of Porson.
I like Dick Hatteraick, that rough sea Orson
That slew the Gauger;
And Dandie Dinmont, like old Ursa Major;
And Merrilies, young Bertram's old defender,
That Scottish Witch of Endor,
That doom'd thy fame. She was the Witch, I take it,
To tell a great man's fortune—or to make it!

I like thy Antiquary. With his fit on,
He makes me think of Mr. Britton,
Who has—or had—within his garden wall,
A *miniature Stone Henge*, so very small
The sparrows find it difficult to sit on;
And Dousterswivel, like Poyais' M'Gregor;
And Edie Ochiltree, that old *Blue Beggar*,
Painted so cleverly,
I think thou surely knowest Mrs. Beverly!
I like thy Barber—him that fired the *Beacon*—
But that's a tender subject now to speak on!

I like long-arm'd Rob Roy.—His very charms
Fashion'd him for renown!—In sad sincerity,
The man that robs or writes must have long arms,
If he's to hand his deeds down to posterity!
Witness Miss Biffin's posthumous prosperity,
Her poor brown crumpled mummy (nothing more)

Bearing the name she bore,
A thing Time's tooth is tempted to destroy !
But Roys can never die—why else, in verity,
Is Paris echoing with "Vive le *Roy !*"
Aye, Rob shall live again, and deathless Di—
(Vernon, of course) shall often live again—
Whilst there's a stone in Newgate, or a chain,
Who can pass by
Nor feel the Thief's in prison and at hand ?
There be Old Bailey Jarvies on the stand !

I like thy Landlord's Tales !—I like that Idol
Of love and Lammermoor—the blue-eyed maid
That led to church the mounted cavalcade,
And then pull'd up with such a bloody bridal !
Throwing equestrian Hymen on his haunches—
I like the family—(not silver) branches
That hold the tapers
To light the serious legend of Montrose.—
I like M'Aulay's second-sighted vapours,
As if he could not walk or talk alone,
Without the devil—or the Great Unknown,—
Dalgetty is the nearest of Ducrows !

I like St. Leonard's Lily—drench'd with dew !
I like thy Vision of the Covenanters,
That bloody-minded Graham shot and slew.
I like the battle lost and won,
The hurly burly's bravely done,
The warlike gallops and the warlike *cant*ers !
I like that girded chieftain of the ranters,
Ready to preach down heathens, or to grapple,

With one eye on his sword,
And one upon the Word,—
How *he* would cram the Caledonian Chapel!
I like stern Claverhouse, though he doth dapple
His raven steed with blood of many a corse—
I like dear Mrs. Headrigg, that unravels
Her texts of scripture on a trotting horse—
She is so like Rae Wilson when he travels!

I like thy Kenilworth—but I'm not going
To take a Retrospective Re-Review
Of all thy dainty novels—merely showing
The old familiar faces of a few,
The question to renew,
How thou canst leave such deeds without a name,
Forego the unclaim'd dividends of fame,
Forego the smiles of literary houris—
Mid Lothian's trump, and Fife's shrill note of praise,
And all the Carse of Gowrie's,
When thou might'st have thy statue in Cromarty—
Or see thy image on Italian trays,
Betwixt Queen Caroline and Buonaparté,
Be painted by the Titian of R.A.'s,
Or vie in sign-boards with the Royal Guelph!
Perhaps have thy bust set cheek by jowl with Homer's,
Perhaps send out plaster proxies of thyself
To other Englands with Australian roamers—
Mayhap, in Literary Owhyhee
Displace the native wooden gods, or be
The China-Lar of a Canadian shelf!

It is not modesty that bids thee hide—
She never wastes her blushes out of sight:

It is not to invite
The world's decision, for thy fame is tried,—
And thy fair deeds are scatter'd far and wide,
Even royal heads are with thy readers reckon'd,—
From men in trencher caps to trencher scholars
In crimson collars,
And learned serjeants in the forty-second !
Whither by land or sea art thou not beckon'd ?
Mayhap exported from the Frith of Forth,
Defying distance and its dim control ;
Perhaps read about Stromness, and reckon'd worth
A brace of Miltons for capacious soul—
Perhaps studied in the whalers, further north,
And set above ten Shakspeares near the pole !

Oh, when thou writest by Aladdin's lamp,
With such a giant genius at command,
For ever at thy stamp,
To fill thy treasury from Fairy Land,
When haply thou might'st ask the pearly hand
Of some great British Vizier's eldest daughter,
Tho' princes sought her,
And lead her in procession hymeneal,
Oh, why dost thou remain a Beau Ideal !
Why stay, a ghost, on the Lethean Wharf,
Envelop'd in Scotch mist and gloomy fogs ?
Why, but because thou art some puny Dwarf,
Some hopeless Imp, like Riquet with the Tuft,
Fearing, for all thy wit, to be rebuff'd,
Or bullied by our great reviewing Gogs ?

What in this masquing age
Maketh Unknowns so many and so shy ?

What but the critic's page ?
One hath a cast, he hides from the world's eye ;
Another hath a wen,—he won't show where ;
A third has sandy hair,
A hunch upon his back, or legs awry,
Things for a vile reviewer to espy !
Another hath a mangel-wurzel nose,—
Finally, this is dimpled,
Like a pale crumpet face, or that is pimpled,
Things for a monthly critic to expose—
Nay, what is thy own case—that being small,
Thou choosest to be nobody at all !

Well, thou art prudent, with such puny bones—
E'en like Elshender, the mysterious elf,
That shadowy revelation of thyself—
To build thee a small hut of haunted stones—
For certainly the first pernicious man
That ever saw thee, would quickly draw thee
In some vile literary caravan—
Shown for a shilling
Would be thy killing,
Think of Crachami's miserable span !
No tinier frame the tiny spark could dwell in
Than there it fell in—
But when she felt herself a show—she tried
To shrink from the world's eye, poor dwarf ! and died !

O since it was thy fortune to be born
A dwarf on some Scotch *Inch*, and then to flinch
From all the Gog-like jostle of great men,
Still with thy small crow pen

Amuse and charm thy lonely hours forlorn—
Still Scottish story daintily adorn,
Be still a shade—and when this age is fled,
When we poor sons and daughters of reality
Are in our graves forgotten and quite dead,
And Time destroys our mottoes of morality—
The lithographic hand of Old Mortality
Shall still restore thy emblem on the stone,
A featureless death's head,
And rob Oblivion ev'n of the Unknown!

ADDRESS TO MR. DYMOKE,

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

—•—

"—— Arma Virumque cano!"—*Virgil.*

Mr. Dymoke! Sir Knight! if I may be so bold—
(I'm a poor simple gentleman just come to town,)
Is your armour put by, like the sheep in a fold?—
Is your gauntlet ta'en up, which you lately flung down?

Are you—who *that* day rode so mail'd and admired,
Now sitting at ease in a library chair?
Have you sent back to Astley the war-horse you hired,
With a cheque upon Chambers to settle the fare?

What's become of the cup? Great tin-plate worker! say!
Cup and ball is a game which some people deem fun!
Oh; *three golden balls* haven't lured you to play
Rather false, Mr. D., to all pledges but one?

How defunct is the show that was chivalry's mimic!
The breastplate—the feathers—the gallant array!
So fades, so grows dim, and so dies, Mr. Dymoke!
The day of brass breeches! as Wordsworth would say!

Perchance in some village remote, with a cot,
And a cow, and a pig, and a barndoor, and all;—
You show to the parish that peace is your lot,
And plenty,—though absent from Westminster Hall!

And of course you turn every accoutrement now
To its separate use, that your wants may be well-met;—
You toss in your breastplate your pancakes, and grow
A salad of mustard and cress in your helmet.

And you delve the fresh earth with your falchion, less bright
Since hung up in sloth from its Westminster task;—
And you bake your own bread in your tin; and, Sir Knight,
Instead of your brow, put your beer in the casque!

How delightful to sit by your beans and your peas,
With a goblet of gooseberry gallantly clutch'd,
And chat of the blood that had deluged the Pleas,
And drench'd the King's Bench,—if the glove had been touch'd!

If Sir Columbine Daniel, with knightly pretensions,
Had snatch'd your "best doe,"—he'd have flooded the floor;—
Nor would even the best of his crafty inventions,
"Life Preservers," have floated him out of his gore!

Oh, you and your horse! what a couple was there!
The man and his *backer*,—to win a great fight!
Though the trumpet was loud,—you'd an undisturb'd air!
And the nag snuff'd the feast and the fray *sans* affright!

Yet strange was the course which the good Cato bore
When he waddled tail-wise with the cup to his stall;—
For though his departure was at the front door,
Still he went the back way out of Westminster Hall.

He went,—and 'twould puzzle historians to say,
When they trust Time's conveyance to carry your *mail*,—
Whether caution or courage inspired him that day,
For though he retreated, he never turn'd tail.

By my life, he's a wonderful charger!—The best!
Though not for a Parthian corps!—yet for you!—
Distinguish'd alike at a fray and a feast,
What a horse for a grand Retrospective Review!

What a creature to keep a hot warrior cool
When the sun's in the face, and the shade's far aloof!—
What a *tailpiece* for Bewick!—or piebald for Poole,
To bear him in safety from Elliston's hoof!

Well! hail to Old Cato! the hero of scenes!
May Astley or age ne'er his comforts abridge;—
Oh, long may he munch Amphitheatre beans,
Well "pent up in Utica" over the Bridge!

And to you, Mr. Dymoke, Cribb's rival, I keep
Wishing all country pleasures, the bravest and best!
And oh! when you come to the Hummums to sleep,
May you lie "like a warrior taking his rest!"

ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.

—♦—

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit."
Twelfth Night.

Joseph! they say thou'st left the stage,
To toddle down the hill of life,
And taste the flannell'd ease of age,
Apart from pantomimic strife—
"Retired—[for Young would call it so]—
The world shut out"—in Pleasant Row!

And hast thou really wash'd at last
From each white cheek the red half-moon!
And all thy public Clownship cast,
To play the private Pantaloon?
All youth—all ages yet to be
Shall have a heavy miss of thee!

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—
Thou didst not "lure us to the skies"—
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!
And yet, Heav'n knows! we could—we can
Much "better spare a better man!"

Oh, had it pleased the gout to take
The reverend Croly from the stage,
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,
Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,

Or, damme! namby pamby Pool,—
Or any other clown or fool!

Go, Dibdin—all that bear the name,
Go Byeway Highway man! go! go!
Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,
But leave thy partner, painted Joe!
I could bear Kirby on the wane,
Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!

Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made
His grey hairs scarce in private peace—
Had Waithman sought a rural shade—
Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—
Or Lisle Bowles gone to *Balaam* Hill—
I think I could be cheerful still!

Had Medwin left off, to his praise,
Dead lion kicking, like—a friend!—
Had long, long Irving gone his ways
To muse on death at *Ponder's End*—
Or Lady Morgan taken leave
Of Letters—still I might not grieve!

But, Joseph—everybody's Jo!—
Is gone—and grieve I will and must!
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so
Will I for thee (though not yet dust),
And talk as he did when he miss'd
The kissing-crust that he had kiss'd!

Ah, where is now thy rolling head!
Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes,

(As old Catullus would have said,)
Thy oven-mouth, that swallow'd pies—
Enormous hunger—monstrous drowth !—
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth !

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuff'd !—
Thy funny, flapping, filching hands !—
Thy partridge body, always stuff'd
With waifs, and strays, and contrabands !—
Thy foot—like Berkeley's *Foote*—for why ?
'Twas often made to wipe an eye !

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair !
For "great wits jump"—and so did they !
Lord ! how they leap'd in lamplight air !
Caper'd—and bounced—and strode away !—
That years should tame the legs—alack !
I've seen spring through an Almanack !

But bounds will have their bound—the shocks
Of Time will cramp the nimblest toes ;
And those that frisk'd in silken clocks
May look to limp in fleecy hose—
One only—(Champion of the ring)
Could ever make his Winter,—Spring !

And gout, that owns no odds between
The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,
Will visit—but I did not mean
To moralize, though I am grown
Thus sad,—Thy going seem'd to beat
A muffled drum for Fun's retreat !

And, may be—'tis no time to smother
A sigh, when two prime wags of London
Are gone—thou, Joseph, one,—the other,
A Joe !—"sic transit gloria *Munden !*"
A third departure some insist on,—
Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston !—

Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep
With ancient "*Dozey*" to the dregs—
Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,
And put a hatchment o'er her eggs !
Let Farley weep—for Magic's man
Is gone—his Christmas Caliban !

Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet rain,
As though they walk'd behind thy bier,—
For since thou wilt not play again,
What matters,—if in heav'n or here !
Or in thy grave, or in thy bed !—
There's *Quick** might just as well be dead !

Oh, how will thy departure cloud
The lamplight of the little breast !
The Christmas child will grieve aloud
To miss his broadest friend and best,—
Poor urchin ! what avails to him
The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm ?*

For who like thee could ever stride !
Some dozen paces to the mile !—
The motley, medley coach provide—
Or like Joe Frankenstein compile

* One of the old actors—still a performer (but in private) of Old Rapid. —*Note to original edition.*

The *vegetable man* complete !—
A proper *Covent Garden* feat !

Oh, who like thee could ever drink,
Or eat,—swill—swallow—bolt—and choke !
Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink ?—
Thy very yawn was quite a joke !
Though Joseph, Junior, acts not ill,
"There's no Fool like the old Fool" still !

Joseph, farewell ! dear funny Joe !
We met with mirth,—we part in pain !
For many a long, long year must go
Ere Fun can see thy like again—
For Nature does not keep great stores
Of perfect Clowns—that are not *Boors !*

TO SYLVANUS URBAN, ESQ.,

EDITOR OF THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

—✦—

"Dost thou not suspect my years ?"
Much Ado about Nothing.

Oh ! Mr. Urban ! never must *thou* lurch
A sober age made serious drunk by thee ;
Hop in thy pleasant way from church to church,
And nurse thy little bald Biography.

Oh, my Sylvanus ! what a heart is thine !
And what a page attends thee ! Long may I
Hang in demure confusion o'er each line
That asks thy little questions with a sigh !

Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,
  Like pensioners that creep about and die ;—
But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,
  Livest in monthly immortality !

How sweet !—as Byron of *his* infant said,—
  "Knowledge of objects" in thine eye to trace ;
To see the mild no-meanings of thy head,
  Taking a quiet nap upon thy face !

How dear through thy Obituary to roam,
  And not a name of any name to catch !
To meet thy Criticism walking home
  Averse from rows, and never calling "Watch !"

Rich is thy page in soporific things,—
  Composing compositions,—lulling men,—
Faded old posies of unburied rings,—
  Confessions dozing from an opiate pen :—

Lives of Right Reverends that have never lived,—
  Deaths of good people that have really died,—
Parishioners,—hatch'd,—husbanded,—and wived,—
  Bankrupts and Abbots breaking side by side !

The sacred query,—the remote response,—
  The march of serious mind, extremely slow,—
The graver's cut at some right agèd sconce,
  Famous for nothing many years ago !

B. asks of C. if Milton e'er did write
  "Comus," obscured beneath some Ludlow lid ;—
And C., next month, an answer doth indite,
  Informing B. that Mr. Milton did !

X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,
Caught upon Martin Luther years agone ;—
And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,
Long dead, that gather'd honey for King John.

There is no end of thee,—there is no end,
Sylvanus, of thy A, B, C, D-merits !
Thou dost, with alphabets, old walls attend,
And poke the letters into holes, like ferrets.

Go on, Sylvanus !—Bear a wary eye,
The churches cannot yet be quite run out !
Some parishes must yet have been pass'd by,—
There's Bullock-Smithy has a church no doubt !

Go on—and close the eyes of distant ages !
Nourish the names of the undoubted dead !
So Epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,
Heavy and lively, though but seldom *red*.

Go on ! and thrive ! Demurest of odd fellows !
Bottling up dulness in an ancient binn !
Still live ! still prose !—continue still to tell us
Old truths ! no strangers, though we take them in !

AN ADDRESS TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY.

"Archer. How many are there, *Scrub?*
Scrub. Five-and-forty, sir."—*Beaux Stratagem.*

"For shame—let the linen alone!"—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Mr. Scrub—Mr. Slop—or whoever you be!
The Cock of Steam Laundries,—the head Patentee
Of Associate Cleansers,—Chief founder and prime
Of the firm for the wholesale distilling of grime—
Co-partners and dealers, in linen's propriety—
That make washing public—and wash in society—
O lend me your ear! if that ear can forego
For a moment the music that bubbles below,—
From your new Surrey Geysers* all foaming and hot,—
That soft "*simmer's* sang" so endear'd to the Scot—
If your hands may stand still, or your steam without danger—
If your suds will not cool, and a mere simple stranger
Both to you and to washing, may put in a rub,—
O wipe out your Amazon arms from the tub,—
And lend me your ear,—Let me modestly plead
For a race that your labours may soon supersede—
For a race that, now washing no living affords—
Like Grimaldi must leave their aquatic old boards,
Not with pence in their pockets to keep them at ease,
Not with bread in the funds—or investments of cheese,

* Geysers:—the boiling springs in Iceland.

But to droop like sad willows that lived by a stream,
Which the sun has suck'd up into vapour and steam.
Ah, look at the laundress, before you begrudge
Her hard daily bread to that laudable drudge—
When chanticleer singeth his earliest matins,
She slips her amphibious feet in her pattens,
And beginneth her toil while the morn is still grey,
As if she was washing the night into day—
Not with sleeker or rosier fingers Aurora
Beginneth to scatter the dewdrops before her;
Not Venus that rose from the billow so early,
Look'd down on the foam with a forehead more *pearly**—
Her head is involved in an aërial mist,
And a bright-beaded bracelet encircles her wrist;
Her visage glows warm with the ardour of duty;
She's Industry's moral—she's all moral beauty!
Growing brighter and brighter at every rub—
Would any man ruin her?—No, Mr. Scrub!
No man that is manly would work her mishap—
No man that is manly would covet her cap—
Nor her apron—her hose—nor her gown made of stuff—
Nor her gin—nor her tea—nor her wet pinch of snuff!
Alas! so *she* thought—but that slippery hope
Has betray'd her—as though she had trod on her soap!
And she,—whose support,—like the fishes that fly,
Was to have her fins wet, must now drop from her sky—
She whose living it was, and a part of her fare,
To be damp'd once a day, like the great white sea bear,
With her hands like a sponge, and her head like a mop—
Quite a living absorbent that revell'd in slop—
She that paddled in water, must walk upon sand,
And sigh for her deeps like a turtle on land!

* Query, *purly*?—Printer's Devil.

Lo, then, the poor laundress, all wretched she stands,
Instead of a counterpane, wringing her hands!
All haggard and pinch'd, going down in life's vale,
With no faggot for burning, like Allan-a-Dale!
No smoke from her flue—and no steam from her pane,
Where once she watch'd heaven, fearing God and the rain—
Or gazed o'er her bleach-field so fairly engross'd,
Till the lines wander'd idle from pillar to post!
Ah, where are the playful young pinners—ah, where
The harlequin quilts that cut capers in air—
The brisk waltzing stockings—the white and the black,
That danced on the tight-rope, or swung on the slack—
The light sylph-like garments, so tenderly pinn'd,
That blew into shape, and embodied the wind!
There was white on the grass—there was white on the spray—
Her garden—it look'd like a garden of May!
But now all is dark—not a shirt's on a shrub—
You've ruin'd her prospects in life, Mr. Scrub!
You've ruin'd her custom—now families drop her—
From her silver reduced—nay, reduced from her *copper!*
The last of her washing is done at her eye,
One poor little kerchief that never gets dry!
From mere lack of linen she can't lay a cloth,
And boils neither barley nor alkaline broth,—
But her children come round her as victuals grow scant,
And recal, with foul faces, the source of their want—
When she thinks of their poor little mouths to be fed,
And then thinks of her trade that is utterly dead,
And even its pearlashes laid in the grave—
Whilst her tub is a-dry-rotting, stave after stave,
And the greatest of Coopers, ev'n he that they dub
Sir Astley, can't bind up her heart or her tub,—
Need you wonder she curses your bones, Mr. Scrub!

Need you wonder, when steam has deprived her of bread,
If she prays that the evil may visit *your* head—
Nay, scald all the heads of your Washing Committee,—
If she wishes you all the soot blacks of the City—
In short, not to mention all plagues without number,
If she wishes you all in the *Wash* at the Humber!

Ah, perhaps, in some moment of drowth and despair,
When her linen got scarce, and her washing grew rare—
When the sum of her suds might be summ'd in a bowl,
And the rusty cold iron quite enter'd her soul—
When, perhaps, the last glance of her wandering eye
Had caught "the Cock Laundresses' Coach" going by,
Or her lines that hung idle, to waste the fine weather,
And she thought of her wrongs and her rights both together,
In a lather of passion that froth'd as it rose,
Too angry for grammar, too lofty for prose,
On her sheet—if a sheet were still left her—to write,
Some remonstrance like this then, perchance, saw the light—

LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE

FROM BRIDGET JONES TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN FORMING THE WASHING COMMITTEE.

—♦—

It's a shame, so it is—men can't Let alone
Jobs as is Woman's right to do—and go about there Own—
Theirs Reforms enuff Alreddy without your new schools
For washing to sit Up,—and push the Old Tubs from their stools!
But your just like the Raddicals,—for upsetting of the Sudds
When the world wagg'd well enuff—and Wommen wash'd your old dirty duds,

I'm Certain sure Enuff your Ann Sisters had no steam Indins, that's Flat,—
But I Warrant your Four Fathers went as Tidy and gentlemanny for all that—
I suppose your the Family as lived in the Great Kittle
I see on Clapham Commun, some times a very considerable period back when I were little,
And they Said it went with Steem,—But that was a joke!
For I never see none come of it,—that's out of it—but only sum Smoak—
And for All your Power of Horses about your Indians you never had but Two
In my time to draw you About to Fairs—and hang you, you know that's true!
And for All your fine Perspectuses,—howsomever you bewhich 'em,
Theirs as Pretty ones off Primerows Hill, as ever a one at Mitchum,
Thof I cant sea What Prospectives and washing has with one another to Do—
It ant as if a Bird'seye Hankicher can take a Birds-high view!
But Thats your look-out—I've not much to do with that—
But pleas God to hold up fine,
Id show you caps and pinners and small things as lillywhit as Ever crosst the Line
Without going any Father off then Little Parodies Place,
And Thats more than you Can—and Ill say it behind your face—
But when Folks talks of washing, it ant for you too Speak,—
As kept Dockter Pattyson out of his Shirt for a Weak!
Thinks I, when I heard it—Well thear's a Pretty go!
That comes o' not marking of things or washing out the marks, and Huddling 'em up so!

Till Their frends comes and owns them, like drownded corpeses in a Vault,
But may Hap you havint Larn'd to spel—and That ant your Fault,
Only you ought to leafe the Linnins to them as has Larn'd,—
For if it warnt for Washing,—and whare Bills is concarnd,
What's the Yuse, of all the world, for a Wommans Headication,
And Their Being maid Schollards of Sundays—fit for any Cityation?

Well, what I says is this—when every Kittle has its spout,
Theirs no nead for Companys to puff steam about!
To be sure its very Well, when Their ant enuff Wind
For blowing up Boats with,—but not to hurt human kind,
Like that Pearkins with his Blunderbush, that's loaded with hot water,
Thof a xSherrif might know Better, than make things for slaughtter,
As if War warnt Cruel enuff—wherever it befalls,
Without shooting poor sogers, with sich scalding hot washing * balls,—
But thats not so Bad as a Sett of Bear Faced Scrubbs
As joins their Sopes together, and sits up Steam rubbing Clubs,
For washing Dirt Cheap,—and eating other Peple's grubs!
Which is all verry Fine for you and your Patent Tea,
But I wonders How Poor Wommen is to get Their Beau-He!
They must drink Hunt wash (the only wash God nose there will be!)

* This word is omitted in the later edition.

And their Little drop of Somethings as they takes for their Goods,
When you and your Steam has ruined (G—d forgive mee) their lively Hoods,
Poor Women as was born to Washing in their youth!
And now must go and Larn other Buisnesses Four Sooth!
But if so be They leave their Lines what are they to go at—
They won't do for Angell's—nor any Trade like That,
Nor we cant Sow Babby Work,—for that's all Bespoke,—
For the Queakers in Bridle! and a vast of the confind Folk
Do their own of Themselves—even the bettermost of em—aye, and evn them of middling degrees—
Why—Lauk help you—Babby Linen ant Bread and Cheese!
Nor we can't go a hammering the roads into Dust,
But we must all go and be Bankers, Like Mr. Marshes and Mr. Chamber, and that's what we must!
God nose you ought to have more Concern for our Sects,
When you nose you have suck'd us and hanged round our Mutherly necks,
And remembers what you Owes to Wommen Besides washing—
You ant, blame you, like Men to go a slushing and sloshing
In mob caps, and pattins, adoing of Females Labers
And prettily jear'd At, you great Horse God-meril things, ant you now by your next door nayhbours—
Lawk, I thinks I see you with your Sleaves tuckt up
No more like Washing than is drownding of a Pupp—
And for all Your Fine Water Works going round and round
They'll scruntch your Bones some day—I'll be bound
And no more nor be a gudgement,—for it cant come to good
To sit up agin Providince, which your a doing,—nor not fit It should,

For man warnt maid for Wommens starvation,
Nor to do away Laundrisses as is Links of Creation—
And cant be dun without in any Country But a naked Hot-tinpot Nation.
Ah, I wish our Minister would take one of your Tubbs
And preach a Sermon in it, and give you some good rubs—
But I warrants you reads (for you cant spel we nose) nyther Bybills or Good Tracks,
Or youd no better than Taking the Close off one's Backs—
And let your neighbours Oxin an Asses alone,—
And every Thing thats hern,—and give every one their Hone!

Well, its God for us All, and every Washer Wommen for herself,
And so you might, without shoving any on us off the shelf,
But if you warnt Noddis youd Let wommen a-be
And pull off your Pattins,—and leave the washing to we
That nose what's what—Or mark what I say,
Youl make a fine Kittle of fish of Your Close some Day—
When the Aulder men wants Their Bibs and their ant nun at all,
And Crismass cum—and never a Cloth to lay in Gild Hall,
Or send a damp shirt to his Woship the Mare
Till hes rumatiz Poor Man, and cant set uprite to do good in his Harm Chare—
Besides Miss-Matching Larned Ladys Hose, as is sent for you not to wash (for you dont wash) but to stew
And make Peples Stockins yeller as oght to be Blew,
With a vast more like That,—and all along of Steem
Which warnt meand by Nater for any sich skeam—
But thats your Losses and youl have to make It Good,
And I cant say I'm sorry, afore God, if you shoud,

For men mought Get their Bread a great many ways
Without taking ourn,—aye, and Moor to your Prays,*
If You Was even to Turn Dust Men a dry sifting Dirt,
But you oughtint to Hurt Them as never Did You no Hurt!

Yourn with Anymocity,

BRIDGET JONES.

ODE TO CAPTAIN PARRY.

"By the North Pole I do challenge thee!"
Love's Labour's Lost.

PARRY, my man! has thy brave leg
Yet struck its foot against the peg
On which the world is spun?
Or hast thou found No Thoroughfare
Writ by the hand of Nature there
Where man has never run?

Hast thou yet traced the Great Unknown
Of channels in the Frozen Zone,

* The following additional lines were inserted in the third edition :—

"You might go and skim the creme off Mr. Mack-Adam's milky ways —that's what you might,
Or bete Carpets—or get into Parleamint,—or drive crabrolays from morning to night,
Or, if you must be of our sects, be Watchemen, and slepe upon a poste!
(Which is an od way of sleping I must say,—and a very hard pillow at most,)
Or you might be any trade, as we are not on that I'm awares,
Or be Watermen now, (not Water wommen) and roe people up and down Hungerford stares."

Or held at Icy Bay,
Hast thou still miss'd the proper track
For homeward Indian men that lack
A bracing by the way?

Still hast thou wasted toil and trouble
On nothing but the North-Sea Bubble
Of geographic scholar?
Or found new ways for ships to shape,
Instead of winding round the Cape,
A short cut through the collar!

Hast found the way that sighs were sent to *
The Pole—though God knows whom they went to!
That track reveal'd to Pope—
Or if the Arctic waters sally,
Or terminate in some blind alley,
A chilly path to grope?

Alas! though Ross, in love with snows,
Has painted them *couleur de rose*,
It is a dismal doom,
As Claudio saith, to Winter thrice,
"In regions of thick-ribbèd ice"—
All bright,—and yet all gloom!

'Tis well for Gheber souls that sit
Before the fire and worship it
With pecks of Wallsend coals,
With feet upon the fender's front,
Roasting their corns—like Mr. Hunt—
To speculate on poles.

* "And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."—*Eloisa to Abelard.*

'Tis easy for our Naval Board—
'Tis easy for our Civic Lord
Of London and of ease,
That lies in ninety feet of down,
With fur on his nocturnal gown,
To talk of Frozen Seas!

'Tis fine for Monsieur Ude to sit,
And prate about the mundane spit,
And babble of *Cook's* track—
He'd roast the leather off his toes,
Ere he would trudge through polar snows,
To plant a British *Jack!*

Oh, not the proud licentious great,
That travel on a carpet skate,
Can value oils like thine!
What 'tis to take a Hecla range,
Through ice unknown to Mrs. Grange,
And alpine lumps of brine!

But we, that mount the Hill o' Rhyme,
Can tell how hard it is to climb
The lofty slippery steep.
Ah! there are more Snow Hills than that
Which doth black Newgate, like a hat,
Upon its forehead, keep.

Perchance thou'rt now—while I am writing—
Feeling a bear's wet grinder biting
About thy frozen spine!
Or thou thyself art eating whale,
Oily, and underdone, and stale,
That, haply, cross'd thy line!

But I'll not dream such dreams of ill—
Rather will I believe thee still
  Safe cellar'd in the snow,—
Reciting many a gallant story
Of British kings and British glory,
  To crony Esquimaux—

Cheering that dismal game where Night
Makes one slow move from black to white
  Through all the tedious year,—
Or smitten by some fond frost fair,
That comb'd out crystals from her hair,
  Wooing a seal-skin dear !

So much a long communion tends,
As Byron says, to make us friends
  With what we daily view—
God knows the daintiest taste may come
To love a nose that's like a plum
  In marble, cold and blue !

To dote on hair, an oily fleece !
As though it hung from Helen o' Greece—
  They say that love prevails
Ev'n in the veriest polar land—
And surely she may steal thy hand
  That used to steal thy nails !

But ah, ere thou art fixt to marry,
And take a polar Mrs. Parry,
  Think of a six months' gloom—
Think of the wintry waste, and hers,
Each furnish'd with a dozen *furs*,
  Think of thine icy *dome !*

Think of the children born to *blubber!*
Ah me! hast thou an Indian rubber
Inside!—to hold a meal
For months,—about a stone and half
Of whale, and part of a sea calf—
A fillet of salt veal!—

Some walrus ham—no trifle but
A decent steak—a solid cut
Of seal—no wafer slice!
A reindeer's tongue and drink beside!
Gallons of sperm—not rectified!
And pails of water-ice!

Oh, canst thou fast and then feast thus?
Still come away, and teach to us
Those blessed alternations—
To-day, to run our dinners fine,
To feed on air and then to dine
With Civic Corporations—

To save th' Old Bailey daily shilling,
And then to take a half-year's filling
In P. N.'s pious Row—
When ask'd to hock and haunch o' ven'son,
Through something we have worn our pens on
For Longman and his Co.

O come and tell us what the Pole is—
Whether it singular and sole is,—
Or straight, or crooked bent,—
If very thick or very thin,—
Made of what wood—and if akin
To those there be in Kent?

There's Combe, there's Spurzheim, and there's Gall,
Have talk'd of poles—yet, after all,
What has the public learn'd?
And Hunt's account must still defer,—
He sought the *poll* at Westminster—
And is not yet *return'd!*

Alvanly asks if whist, dear soul,
Is play'd in snow towns near the Pole,
And how the fur-man deals?
And Eldon doubts if it be true,
That icy Chancellors really do
Exist upon the *seals?*

Barrow, by well-fed office-grates,
Talks of his own bechristen'd Straits,
And longs that he were there;
And Croker, in his cabriolet,
Sighs o'er his brown horse, at his Bay,
And pants to cross the *mer!*

O come away, and set us right,
And, haply, throw a northern light
On questions such as these:—
Whether, when this drown'd world was lost,
The surflux waves were lock'd in frost,
And turn'd to Icy Seas?

Is Ursa Major white or black?
Or do the Polar tribes attack
Their neighbours—and what for?
Whether they ever play at cuffs,
And then, if they take off their muffs
In pugilistic war?

Tell us, is *Winter* champion there,
As in our milder fighting air ?
Say, what are *Chilly* loans ?
What cures they have for rheums beside,
And if their hearts get ossified
From eating bread of bones ?

Whether they are such dwarfs—the quicker
To circulate the vital liquor,—*
And then, from head to heel—
How short the Methodists must choose
Their dumpy envoys not to lose
Their toes in spite of zeal ?

Whether 'twill soften or sublime it
To preach of Hell in such a climate—
Whether may Wesley hope
To win their souls—or that old function
Of seals—with the extreme of unction—
Bespeaks them for the Pope ?

Whether the lamps will e'er be "learn'd"
Where six months' "midnight oil" is burn'd,
Or letters must defer
With people that have never conn'd
An A. B. C, but live beyond
The *Sound* of *Lancaster !*

O come away at any rate—
Well hast thou earn'd a downier state,
With all thy hardy peers—

* Buffon.

Good lack, thou must be glad to smell dock,
And rub thy feet with opodeldoc,
After such frosty years.

Mayhap, some gentle dame at last,
Smit by the perils thou hast pass'd,
However coy before,
Shall bid thee now set up thy rest
In that *Brest Harbour*, woman's breast,
And tempt the Fates no more!

ODE TO R. W. ELLISTON, ESQ.,

THE GREAT LESSEE!

—♦—

"Rover. Do you know, you villain, that I am this moment the greatest man living?"—*Wild Oats.*

Oh! Great Lessee! Great Manager! Great Man!
Oh, Lord High Elliston! Immortal Pan
Of all the pipes that play in Drury Lane!
Macready's master! Westminster's high *Dane!*
(As Galway Martin, in the House's walls,
Hamlet and Doctor Ireland justly calls)
Friend to the sweet and ever-smiling Spring!
Magician of the lamp and prompter's ring!
Drury's Aladdin! Whipper-in of actors!
Kicker of rebel preface-malefactors!
Glass-blowers' corrector! King of the cheque-taker!
At once Great Leamington and Winston-Maker!
Dramatic Bolter of plain Bunns and cakes!
In silken *hose* the most reform'd of *Rakes!*

Oh, Lord High Elliston! lend me an ear!
(Poole is away, and Williams shall keep clear)
While I, in little slips of prose, not verse,
Thy splendid course, as pattern-work, rehearse!

Bright was thy youth—thy manhood brighter still—
The greatest Romeo upon Holborn Hill—
Lightest comedian of the pleasant day,
When Jordan threw her sunshine o'er a play!*
But these, though happy, were but subject times,
And no man cares for bottom-steps, that climbs—
Far from my wish it is to stifle down
The hours that saw thee snatch the Surrey crown!
Though now thy hand a mightier sceptre wields,
Fair was thy reign in sweet St. George's Fields.
Dibdin was *Premier*—and a Golden *Age*
For a short time enrich'd the subject stage.
Thou hadst, than other Kings, more peace-and-plenty;
Ours but one Bench could boast, but thou hadst twenty;
But the times changed—and Booth-acting no more
Drew Rulers' shillings to the gallery door.
Thou didst, with bag and baggage, wander thence,
Repentant, like thy neighbour Magdalens!

Next, the Olympic Games were tried, each feat
Practised the most bewitching in Wych Street.
Charles had his royal ribaldry restored,
And in a downright neighbourhood drank and whored;

* Additional lines in third edition :—

"When fair Thalia held a merry reign,
And Wit was at her Court in Drury Lane,
Before the day when Authors wrote, of course,
The Entertainment *not* for Man but Horse."

Rochester there in dirty ways again
Revell'd—and lived once more in Drury Lane :
But thou, R. W. ! kept thy moral ways,
Pit-lecturing 'twixt the farces and the plays,
A lamplight Irving to the butcher-boys
That soil'd the benches and that made a noise :—*
"You,—in the back !—can scarcely hear a line !
Down from those benches—butchers—they are MINE !"

Lastly—and thou wert built for it by nature !—
Crown'd was thy head in Drury Lane Theatre !
Gentle George Robins saw that it was good,
And renters cluck'd around thee in a brood.
King thou wert made of Drury and of Kean !
Of many a lady and of many a Quean !
With Poole and Larpent was thy reign begun—
But now thou turnest from the Dead and Dun,
Hook's in thine eye, to write thy plays, no doubt,
And Colman lives to cut the damnlets out !

Oh, worthy of the house ! the King's commission !
Isn't thy condition "a most bless'd condition ?"
Thou reignest over Winston, Kean, and all
The very lofty and the very small—
Showest the plumbless Bunn the way to kick—
Keepest a Williams for thy veriest stick—

* Additional lines in third edition :—

"Rebuking—half a Robert, half a Charles,—
The well-bill'd man that call'd for promised Carles.
'Sir—have you yet to know ! Hush—hear me out !
A man—pray silence—may be down with gout,
Or want—or, sir—aw !—listen !—may be fated,
Being in debt, to be incarcerated !'"

Seest a Vestris in her sweetest moments,
Without the danger of newspaper comments—
Tellest Macready, as none dared before,
Thine open mind from the half-open door!—
(Alas! I fear he has left Melpomene's crown,
To be a Boniface in Buxton town!)—
Thou holdst the watch, as half-price people know,
And callest to them, to a moment,—"Go?"
Teachest the sapient Sapio how to sing—
Hangest a cat most oddly by the wing—*
Hast known the length of a Cubitt-foot—and kiss'd
The pearly whiteness of a Stephen's wrist—
Kissing and pitying—tender and humane!
"By heaven she loves me! Oh, it is too plain!"
A sigh like this thy trembling passion slips,
Dimpling the warm Madeira at thy lips!

Go on, Lessee! Go on, and prosper well!
Fear not, though forty glass-blowers should rebel—
Show them how thou hast long befriended them.
And teach Dubois *their* treason to condemn!
Go on! addressing pits in prose and worse!
Be long, be slow, be anything but terse—
Kiss to the gallery the hand that's gloved—
Make Bunn the Great, and Winston the Beloved,†

* Additional lines in third edition :—

"(To prove, no doubt, the endless free-list ended,
And all, except the public press, suspended.)"

† Additional lines in third edition :—

"Ask the two-shilling gods for leave to dun
With words the cheaper deities in the *One!*
Kick Mr. Poole unseen from scene to scene,
Cane Williams still, and stick to Mr. Kean,

Go on—and but in this reverse the thing,
Walk backward with wax lights before the King—
Go on! Spring ever in thine eye! Go on!
Hope's favourite child! ethereal Elliston!

ADDRESS TO MARIA DARLINGTON

ON HER RETURN TO THE STAGE.

—♦—

"It was Maria!—
And better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns forbid—
She had, since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—."

See the whole story in Sterne and the newspapers.

Thou art come back again to the stage
Quite as blooming as when thou didst leave it:
And 'tis well for this fortunate age
That thou didst not, by going off, grieve it!
It is pleasant to see thee again—
Right pleasant to see thee, by Herclé,
Unmolested by pea-colour'd Hayne!
And free from that thou-and-thee Berkeley!

Thy sweet foot, my Foote, is as light
(Not *my* Foote—I speak by correction)
As the snow on some mountain at night,
Or the snow that has long on thy neck shone.

Warn from the benches all the rabble rout;
Say 'those are *mine*—in parliament or out!'—
Swing cats, for in this house there's surely space,
Oh, Beasley for such pastime plann'd the place!
Do anything!—Thy frame, thy fortune, nourish!
Laugh and grow fat! be eloquent and flourish!"

The Pit is in raptures to free thee,
The Boxes impatient to greet thee,
The Galleries quite clam'rous to see thee,
And thy scenic relations to meet thee!

Ah, where was thy sacred retreat?
Maria! ah, where hast thou been,
With thy two little wandering Feet,
Far away from all peace and pea-green!
Far away from Fitzhardinge the bold,
Far away from himself and his lot!
I envy the place thou hast stroll'd,
If a stroller thou art—which thou'rt not!

Sterne met thee, poor wandering thing,
Methinks, at the close of the day—
When thy Billy had just slipp'd his string,
And thy little dog quite gone astray—
He bade thee to sorrow no more—
He wish'd thee to lull thy distress
In his bosom—he couldn't do more,
And a Christian could hardly do less!

Ah, me! for thy small plaintive pipe,
I fear we must look at thine eye—
That eye—forced so often to wipe
That the handkerchief never got dry!*
Oh sure 'tis a barbarous deed
To give pain to the feminine mind—
But the wooer that left thee to bleed
Was a creature more killing than kind!

* In the third edition :—

"I would it were my luck to wipe
That hazel orb thoroughly dry!"

The man that could tread on a worm
Is a brute—and inhuman to boot;
But he merits a much harsher term
That can wantonly tread on a Foote!
Soft mercy and gentleness blend
To make up a Quaker—but he
That spurn'd thee could scarce be a *Friend*,
Though he dealt in that Thou-ing of thee!

They that loved thee, Maria, have flown!
The friends of the midsummer hour!
But those friends now in anguish atone,
And mourn o'er thy desolate bow'r.
Friend Hayne, the Green Man, is quite out,
Yea, utterly out of his bias;
And the faithful Fitzhardinge, no doubt,
Is counting his Ave Marias!

Ah, where wast thou driven away,
To feast on thy desolate woe?
We have witness'd thy weeping in play,
But none saw the earnest tears flow—
Perchance thou wert truly forlorn,—
Though none but the fairies could mark
Where they hung upon some Berkeley thorn,
Or the thistles in Burderop Park!

Ah, perhaps, when old age's white snow
Has silver'd the crown of Hayne's nob—
For even the greenest will grow
As hoary as "White-headed Bob—"

He'll wish, in the days of his prime,
He had been rather kinder to one
He hath left to the malice of Time—
A woman—so weak and undone!

ODE TO W. KITCHENER, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COOK'S ORACLE," "OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL MUSIC," "THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING LIFE," "PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON TELESCOPES, OPERA-GLASSES, AND SPECTACLES," "THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LEDGER," AND "THE PLEASURE OF MAKING A WILL."

"I rule the roast, as Milton says!"—*Caleb Quotem.*

HAIL! multifarious man!
Thou Wondrous, Admirable Kitchen Crichton!
Born to enlighten
The laws of Optics, Peptics, Music, Cooking—
Master of the Piano—and the Pan—
As busy with the kitchen as the skies!
Now looking
At some rich stew through Galileo's eyes,—
Or boiling eggs—timed to a metronome—
As much at home
In spectacles as in mere isinglass—
In the art of frying brown—as a digression
On music and poetical expression,—
Whereas, how few, of all our cooks, alas!
Could tell Calliope from "Calipee!"
How few there be
Could cleave the lowest for the highest stories,
(Observatories,)

And turn, like thee, Diana's calculator,
However *cook's* synonymous with *Kater**!
Alas! still let me say,
How few could lay
The carving knife beside the tuning fork,
Like the proverbial *Jack* ready for any work!

Oh, to behold thy features in thy book!
Thy proper head and shoulders in a plate,
How it would look!
With one raised eye watching the dial's date,
And one upon the roast, gently cast down—
Thy chops—done nicely brown—
The garnish'd brow—with "a few leaves of bay"—
The hair—"done Wiggy's way!"
And still one studious finger near thy brains,
As if thou wert just come
From editing of some
New soup—or hashing Dibdin's cold remains!
Or, Orpheus-like,—fresh from thy dying strains
Of music,—Epping luxuries of sound,
As Milton says, "in many a bout
Of linkëd sweetness long drawn out,"
While all thy tame stuff'd leopards listen'd round!

Oh, rather thy whole proper length reveal,
Standing like Fortune,—on the jack—thy wheel.
(Thou art, like Fortune, full of chops and changes,
Thou hast a fillet too before thine eye!)
Scanning our kitchen, and our vocal ranges,
As though it were the same to sing or fry—

* Captain Kater, the moon's surveyor.

Nay, so it is—hear how Miss Paton's throat
Makes "fritters" of a note!*
And is not reading near akin to feeding,
Or why should Oxford Sausages be fit
Receptacles for wit?
Or why should Cambridge put its little, smart,
Minced brains into a Tart?
Nay, then, thou wert but wise to frame receipts,
Book-treats,
Equally to instruct the Cook and cram her—
Receipts to be devour'd, as well as read,
The Culinary Art in gingerbread—
The Kitchen's *Eaten* Grammar!

Oh, very pleasant is thy motley page—
Aye, very pleasant in its chatty vein—
So—in a kitchen—would have talk'd Montaigne,
That merry Gascon—humourist, and sage!
Let slender minds with single themes engage,
Like Mr. Bowles with his eternal Pope,†—
Or Lovelass upon Wills,—Thou goest on
Plaiting ten topics, like Tate Wilkinson!
Thy brain is like a rich Kaleidoscope,
Stuff'd with a brilliant medley of odd bits,
And ever shifting on from change to change,

* Additional lines in third edition :—

"And how Tom Cook (Fryer and Singer born
By name and nature) oh! how night and morn
He for the nicest public taste doth dish up
The good things from that Pan of music—Bishop!"

† Additional lines in third edition :—

"Or Haydon on perpetual Haydon,—or
Hume on—'Twice three make four.'"

Saucepans—old Songs—Pills—Spectacles—and Spits!
Thy range is wider than a Rumford range!
Thy grasp a miracle!—till I recall
Th' indubitable cause of thy variety—
Thou art, of course, th' Epitome of all
That spying—frying—singing—mix'd Society
Of Scientific Friends, who used to meet
Welsh Rabbits—and thyself—in Warren Street!

Oh, hast thou still those Conversazioni,
Where learnëd visitors discoursed—and fed?
There came Belzoni,
Fresh from the ashes of Egyptian dead—
And gentle Poki—and that Royal Pair,
Of whom thou didst declare—
"Thanks to the greatest *Cooke* we ever read—
They were—what *Sandwiches* should be—half *bred!*"
There famed M'Adam from his manual toil
Relax'd—and freely own'd he took thy hints
On "making *Broth* with *Flints*"—
There Parry came, and show'd thee polar oil
For melted butter—Combe with his medullary
Notions about the *Skullery*,
And Mr. Poole, too partial to a broil—
There witty Rogers came, that punning elf!
Who used to swear thy book
Would really look
A *Delphic* "Oracle," if laid on *Delf*—
There, once a month, came Campbell and discuss'd
His own—and thy own—"*Magazine* of *Taste*"—
There Wilberforce the Just
Came, in his old black suit, till once he traced

Thy sly advice to *Poachers* of Black Folks,—
That "do not break their *yolks*,"—
Which huff'd him home, in grave disgust and haste!

There came John Clare, the poet, nor forbore
Thy *Patties*—thou wert hand-and-glove with Moore,
Who call'd thee "*Kitchen Addison*"—for why?
Thou givest rules for Health and Peptic Pills,
Forms for made dishes, and receipts for Wills,
"*Teaching us how to live and how to die!*"
There came thy Cousin-Cook, good Mrs. Fry—
There Trench, the Thames Projector, first brought on
His sine *Quay* non,—
There Martin would drop in on Monday eves,
Or Fridays, from the pens, and raise his breath
'Gainst cattle days and death,—
Answer'd by Mellish, feeder of fat beeves,
Who swore that Frenchmen never could be eager
For fighting on soup meagre—
"And yet (as thou wouldst add) the French have seen
A Marshal *Tureen!*"

Great was thy Evening Cluster!—often graced
With Dollond—Burgess—and Sir Humphry Davy!
Twas there M'Dermot first inclined to Taste,—
There Colburn learn'd the art of making paste
For puffs—and Accum analysed a gravy.
Colman—the Cutter of Coleman Street, 'tis said
Came there,—and Parkins with his Ex-wise-head,
(His claim to letters)—Kater, too, the Moon's
Crony,—and Graham, lofty on balloons,—
There Croly stalk'd with holy humour heated,
(Who wrote a light-horse play, which Yates completed)—

And Lady Morgan, that grinding organ,
And Brasbridge telling anecdotes of spoons,—
Madame Valbrèque thrice honour'd thee, and came
With great Rossini, his own bow and fiddle,—*
And even Irving spared a night from fame,
And talk'd—till thou didst stop him in the middle,
To serve round *Tewah-diddle!* †

Then all the guests rose up, and sighed good-bye!
So let them :—thou thyself art still a *Host!*
Dibdin—Cornaro—Newton—Mrs. Fry!
Mrs. Glasse, Mr. Spec!—Lovelass and Weber,
Mathews in Quot'em—Moore's fire-worshipping Gheber—
Thrice-worthy Worthy! seem by thee engross'd!
Howbeit the Peptic Cook still rules the roast,
Potent to hush all ventriloquial snarling,—
And ease the bosom pangs of indigestion!
Thou art, sans question,
The Corporation's love—its Doctor *Darling!*
Look at the Civic Palate—nay, the Bed
Which set dear Mrs. Opie on supplying
"Illustrations of *Lying!*"
Ninety square feet of down from heel to head
It measured, and I dread
Was haunted by a terrible night *Mare*,
A monstrous burthen on the corporation!—
Look at the Bill of Fare for one day's share,

* Additional lines in third edition :—

"The Dibdins,—Tom, Charles, Frognall, came with tuns
Of poor old books, old puns!"

† The Doctor's composition for a *night-cap*.

Sea-turtles by the score—oxen by droves.
Geese, turkeys, by the flock—fishes and loaves
Countless, as when the Lilliputian nation
Was making up the huge man-mountain's ration!

Oh! worthy Doctor! surely thou hast driven
The squatting Demon from great Garratt's breast—
(His honour seems to rest!—)
And what is thy reward?—Hath London given
Thee public thanks for thy important service?
Alas! not even
The tokens it bestow'd on Howe and Jervis!—
Yet could I speak as Orators should speak
Before the Worshipful the Common Council
(Utter my bold bad grammar and pronounce ill,)
Thou shouldst not miss thy Freedom for a week,
Richly engross'd on vellum:—Reason urges
That he who rules our cookery—that he
Who edits soups and gravies, ought to be
A *Citizen*, where sauce can make a *Burgess!*

AN ADDRESS TO THE VERY REVEREND JOHN IRELAND, D.D.,

Charles Fynes Clinton, LL.D.	Wm. Harry Ed. Bentinck, M.A.
Thomas Causton, D.D.	James Webber, B.D.
Howel Holland Edwards, M.A.	William Short, D.D.
Joseph Allen, M.A.	James Tournay, D.D.
Lord Henry Fitzroy, M.A.	Andrew Bell, D.D.
The Bishop of Exeter.	George Holcombe, D.D.

The Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

—•—

"Sure the Guardians of the Temple can never think they get enough."
Citizen of the World.

Oh, very reverend Dean and Chapter,
Exhibitors of giant men,
Hail to each surplice-back'd adapter
Of England's dead, in her stone den!
Ye teach us properly to prize
Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and Handels,
And, to throw light upon our eyes,
Deal in Wax Queens like old wax candles.

Oh, reverend showmen, rank and file,
Call in your shillings, two and two;
March with them up the middle aisle,
And cloister them from public view.
Yours surely are the dusty dead,
Gladly ye look from bust to bust,
And set a price on each great head,
And make it come down with the dust.

Oh, as I see you walk along
In ample sleeves and ample back,

A pursy and well-order'd throng,
Thoroughly fed, thoroughly black!
In vain I strive me to be dumb,—
You keep each bard like fatted kid,
Grind bones for bread like Fee-faw-fum!
And drink from skulls as Byron did!

The profitable Abbey is
A sacred 'Change for stony stock,
Not that a speculation 'tis—
The profit's founded on a rock.
Death and the Doctors in each nave
Bony investments have inurn'd,
And hard 'twould be to find a grave
From which "no money is return'd!"

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought
By reverence for those learnëd bones,
Shall often come and walk your short
Two-shilling fare upon the stones.—*
Ye have that talisman of Wealth
Which puddling chemists sought of old
Till ruin'd out of hope and health—
The Tomb's the stone that turns to gold!

Oh, licensed cannibals, ye eat
Your dinners from your own dead race,
Think Gray, preserved—a "funeral meat,"
And Dryden, devil'd—after grace,

* "Since this poem was written, Doctor Ireland and those in authority under him have reduced the fares. It is gratifying to the English people to know that while butcher's meat is rising tombs are falling."—*Note in third Edition.*

A relish ;—and you take your meal
From Rare Ben Jonson underdone,
Or, whet your holy knives on Steele,
To cut away at Addison !

Oh say, of all this famous age,
Whose learnëd bones your hopes expect,
Oh have ye number'd Rydal's sage,
Or Moore among your Ghosts elect ?
Lord Byron was not doom'd to make
You richer by his final sleep—
Why don't ye warn the Great to take
Their ashes to no other heap !

Southey's reversion have ye got ?
With Coleridge, for his body, made
A bargain ?—has Sir Walter Scott,
Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade ?
Has Rogers haggled hard, or sold
His features for your marble shows,
Or Campbell barter'd, ere he's cold,
All interest in his "*bone* repose ?"

Rare is your show, ye righteous men !
Priestly Politos,—rare, I ween ;
But should ye not outside the Den
Paint up what in it may be seen ?
A long green Shakspeare, with a deer
Grasp'd in the many folds it died in,—
A Butler stuff'd from ear to ear,
Wet White Bears weeping o'er a Dryden !

Paint Garrick up like Mr. Paap,
A Giant of some inches high;
Paint Handel up, that organ chap,
With you, as grinders, in his eye;
Depict some plaintive antique thing,
And say th' original may be seen;—
Blind Milton with a dog and string
May be the Beggar o' Bethnal Green!

Put up in Poet's Corner, near
The little door, a platform small;
Get there a monkey—never fear,
You'll catch the gapers, one and all!
Stand each of ye a Body Guard,
A Trumpet under either fin,
And yell away in Palace Yard
"All dead? All dead! Walk in! Walk in!"

(But when the people are inside,
Their money paid—I pray you, bid
The keepers not to mount and ride
A race around each coffin lid.—
Poor Mrs. Bodkin thought, last year,
That it was hard—the woman clacks—
To have so little in her ear—
And be so hurried through the Wax!—)

"Walk in! two shillings only! come!
Be not by country grumblers funk'd!—
Walk in, and see th' illustrious dumb,
The Cheapest House for the defunct!"

Write up, 'twill breed some just reflection,
And every rude surmise 'twill stop—
Write up, that you have no connection
(In large)—with any other shop!

And still, to catch the Clowns the more,
With samples of your shows in Wax,
Set some old Harry near the door
To answer queries with his *axe*.—
Put up some general begging-trunk—
Since the last broke by some mishap,
You've all a bit of General Monk,
From the respect you bore his Cap!

ODE TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.,

SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF MENDICITY.

—♦—

"This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men."
Much Ado about Nothing.

Hail, King of Shreds and Patches, hail,
Disperser of the Poor!
Thou Dog in office, set to bark
All beggars from the door!

Great overseer of overseers,
And Dealer in old rags!
Thy public duty never fails,
Thy ardour never flags!

"Oh, when I take my walks abroad,
How many Poor"—I *miss!*
Had Doctor Watts walk'd now-a-days
He would have written this!

So well thy Vagrant-catchers prowl,
So clear thy caution keeps
The path—O, Bodkin, sure thou hast
The eye that never sleeps!

No Belisarius pleads for alms,
No Benbow, lacking legs;
The pious man in black is now
The only man that begs!

Street-Handels are disorganized,
Disbanded every band!—
The silent *scraper* at the door
Is scarce allow'd to stand!

The Sweeper brushes with his broom,
The Carstairs with his chalk
Retires,—the Cripple leaves his stand,
But cannot sell his walk.

The old Wall-blind resigns the wall,
The Camels hide their humps,
The Witherington without a leg
Mayn't beg upon his stumps!

Poor Jack is gone, that used to doff
His batter'd tatter'd hat,
And show his dangling sleeve, alas!
There seem'd no 'arm in that!

Oh! was it such a sin to air
His true blue naval rags,
Glory's own trophy, like St. Paul,
Hung round with holy flags!

Thou knowest best. I meditate,
My Bodkin, no offence!
Let us, henceforth, but nurse our pounds,
Thou dost protect our pence!

Well art thou pointed 'gainst the Poor,
For, when the Beggar Crew
Bring their petitions, thou art paid,
Of course, to "run them through."

Of course thou art, what Hamlet meant—
To wretches the last friend;
What ills can mortals have, they can't
With a bare *Bodkin* end?

[I have been unable to trace the first appearance of the following, but fancy it belongs to this period.]

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

"WHO'LL SERVE THE KING?"

AN ILLUSTRATION.

—•—

What little urchin is there never
Hath had that early scarlet fever,
Of martial trappings caught?
Trappings well call'd—because they trap
And catch full many a country chap
To go where fields are fought!

What little urchin with a rag
Hath never made a little flag,
(Our plate will show the manner,)
And wooed each tiny neighbour still,
Tommy or Harry, Dick or Will,
To come beneath the banner?

Just like that ancient shape of mist
In Hamlet, crying, "'List, O 'list!"
Come, who will serve the king,
And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead
And cut off Boneyparty's head?—
And all that sort of thing.

So used I, when I was a boy,
To march with military toy,
And ape the soldier-life;—
And with a whistle or a hum,
I thought myself a Duke of Drum
At least, or Earl of Fife.

With gun of tin and sword of lath,
Lord! how I walk'd in glory's path
With regimental mates,
By sound of trump and rub-a-dubs,
To 'siege the washhouse—charge the tubs—
Or storm the garden-gates!

Ah me! my retrospective soul!
As over memory's muster-roll
I cast my eyes anew,
My former comrades all the while
Rise up before me, rank and file,
And form in dim review.

Ay, there they stand, and dress in line,
Lubbock, and Fenn, and David Vine,
And dark "Jamakey Forde!"
And limping Wood, and "Cocky Hawes,"
Our captain always made, because
He had a *real* sword!

Long Lawrence, Natty Smart, and Soame,
Who said he had a gun at home,
But that was all a brag;
Ned Ryder, too, that used to sham
A prancing horse, and big Sam Lamb
That *would* hold up the flag!

Tom Anderson, and "Dunny White,"
Who never right-abouted right,
For he was deaf and dumb;
Jack Pike, Jem Crack, and Sandy Gray,
And Dicky Bird, that wouldn't play
Unless he had the drum.

And Peter Holt, and Charley Jepp,
A chap that never kept the step—
No more did "Surly Hugh;"
Bob Harrington, and "Fighting Jim"—
We often had to halt for him,
To let him tie his shoe.

"Quarrelsome Scott," and Martin Dick,
That kill'd the bantam cock, to stick
The plumes within his hat;
Bill Hook, and little Tommy Grout
That got so thump'd for calling out
"Eyes right!" to "Squinting Matt."

Dan Simpson, that, with Peter Dodd,
Was always in the awkward squad,
And those two greedy Blakes,
That took our money to the fair
To buy the corps a trumpet there,
And laid it out in cakes.

Where are they now?—an open war
With open mouth declaring for?—
Or fall'n in bloody fray?
Compell'd to tell the truth I am,
Their fights all ended with the sham,—
Their soldiership in play.

Brave Soame sends cheeses out in trucks,
And Martin sells the cock he plucks,
And Jepp now deals in wine;
Harrington bears a lawyer's bag,
And warlike Lamb retains his flag,
But on a tavern sign.

They tell me Cocky Hawes's sword
Is seen upon a broker's board;
And as for "Fighting Jim,"
In Bishopsgate, last Whitsuntide,
His unresisting cheek I spied
Beneath a quaker brim!

Quarrelsome Scott is in the church,
For Ryder now your eye must search
The marts of silk and lace—
Bird's drums are fill'd with figs, and mute,
And I—I've got a substitute
To soldier in my place!

[In this year (in which my father was married) I have placed one or two poems, which certainly were not written before this time—nor yet can I think very much after. The first among these is "The Death Bed." I remember very well that my father had no copy of this, and had lost sight of it until when, after his return to England, he found it as a newspaper cutting in a scrap-book of Miss Lamb's—the sister of his old friend Elia.]

THE DEATH BED.*

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

* I cannot refrain from quoting entire the elegant Latin translation of these lines which appeared in the "Times" shortly after my father's death. I have since learned they are from the pen of the Rev. H. Kynaston, Master of St. Paul's School.

Nocte nos totâ gemitus cientem
Vidimus lenes, ubicunque vivax
Æstus huc illuc tremulos agebat
Pectore fluctus.

Vocibus sic nos inhiare raris,
Sic pedem visi tenuisse, tanquam
Illa sic posset refici, novamque
Ducere vitam.

Spemque nos inter dubii metumque
Ludimur—jam tunc obiisse mortem
Visa dormitans, morieus obire est
Visa soporem.

Nam simul tristem reparârat ortum
Lux, quiescentes oculos resignans
Illa jam soles alios, suumque
Lumen habebat.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.*

TO MY WIFE.

Still glides the gentle streamlet on,
With shifting current new and strange
The water, that was here, is gone,
But those green shadows never change.

Serene or ruffled by the storm,
On present waves, as on the past,
The mirror'd grove retains its form,
The self-same trees their semblance cast.

The hue each fleeting globule wears,
That drop bequeaths it to the next;
One picture still the surface bears,
To illustrate the murmur'd text.

* This poem, besides being lost sight of as mentioned above, has undergone much that is strange. The editor of a collection of English poetry calmly dropt out the two middle verses as "ingenious;" and Mrs. Stowe inserted it in "Dred" with so much American assimilativeness that it might have passed for her own, and was indeed set to music as one of the "Songs from Dred, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe."

So, love, however time may flow,
Fresh hours pursuing those that flee,
One constant image still shall show
My tide of life is true to thee.

SONG.*

There is dew for the flow'ret
And honey for the bee,
And bowers for the wild bird,
And love for you and me.

There are tears for the many
And pleasures for the few;
But let the world pass on, dear,
There's love for me and you.

There is care that will not leave us,
And pain that will not flee;
But on our hearth unalter'd
Sits Love—'tween you and me.

Our love it ne'er was reckon'd,
Yet good it is and true,
It's *half* the world to me, dear,
It's *all* the world to you.

* The first two verses of this poem were written by my father, the two last were added by Barry Cornwall, at my mother's request, with a view to its being published with music.

VERSES IN AN ALBUM.

Far above the hollow
Tempest, and its moan,
Singeth bright Apollo
In his golden zone,—
Cloud doth never shade him,
Nor a storm invade him,
On his joyous throne.

So when I behold me
In an orb as bright,
How thy soul doth fold me
In its throne of light!
Sorrow never paineth,
Nor a care attaineth,
To that blessed height.

1826.

[In this year appeared the First Series of "Whims and Oddities"—"By one of the Authors of Odes and Addresses to Great People, and the Designer of the Progress of Cant." It was thus inscribed—

"DEDICATION, TO THE REVIEWERS.

"What is a modern Poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate,—
The critic spits on what is done,—
Gives it a wipe,—and all is gone."

There were two editions of the First Series—prefaced respectively by the "Addresses," here given.

The volume was to a great extent made up of reprints from the "London" and other books, to which my father had contributed.]

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

—♦—

PREFACE.

In presenting his Whims and Oddities to the Public, the Author desires to say a few words, which he hopes will not swell into a Memoir.

It happens to most persons, in occasional lively moments, to have their little chirping fancies and brain-crotchets, that skip out of the ordinary meadow-land of the mind. The Author has caught *his*, and clapped them up in paper and print, like grasshoppers in a cage. The judicious reader will look upon the trifling creatures accordingly, and not expect from them the flights of poetical winged horses.

At a future time, the Press may be troubled with some things of a more serious tone and purpose,—which the Author has resolved upon publishing, in despite of the advice of certain critical friends. His forte, they are pleased to say, is decidedly humorous: but a gentleman cannot always be breathing his comic vein.

It will be seen, from the illustrations of the present work,* that the Inventor is no artist;—in fact, he was never "meant to draw"—any more than the tape-tied curtains mentioned by Mr. Pope. Those who look at his designs, with Ovid's Love of Art, will therefore be disappointed;—his sketches are as rude and artless to other sketches, as Ingram's rustic manufacture to the polished chair. The designer is quite aware of their defects: but when Raphael has bestowed seven odd legs upon four Apostles, and Fuseli has stuck in a great goggle head without an owner;—when Michael Angelo has set on a foot the wrong way, and Hogarth has painted in defiance of all the laws of nature and perspective, he does hope that his own little enormities may be forgiven—that his sketches may look interesting, like Lord Byron's Sleeper, "with all their errors."

Such as they are, the Author resigns his pen-and-ink fancies to the public eye. He has more designs in the wood; and if the present sample should be relished, he will cut more, and come again, according to the proverb, with a New Series.

ADDRESS TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The first edition of Whims and Oddities being exhausted, I am called forward by an importunate publisher to make

* To be found at the conclusion of the Second Series of "Hood's Own."

my best bow, and a new address to a discerning and indulgent public. Unaffectedly flattered by those who have bought this little work, and still more bound to those who have bound it, I adopt the usual attitude of a Thanksgiver, but with more than the usual sincerity. Though my head is in Cornhill, my hand is not on my Cheapside in making these professions. There is a lasting impression on my heart, though there is none on the shelves of the publisher.

To the Reviewers in general, my gratitude is eminently due for their very impartial friendliness. It would have sufficed to reconcile me to a far greater portion than I have met with, of critical viper-tuperation. The candid journalists, who have condescended to point out my little errors, deserve my particular thanks. It is comely to submit to the hand of taste and the arm of discrimination, and with the head of deference I shall endeavour to amend (with one exception) in a New Series.

I am informed that certain monthly, weekly, and very every-day critics, have taken great offence at my puns:—and I can conceive how some Gentlemen with one idea must be perplexed by a double meaning. To my own notion a pun is an accommodating word, like a farmer's horse,—with a pillion for an extra sense to ride behind;—it will carry single, however, if required. The Dennises are merely a sect, and I had no design to please, exclusively, those verbal Unitarians.

Having made this brief explanation and acknowledgment, I beg leave, like the ghost of the royal Dane, to say "Farewell at once," and commend my remembrance and my book together, to the kindness of the courteous reader.

[This letter from Allan Cunningham was written in acknowledgment of this first series of "Whims and Oddities."]

Dear Hood,

Had I behaved honestly to my own heart, this note would have been with you long ago; for much have I laughed over your little book, and often have I silently vowed to compel my sluggish nature to tell you how much I liked it. There was enough of wit visible at first reading to ensure a second, and at the second so many new points appeared that I ventured on a third, and with the fourth I suppose I shall go on discovering and laughing. I was an early admirer of your verses. I admired them for other and higher qualities than what you have displayed in your odes; but I believe a smile carries a higher market price than a sigh, and that a laugh brings more money than deeper emotion. Even on your own terms I am glad to see you publicly. I think you might mingle those higher qualities with your wit, your learning, and your humour, and give us still more pleasing odes than them that you have done. But, "Ilka man wears his ain belt his ain gait."

Give my respects to Mrs. Hood. I shall have the honour of personally assuring her that I esteem her for her own sake, as well as for that of her facetious husband, when I can make my escape from the bondage of a Romance which at present employs all my leisure hours. I remain, dear Hood,

your faithful friend,

Allan Cunningham.

A RECIPE—FOR CIVILISATION.

—✦—

THE following Poem is from the pen of DOCTOR KITCHENER !—the most heterogeneous of authors, but at the same time—in the Sporting Latin of Mr. Egan—a real Homo-*genius*, or a Genius of a Man ! In the Poem, his CULINARY ENTHUSIASM, as usual—*boils over !* and makes it seem written, as he describes himself (see The Cook's Oracle)—with the Spit in one hand—and the Frying Pan in the other,—while in the style of the rhymes it is Hudibrastic,—as if in the ingredients of Versification, he had been assisted by his BUTLER !

As a Head Cook, Optician—Physician, Music-Master—Domestic Economist, and Death-bed Attorney !—I have celebrated the Author elsewhere with approbation ; and cannot now place him upon the table *as a Poet*, —without still being his LAUDER ; a phrase, which those persons whose Course of classical reading recalls the INFAMOUS FORGERY on *the Immortal Bard of Avon !*—will find easy to understand.

SURELY, those sages err who teach
That man is known from brutes by speech,
Which hardly severs man from woman,
But not th' inhuman from the human—
Or else might parrots claim affinity,
And dogs be doctors by Latinity,—
Not t' insist, (as might be shown,)
That beasts have gibberish of their own,
Which once was no dead tongue, tho' we
Since Esop's days have lost the key ;
Nor yet to hint dumb men,—and, still, not
Beasts that could gossip though they will not,
But play at dummy like the monkeys,
For fear mankind should make them flunkies.
Neither can man be known by feature
Or form, because so like a creature,
That some grave men could never shape
Which is the aped and which the ape,

Nor by his gait, nor by his height,
Nor yet because he's black or white,
But *rational*,—for so we call
The only Cooking Animal!
The only one who brings his bit
Of dinner to the pot or spit,
For where's the lion e'er was hasty,
To put his ven'son in a pasty?
Ergo, by logic, we repute,
That he who cooks is not a brute,—
But Equus brutum est, which means,
If a horse had sense he'd boil his beans,
Nay, no one but a horse would forage
On naked oats instead of porridge,
Which proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary,
The difference is culinary.
Further, as man is known by feeding
From brutes,—so men from men, in breeding
Are still distinguish'd as they eat,
And raw in manners, raw in meat,—
Look at the polish'd nations, hight
The civilised—the most polite
Is that which bears the praise of nations
For dressing eggs two hundred fashions,
Whereas, at savage feeders look,—
The less refined the less they cook;
From Tartar grooms that merely straddle
Across a steak and warm their saddle,
Down to the Abyssinian squaw,
That bolts her chops and collops raw,
And, like a wild beast, cares as little
To dress her person as her victual,—
For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,

Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets,
And not by shamble bodies put on,
But those who roast and boil their mutton ;
So Eve and Adam wore no dresses
Because they lived on water-cresses,
And till they learn'd to cook their crudities,
Went blind as beetles to their nudities.
For niceness comes from th' inner side,
(As an ox is drest before his hide,)
And when the entrail loathes vulgarity
The outward man will soon cull rarity,
For 'tis th' effect of what we eat
To make a man look like his meat,
As insects show their food's complexions ;
Thus fopling clothes are like confections.
But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb,
Would have an Abyssinian ox come ?
Or serve a dish of fricassees,
To clodpoles in a coat of frieze ?
Whereas a black would call for buffalo
Alive—and, no doubt, eat the offal too.
Now, (this premised) it follows then
That certain culinary men
Should first go forth with pans and spits
To bring the heathens to their wits,
(For all wise Scotchmen of our century
Know that first steps are alimentary ;
And, as we have proved, flesh pots and saucepans
Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans) ;
But Bunyan err'd to think the near gate
To take man's soul, was battering Ear gate,
When reason should have work'd her course
As men of war do—when their force

Can't take a town by open courage,
They steal an entry with its forage.
What reverend bishop, for example,
Could preach horn'd Apis from his temple?
Whereas a cook would soon unseat him,
And make his own churchwardens eat him.
Not Irving could convert those vermin
Th' Anthropophages, by a sermon;
Whereas your Osborne,* in a trice,
Would "take a shin of beef and spice,"—
And raise them such a savoury smother,
No negro would devour his brother,
But turn his stomach round as loth
As Persians, to the old 'black' broth,—
For knowledge oftenest makes an entry,
As well as true love, thro' the pantry,
Where beaux that came at first for feeding
Grow gallant men and get good breeding;—
Exempli gratiâ—in the West,
Ship-traders say there swims a nest
Lined with black natives, like a rookery,
But coarse as carrion crows at cookery.—
This race, though now call'd O. Y. E. men,
(To show they are more than A. B. C. men,)
Was once so ignorant of our knacks
They laid their mats upon their backs,
And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon
On trees that baked them in the sunshine.
As for their bodies, they were coated,
(For painted things are so denoted;)
But—the naked truth is—stark primevals,
That said their prayers to timber devils,

* Cook to the late Sir John Banks.

Allow'd polygamy—dwelt in wigwams—
And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams.—
And why ?—because their savage nook
Had ne'er been visited by Cook,—
And so they fared till our great chief,
Brought them, not Methodists, but beef
In tubs,—and taught them how to live,
Knowing it was too soon to give,
Just then, a homily on their sins,
(For cooking ends ere grace begins,)
Or hand his tracts to the untractable
Till they could keep a more exact table—
For nature has her proper courses,
And wild men must be back'd like horses,
Which, jockeys know, are never fit
For riding till they've had a bit
I' the mouth ; but then, with proper tackle,
You may trot them to a tabernacle,
Ergo (I say) he first made changes
In the heathen modes, by kitchen ranges,
And taught the king's cook, by convincing
Process, that chewing was not mincing,
And in her black fist thrust a bundle
Of tracts abridged from Glasse and Rundell,
Where, ere she had read beyond Welsh rabbits,
She saw the spareness of her habits,
And round her loins put on a striped
Towel, where fingers might be wiped,
And then her breast clothed like her ribs,
(For aprons lead of course to bibs,)
And, by the time she had got a meat-
Screen, veil'd her back, too, from the heat—
As for her gravies and her sauces,

(Tho' they reform'd the royal fauces,)
Her forcemeats and ragouts,—I praise not,
Because the legend further says not,
Except, she kept each Christian high-day,
And once upon a fat good Fry-day
Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan,
That turn'd the spit, to chop up Dagon !—

LOVE.

O Love ! what art thou, Love ? the ace of hearts,
Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits ;
A player, masquerading many parts
In life's odd carnival ;—a boy that shoots,
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts ;
A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots ;
The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—
A marriageable maiden's "beau ideal."

O Love ! what art thou, Love ? a wicked thing,
Making green misses spoil their work at school ?
A melancholy man, cross-gartering ?
Grave ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool ?
A youngster tilting at a wedding-ring ?
A sinner, sitting on a cuttie stool ?
A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel ?

O Love ! what art thou, Love ? one that is bad
With palpitations of the heart—like mine—

A poor bewilder'd maid, making so sad
A necklace of her garters—fell design!
A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?
O Love!—but whither, now? forgive me, pray;
I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

"THE LAST MAN."

'Twas in the year two thousand and one,
A pleasant morning of May,
I sat on the gallows-tree all alone,
A-chanting a merry lay,—
To think how the pest had spared my life,
To sing with the larks that day!—

When up the heath came a jolly knave,
Like a scarecrow, all in rags:
It made me crow to see his old duds
All abroad in the wind, like flags:—
So up he came to the timbers' foot
And pitch'd down his greasy bags.—

Good Lord! how blythe the old beggar was!
At pulling out his scraps,—
The very sight of his broken orts
Made a work in his wrinkled chaps:
"Come down," says he, "you Newgate-bird,
And have a taste of my snaps!"——

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,
I slided, and by him stood ;
But I wish'd myself on the gallows again
When I smelt that beggar's food,—
A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust ;—
"Oh!" quoth he, "the heavens are good!"

Then after this grace he cast him down :
Says I, "You'll get sweeter air
A pace or two off, on the windward side,"—
For the felons' bones lay there—
But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,
And offer'd them part of his fare.

"I never harm'd *them*, and they won't harm me ;
Let the proud and the rich be cravens!"
I did not like that strange beggar man,
He look'd so up at the heavens.
Anon he shook out his empty old poke ;
"There's the crumbs," saith he, "for the ravens!

It made me angry to see his face,
It had such a jesting look ;
But while I made up my mind to speak,
A small case-bottle he took :
Quoth he, "Though I gather the green water-cress,
My drink is not of the brook!"

Full manners-like he tender'd the dram ;
Oh, it came of a dainty cask!
But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,
"Your leave, good Sir, I must ask ;
But I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,
When a hangman sups at my flask!"

And then he laugh'd so loudly and long,
The churl was quite out of breath;
I thought the very Old One was come
To mock me before my death,
And wish'd I had buried the dead men's bones
That were lying about the heath!

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—
"Come, let us pledge each other,
For all the wide world is dead beside,
And we are brother and brother—
I've a yearning for thee in my heart,
As if we had come of one mother.

"I've a yearning for thee in my heart
That almost makes me weep,
For as I pass'd from town to town
The folks were all stone-asleep,—
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,
It made me both laugh and leap!"

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,
And a curse upon his mirth,—
An it were not for that beggar man
I'd be the King of the earth,—
But I promised myself, an hour should come
To make him rue his birth!—

So down we sat and boused again
Till the sun was in mid-sky,
When, just as the gentle west-wind came,
We hearken'd a dismal cry;
"Up, up, on the tree," quoth the beggar man,
"Till these horrible dogs go by!"

And, lo! from the forest's far-off skirts,
They came all yelling for gore,
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,
And a panting hart before,
Till he sunk adown at the gallows' foot
And there his haunches they tore!

His haunches they tore, without a horn
To tell when the chase was done;
And there was not a single scarlet coat
To flaunt it in the sun!—
I turn'd, and look'd at the beggar man,
And his tears dropt one by one!

And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,
Till the last dropt out of sight,
Anon, saith he, "let's down again,
And ramble for our delight,
For the world's all free, and we may choose
A right cozie barn for to-night!"

With that, he set up his staff on end,
And it fell with the point due West;
So we fared that way to a city great,
Where the folks had died of the pest—
It was fine to enter in house and hall,
Wherever it liked me best;—

For the porters all were stiff and cold,
And could not lift their heads;
And when we came where their masters lay,
The rats leapt out of the beds:—
The grandest palaces in the land
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar man made a mumping face,
And knock'd at every gate :
It made me curse to hear how he whined,
So our fellowship turn'd to hate,
And I bade him walk the world by himself,
For I scorn'd so humble a mate !

So *he* turn'd right and *I* turn'd left,
As if we had never met ;
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,
For the city was all to let ;
And for three brave holidays drank my fill
Of the choicest that I could get.

And because my jerkin was coarse and worn,
I got me a properer vest ;
It was purple velvet, stitch'd o'er with gold,
And a shining star at the breast,—
'Twas enough to feteh old Joan from her grave
To see me so purely drest !—

But Joan was dead and under the mould,
And every buxom lass ;
In vain I watch'd, at the window pane,
For a Christian soul to pass ;—
But sheep and kine wander'd up the street,
And browsed on the new-come grass.—

When lo ! I spied the old beggar man,
And lustily he did sing !—
His rags were lapp'd in a scarlet cloak,
And a crown he had like a King ;
So he stept right up before my gate
And danced me a saucy fling !

Heaven mend us all!—but, within my mind,
I had kill'd him then and there;
To see him lording so braggart-like
That was born to his beggar's fare,
And how he had stolen the royal crown
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die
Without his share of the laws!
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,
And soon tied up his claws,—
I was judge myself, and jury, and all,
And solemnly tried the cause.

But the beggar man would not plead, but cried
Like a babe without its corals,
For he knew how hard it is apt to go
When the law and a thief have quarrels,—
There was not a Christian soul alive
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doff'd my costly gear,
And put on my work-day clothes;
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,—
And never was one of the sloths;
But the beggar man grumbled a weary deal,
And made many crooked mouths.

So I haul'd him off to the gallows' foot,
And blinded him in his bags;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doom'd man always lags;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs
In the wind and airing his rags!

So there he hung and there I stood,
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth :
Quoth I, now I shall thrive !
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive !

My conscience began to gnaw my heart,
Before the day was done,
For the other men's lives had all gone out,
Like candles in the sun !—
But it seem'd as if I had broke, at last,
A thousand necks in one !

So I went and cut his body down,
To bury it decentlie ;—
God send there were any good soul alive
To do the like by me !
But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,
And bay'd me up the tree !

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,
And my head began to swim,
To see their jaws all white with foam,
Like the ravenous ocean-brim ;—
But when the wild dogs trotted away
Their jaws were bloody and grim !

Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord !
But the beggar man, where was he ?—
There was nought of him but some ribbons of rags
Below the gallows' tree !—
I know the Devil, when I am dead,
Will send his hounds for me !—

I've buried my babies one by one,
And dug the deep hole for Joan,
And cover'd the faces of kith and kin,
And felt the old churchyard stone
Go cold to my heart, full many a time,
But I never felt so lone !

For the lion and Adam were company,
And the tiger him beguiled ;
But the simple kine are foes to my life,
And the household brutes are wild.
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
I could love it like a child !

And the beggar man's ghost besets my dream,
At night, to make me madder,—
And my wretched conscience, within my breast,
Is like a stinging adder ;—
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,
And look at the rope and ladder !

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas ! in vain,
My desperate fancy begs,—
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,
And drink it to the dregs,—
For there is not another man alive,
In the world, to pull my legs !

THE BALLAD OF SALLY BROWN, AND BEN THE CARPENTER.*

I HAVE never been vainer of any verses than of my part in the following Ballad. Dr. Watts, amongst evangelical nurses, has an enviable renown, and Campbell's Ballads enjoy a snug genteel popularity. "Sally Brown" has been favoured, perhaps, with as wide a patronage as the Moral Songs, though its circle may not have been of so select a class as the friends of "Hohenlinden." But I do not desire to see it amongst what are called Elegant Extracts. The lamented Emery, drest as Tom Tug, sang it at his last mortal benefit at Covent Garden; and, ever since, it has been a great favourite with the watermen of Thames, who time their oars to it, as the wherry-men of Venice time theirs to the lines of Tasso. With the watermen, it went naturally to Vauxhall; and, overland, to Sadler's Wells. The Guards—not the mail coach, but the Life Guards—picked it out from a fluttering hundred of others—all going to one air—against the dead wall at Knightsbridge. Cheap Printers of Shoe Lane and Cow-cross (all pirates!) disputed about the copyright, and published their own editions; and in the mean time, the Author, to have made bread of his song, (it was poor old Homer's hard ancient case!) must have sung it about the street. Such is the lot of Literature! the profits of "Sally Brown" were divided by the Balladmongers: it has cost, but has never brought me, a half-penny.

* This ballad originally appeared in a "Lion's Head" in the "London," but I have allowed it to remain with "Whims and Oddities," for the sake of the introductory remarks.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade ;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew ;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me ;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright :
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,
"~~Now~~, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see;"
"The Tender ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be!

"O! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But Oh!—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco-box,
He heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

A FAIRY TALE.

On Hounslow heath—and close beside the road,
As western travellers may oft have seen,—
A little house some years ago there stood,
A minikin abode;
And built like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood;
The walls of white, the window-shutters green;—
Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,
(Tho' now at rest)

On which it used to wander to and fro,
Because its master ne'er maintain'd a rider,
Like those who trade in Paternoster Row ;
But made his business travel for itself,
Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so,
Of a roadsider.
Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
Of his now sedentary caravan ;
Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,
And so he might impale a strip of soil,
That furnish'd, by his toil,
Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman ;—
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower.
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His peace,—unless, in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r !

But, tired of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them one day !
And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
Began to suffer N—U—E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school-breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks, to reading :
But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began, as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,

Or Paley ethical, or learned Porson,—
But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
Or Valentine and Orson—
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
And being easily melted, in their dotage,
Slobber'd,—and kept
Reading,—and wept
Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—
If talking Trees and Birds reveal'd to him,
She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-waggons,
And magic-fishes swim
In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flagons,
When, as it fell upon a summer's day,
As the old man sat a feeding
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
A hideous roar
Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the way.

Long-horn'd, and short, of many a different breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels,
Or Durham feed,
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils
From nether side of Tweed,
Or Firth of Forth;
Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—

When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank ;
Or whether
Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble :
And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
Horn-pipe before the Basket-maker's villa,
Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable,
And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
Right o'er the page,
Wherein the sage
Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
Could not peruse,—who could ?—two tales at once,
And being huff'd
At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft,
Bang'd-to the door,
But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel :—
The monster gave a roar,
And bolting off with speed, increased by pain,
The little house became a coach once more,
And, like Macheath, "took to the road" again !

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
Was getting up some household herbs for supper :
Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,

And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
To turn it to a coach,—what pretty gifts
Might come of cabbages, and curly kale;
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
Nor turn'd, till home had turn'd a corner, quite
Gone out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
Weary of sitting on her russet clothing;
And looking round
Where rest was to be found,
There was no house—no villa there—no nothing!
No house!
The change was quite amazing;
It made her senses stagger for a minute,
The riddle's explication seem'd to harden;
But soon her superannuated *nous*
Explain'd the horrid mystery;—and raising
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
On which she meant to sup,—
"Well! this *is* Fairy Work! I'll bet a farden,
Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden!"

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG,"

Seems, at first sight, an unreasonable demand. May I profess no tenderness for Belinda without vowing an attachment to Shock? Must I feel an equal warmth towards my bosom friend and his greyhound? Some country gentlemen keep a pack of dogs. Am I expected to divide my personal regard for my Lord D. amongst all his celebrated fox-hounds?

I may be constitutionally averse to the whole canine species; I have been bitten, perhaps, in my infancy by a mastiff, or pinned by a bull-dog. There are harrowing tales on record of hydrophobia, of human barkings, and inhuman smotherings. A dog may be my bugbear. Again, there are differences in taste. One man may like to have his hand licked all over by a grateful spaniel; but I would not have *my* extremity served so—even by the human tongue.

But the proverb, so arrogant and absolute in spirit, becomes harmless in its common application. The terms are seldom enforced, except by persons that a gentleman is not likely to embrace in his affection—rat-catchers, butchers and bull-baiters, tinkers and blind mendicants, beldames and witches. A slaughterman's tulip-eared puppy is as likely to engage one's liking as his chuckle-headed master. When a courtier makes friends with a drover, he will not be likely to object to a sheep-dog as a third party in the alliance.

"Love me," says Mother Sawyer, "love my dog."

Who careth to dote on either a witch or her familiar? The proverb thus loses half of its oppression; in other cases, it may become a pleasant fiction, an agreeable confession. I forget what pretty Countess it was, who made confession of

her tenderness for a certain sea-captain, by her abundant caresses of his Esquimaux wolf-dog. The shame of the avowal became milder (as the virulence of the small-pox is abated after passing through the constitution of a cow) by its transmission through the animal.

In like manner, a formal young Quaker and Quakeress—perfect strangers to each other, and who might otherwise have sat mum-chance together for many hours—fell suddenly to romping, merely through the maiden's playfulness with Obadiah's terrier. The dog broke the ice of formality,—and, as a third party, took off the painful awkwardness of self-introduction.

Sir Ulic Mackilligut, when he wished to break handsomely with Mistress Tabitha Bramble, kicked her cur. The dog broke the force of the affront, and the knight's gallantry was spared the reproach of a direct confession of disgust towards the spinster; as the lady took the aversion to herself only as the brute's ally.

My stepmother Hubbard and myself were not on visiting terms for many years. Not, we flattered ourselves, through any hatred or uncharitableness, disgraceful between relations, but from a constitutional antipathy on the one side, and a doting affection on the other—to a dog. My breach of duty and decent respect was softened down into my dread of hydrophobia: my second-hand parent even persuaded herself that I was jealous of her regard for Bijou. It was a comfortable self-delusion on both sides,—but the scapegoat died, and then, having no reasonable reason to excuse my visits, we came to an open rupture. There was no hope of another favourite. My stepmother had no general affection for the race, but only for that particular cur. It was one of those incongruous attachments, not accountable to reason, but seemingly predestined by fate. The dog was no keepsake

—no favourite of a dear deceased friend;—ugly as the brute was, she loved him for his own sake,—not for any fondness and fidelity, for he was the most ungrateful dog, under kindness, that I ever knew,—not for his vigilance, for he was never wakeful. He was not useful, like a turnspit; nor accomplished, for he could not dance. He had not personal beauty even, to make him a welcome object; and yet, if my relation had been requested to display her jewels, she would have pointed to the dog, and have answered, in the very spirit of Cornelia,—"There is my Bijou."

Conceive, Reader, under this endearing title, a hideous dwarf-mongrel, half pug and half terrier, with a face like a frog's—his goggle-eyes squeezing out of his head:—a body like a barrel-churn, on four short bandy legs,—as if, in his puppyhood, he had been ill-nursed,—terminating in a tail like a rabbit's. There is only one sound in nature similar to his barking:—to hear his voice, you would have looked, not for a dog, but for a duck. He was fat, and scant of breath. It might have been said, that he was stuffed alive;—but his loving mistress, in mournful anticipation of his death, kept a handsome glass case to hold his mummy. She intended, like Queen Constance, to "stuff out his vacant garment with his form;"—to have him ever before her, "in his habit as he lived;"—but that hope was never realized.

In those days there were dog-stealers, as well as slave-dealers,—the kidnapping of the canine, as of the Negro victim, being attributable to his skin.

One evening, Bijou disappeared. A fruitless search was made for him at all his accustomed haunts,—but at daybreak the next morning,—stripped naked of his skin,—with a mock paper frill,—and the stump of a tobacco-pipe, stuck in his nether jaw,—he was discovered, set upright against a post!

My stepmother's grief was ungovernable. Tears, which

she had not wasted on her deceased step-children, were shed then. In her first transport, a reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of the murderers, but in vain.

The remains of Bijou, such as they were, she caused to be deposited under the lawn.

I forget what popular poet was gratified with ten guineas for writing his epitaph; but it was in the measure of the "Pleasures of Hope."

A DREAM.

In the figure above,*—(a medley of human faces, wherein certain features belong in common to different visages, the eyebrow of one, for instance, forming the mouth of another,)—I have tried to typify a common characteristic of dreams, namely, the entanglement of divers ideas, to the waking mind distinct or incongruous, but, by the confusion of sleep, inseparably ravelled up, and knotted into Gordian intricacies. For, as the equivocal feature in the emblem belongs indifferently to either countenance, but is appropriated by the head that happens to be presently the object of contemplation; so, in a dream, two separate notions will naturally involve some convertible incident, that becomes, by turns, a symptom of both in general, or of either in particular. Thus are begotten the most extravagant associations of thoughts and images,—unnatural connexions, like those marriages of forbidden relationships, where mothers become cousin to their own sons or daughters, and quite as bewildering as such genealogical embarrassments.

I had a dismal dream once, of this nature, that will serve

* See "Hood's Own," Second Series, p. 422.

well for an illustration, and which originated in the failure of my first, and last, attempt as a dramatic writer. Many of my readers, if I were to name the piece in question, would remember its signal condemnation. As soon as the Tragedy of my Tragedy was completed, I got into a coach, and rode home. My nerves were quivering with shame and mortification. I tried to compose myself over "Paradise Lost," but it failed to soothe me. I flung myself into bed, and at length slept—but the disaster of the night still haunted my dreams; I was again in the accursed theatre, but with a difference. It was a compound of the Drury-Lane Building and Pandemonium. There were the old shining green pillars, on either side of the stage, but above, a sublimer dome than ever overhung mortal playhouse. The wonted families were in keeping of the forespoken seats, but the first companies they admitted were new and strange to the place. The first and second tiers,

"With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

showed like those purgatorial circles sung of by the ancient Florentine. Satan was in the stage-box. The pit, dismally associated with its bottomless namesake, was peopled with fiends. Mehu scowled from the critic's seat. Belial, flushed with wine, led on with shout and cat-call the uproar of the one-shilling infernals. My hair stood upright with dread and horror; I had an appalling sense, that more than my dramatic welfare was at stake—that it was to be not a purely literary ordeal. An alarming figure, sometimes a newspaper reporter, sometimes a devil, so prevaricating are the communications of sleep, was sitting, with his note-book, at my side. My play began. As it proceeded, sounds indescribable arose from the infernal auditory, increasing till the end of the first act. The familiar cry of "Choose any oranges!" was then intermingled

with the murmurings of demons. The tumult grew with the progress of the play. The last act passed in dumb show, the horned monsters bellowing, throughout, like the wild bulls of Basan. Prongs and flesh-hooks showered upon the stage. Mrs. Siddons—the human nature thus jumbling with the diabolical—was struck by a brimstone ball. Her lofty brother, robed in imperial purple, came forward towards the orchestra to remonstrate, and was received like the Arch-devil in the Poem :

> "he hears
> On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal universal hiss, the sound
> Of public scorn."

He bowed to the sense of the house, and withdrew. My doom was sealed ; the recording devil noted down my sentence. A suffocating vapour, now smelling of sulphur, and now of gas, issued from the unquenchable stage-lamps. The flames of the Catalonian Castle, burning in the back scene, in compliance with the catastrophe of the piece, blazed up with horrible import. My flesh crept all over me. I thought of the everlasting torments, and at the next moment, of the morrow's paragraphs. I shrunk from the comments of the Morning Post, and the hot marl of Malebolge. The sins of authorship had confounded themselves, inextricably, with the mortal sins of the law. I could not disentangle my own from my play's perdition. I was damned : but whether spiritually or dramatically, the twilight intelligence of a dream was not clear enough to determine.

Another sample, wherein the preliminaries of the dream involved one portion, and implicitly forbade the other half of the conclusion, was more whimsical. It occurred when I was on the eve of marriage—a season, when, if lovers sleep sparingly, they dream profusely. A very brief slumber

sufficed to carry me in the night-coach to Bognor. It had been concerted, between Honoria and myself, that we should pass the honeymoon at some such place upon the coast. The purpose of my solitary journey was to procure an appropriate dwelling, and which, we had agreed, should be a little pleasant house, with an indispensable look-out upon the sea. I chose one accordingly; a pretty villa, with bow-windows, and a prospect delightfully marine. The ocean murmur sounded incessantly from the beach. A decent elderly body, in decayed sables, undertook, on her part, to promote the comforts of the occupants by every suitable attention, and, as she assured me, at a very reasonable rate. So far, the nocturnal faculty had served me truly. A day-dream could not have proceeded more orderly; but, alas! just here, when the dwelling was selected, the sea view secured, the rent agreed upon,—when every thing was plausible, consistent, and rational,—the incoherent fancy crept in and confounded all,—by marrying me to the old woman of the house!

A large proportion of my dreams have, like the preceding, an origin more or less remote in some actual occurrence. But, from all my observation and experience, the popular notion is a mistaken one, that our dreams take their subject and colour from the business or meditations of the day. It is true that sleep frequently gives back real images and actions, like a mirror; but the reflection returns at a longer interval. It extracts from pages of some standing, like the "Retrospective Review." The mind, released from its connexion with external associations, flies off, gladly, to novel speculations. The soul does not carry its tasks out of school. The novel, read upon the pillow, is of no more influence than the bride-cake laid beneath it. The charms of Di Vernon have faded, with me, into a vision of Dr. Faustus; the bridal dance and festivities, into a chace by a mad bullock.

The sleeper, like the felon, at the putting on of the night-cap, is about to be turned off from the affairs of this world. The material scaffold sinks under him; he drops—as it is expressively called—asleep; and the spirit is transported, we know not whither!

I should like to know that, by any earnest application of thought, we could impress its subject upon the midnight blank. It would be worth a day's devotion to Milton,—"from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,"—to obtain but one glorious vision from the "Paradise Lost;" to Spenser, to purchase but one magical reflection—a Fata Morgana—of the "Faery Queen!" I have heard it affirmed, indeed, by a gentleman, an especial advocate of Early Rising, that he could procure whatever dream he wished; but I disbelieve it, or he would pass far more hours than he does in bed. If it were possible, by any process, to bespeak the night's entertainment, the theatres, for me, might close their uninviting doors. Who would care to sit at the miserable parodies of "Lear," "Hamlet," and "Othello,"—to say nothing of the "Tempest," or the "Midsummer Night's Phantasy,"—that could command the representation of either of those noble dramas, with all the sublime personations, the magnificent scenery, and awful reality of a dream?

For horrible fancies, merely, nightmares and incubi, there is a recipe extant, that is currently attributed to the late Mr. Fuseli. I mean a supper of raw pork; but, as I never slept after it, I cannot speak as to the effect.

Opium I have never tried, and, therefore, have never experienced such magnificent visions as are described by its eloquent historian. I have never been buried for ages under pyramids; and yet, methinks, have suffered agonies as intense as *his* could be, from the commonplace inflictions. For example, a night spent in the counting of interminable numbers

—an Inquisitorial penance—everlasting tedium—the Mind's treadmill!

Another writer, in recording his horrible dreams, describes himself to have been sometimes an animal pursued by hounds; sometimes a bird, torn in pieces by eagles. They are flat contradictions of my Theory of Dreams. Such Ovidian Metamorphoses never yet entered into my experience. I never translate myself. I must know the taste of rape and hempseed, and have cleansed my gizzard with small gravel, before even fancy can turn me into a bird. I must have another nowl upon my shoulders, ere I can feel a longing for "a bottle of chopt hay, or your good dried oats." My own habits and prejudices, all the symptoms of my identity, cling to me in my dreams. It never happened to me to fancy myself a child or a woman, dwarf or giant, stone-blind, or deprived of any sense.

And here, the latter part of the sentence reminds me of an intereresting question, on this subject, that has greatly puzzled me, and of which I should be glad to obtain a satisfactory solution, viz. :—How does a blind man dream? I mean a person with the opaque crystal from his birth. He is defective in that very faculty, which, of all others, is most active in those night passages, thence emphatically called Visions. He has had no acquaintance with external images, and has, therefore, none of those transparent pictures, that, like the slides of a magic lantern, pass before the mind's eye, and are projected by the inward spiritual light upon the utter blank. His imagination must be like an imperfect kaleidoscope, totally unfurnished with those parti-coloured fragments, whereof the complete instrument makes such interminable combinations. It is difficult to conceive such a man's dream.

Is it a still benighted wandering—a pitch-dark night progress—made known to him by the consciousness of the remaining

senses? Is he still pulled through the universal blank, by an invisible power, as it were, at the nether end of the string? —regaled, sometimes, with celestial voluntaries and unknown mysterious fragrances, answering to our romantic flights; at other times, with homely voices and more familiar odours; here, of rank-smelling cheeses; there, of pungent pickles or aromatic drugs, hinting his progress through a metropolitan street. Does he over again enjoy the grateful roundness of those substantial droppings from the invisible passenger,— palpable deposits of an abstract benevolence, — or, in his nightmares, suffer anew those painful concussions and corporeal buffetings, from that (to him) obscure evil principle, the Parish Beadle?

This question I am happily enabled to resolve, through the information of the oldest of those blind Tobits that stand in fresco against Bunhill Wall; the same who made that notable comparison, of scarlet, to the sound of a trumpet. As I understood him, harmony, with the gravel-blind, is prismatic as well as chromatic. To use his own illustration, a wall-eyed man has a *palette* in his ear, as well as in his mouth. Some stone-blinds, indeed,—dull dogs,—without any *ear* for colour, profess to distinguish the different hues and shades by the touch; but *that*, he said, was a slovenly, uncertain method, and in the chief article of Paintings not allowed to be exercised.

On my expressing some natural surprise at the aptitude of his celebrated comparison,—a miraculously close likening, to my mind, of the known to the unknown,—he told me, the instance was nothing, for the least discriminative among them could distinguish the scarlet colour of the mail guards' liveries, by the sound of their horns: but there were others, so acute their faculty! that they could tell the very features and complexion of their relatives and familiars, by the mere tone of their voices. I was much gratified with this explana-

tion; for I confess, hitherto, I was always extremely puzzled by that narrative in the "Tatler," of a young gentleman's behaviour after the operation of couching, and especially at the wonderful promptness with which he distinguished his father from his mother—his mistress from her maid. But it appears that the blind are not so blind as they have been esteemed in the vulgar notion. What they cannot get in one way they obtain in another: they, in fact, realize what the author of Hudibras has ridiculed as a fiction, for they set up

> "communities of senses,
> To chop and change intelligences.
> As Rosicrucian Virtuosis
> Can *see with ears*—and hear with noses."

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

ALACK! 'tis melancholy theme to think
How Learning doth in rugged states abide,
And, like her bashful owl, obscurely blink,
In pensive glooms and corners, scarcely spied;
Not, as in Founders' Halls and domes of pride,
Served with grave homage, like a tragic queen,
But with one lonely priest compell'd to hide,
In midst of foggy moors and mosses green,
In that clay cabin hight the College of Kilreen!

This College looketh South and West alsoe,
Because it hath a cast in windows twain;
Crazy and crack'd they be, and wind doth blow
Thorough transparent holes in every pane,
Which Dan, with many paines, makes whole again
With nether garments, which his thrift doth teach,

To stand for glass, like pronouns, and when rain
Stormeth, he puts, "once more unto the breach,"—
Outside and in, tho' broke, yet so he mendeth each.

And in the midst a little door there is,
Whereon a board that doth congratulate
With painted letters, red as blood I wis,
Thus written, "Children taken in to Bate:"
And oft, indeed, the inward of that gate,
Most ventriloque, doth utter tender squeak,
And moans of infants that bemoan their fate,
In midst of sounds of Latin, French, and Greek,
Which, all i' the Irish tongue, he teacheth them to speak.

For some are meant to right illegal wrongs,
And some for Doctors of Divinitie,
Whom he doth teach to murder the dead tongues,
And soe win academical degree;
But some are bred for service of the sea,
Howbeit, their store of learning is but small,
For mickle waste he counteth it would be
To stock a head with bookish wares at all,
Only to be knocked off by ruthless cannon ball.

Six babes he sways,—some little and some big,
Divided into classes six;—alsoe,
He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig,
That in the College fareth to and fro,
And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below,—
And eke the learned rudiments they scan,
And thus his A, B, C, doth wisely know—
Hereafter to be shown in caravan,
And raise the wonderment of many a learned man.

Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar fowls,
Whereof, above his head, some two or three
Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls.
But on the branches of no living tree,
And overlook the learned family;
While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,
Drops feather on the nose of Dominie,
Meanwhile, with serious eye, he makes research
In leaves of that sour tree of knowledge—now a birch.

No chair he hath, the awful Pedagogue,
Such as would magisterial hams imbed,
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,
Secure in high authority and dread:
Large, as a dome for learning, seems his head,
And like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
Because his locks are so unkempt and red,
And stand abroad in many several ways:
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is baize,

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
That inward giblet of a fowl, which shows
A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne blue;
His nose,—it is a coral to the view;
Well nourish'd with Pierian Potheen,—
For much he loves his native mountain dew;—
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin short
As Spencer had, ere he composed his Tales;

But underneath he hath no vest, nor aught,
So that the wind his airy breast assails;
Below, he wears the nether garb of males,
Of crimson plush, but non-plushed at the knee;
Thence further down the native red prevails,
Of his own naked fleecy hosierie :—
Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-a-pie.

Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap
His function in a magisterial gown,
That shows more countries in it than a map,—
Blue tinct, and red, and green, and russet-brown,
Besides some blots, standing for country-town;
And eke some rents, for streams and rivers wide;
But, sometimes, bashful when he looks adown,
He turns the garment of the other side,
Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied?

And soe he sits, amidst the little pack,
That look for shady or for sunny noon,
Within his visage, like an almanack—
His quiet smile foretelling gracious boon;
But when his mouth droops down, like rainy moon,
With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,
Knowing, that infant show'rs will follow soon,
And with forebodings of near wrath and storms
They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms.

Ah! luckless wight, who cannot then repeat
"Corduroy Colloquy,"—or "Ki, Kæ, Kod,"—
Full soon his tears shall make his turfy seat
More sodden, tho' already made of sod,
For Dan shall whip him with the word of God,—

Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child,
And soe with holy rule deems he is reconciled.

But surely the just sky will never wink
At men who take delight in childish throe,
And stripe the nether-urchin like a pink
Or tender hyacinth, inscribed with woe ;
Such bloody Pedagogues, when they shall know,
By useless birches, that forlorn recess,
Which is no holiday, in Pit below,
Will hell not seem design'd for their distress—
A melancholy place, that is all bottomlesse ?

Yet would the Muse not chide the wholesome use
Of needful discipline, in due degree.
Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time produce,
Whene'er the twig untrain'd grows up a tree,
This shall a Carder, that a Whiteboy be,
Ferocious leaders of atrocious bands,
And Learning's help be used for infamie,
By lawless clerks, that, with their bloody hands,
In murder'd English write Rock's murderous commands.

But ah ! what shrilly cry doth now alarm
The sooty fowls that dozed upon the beam,
All sudden fluttering from the brandish'd arm,
And cackling chorus with the human scream ;
Meanwhile, the scourge plies that unkindly seam
In Phelim's brogues, which bares his naked skin,
Like traitor gap in warlike fort, I deem,

That falsely lets the fierce besieger in,
Nor seeks the Pedagogue by other course to win.

No parent dear he hath to heed his cries;—
Alas! his parent dear is far aloof,
And deep in Seven-Dial cellar lies,
Killed by kind cudgel-play, or gin of proof,
Or climbeth, catwise, on some London roof,
Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,
Or, whilst he labours, weaves a fancy-woof,
Dreaming he sees his home—his Phelim's smile;
Ah me? that luckless imp, who weepeth all the while!

Ah! who can paint that hard and heavy time,
When first the scholar 'lists in learning's train,
And mounts her rugged steep, enforced to climb,
Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain,
From bloody twig, and eke that Indian cane,
Wherein, alas! no sugar'd juices dwell?
For this, the while one stripling's sluices drain,
Another weepeth over chilblains fell,
Always upon the heel, yet never to be well!

Anon a third,—for his delicious root,
Late ravish'd from his tooth by elder chit,
So soon is human violence afoot,
So hardly is the harmless biter bit!
Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit
And mouthing face, derides the small one's moan,
Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit,
Alack,—mischance comes seldomtimes alone,
But aye the worried dog must rue more curs than one.

For lo! the Pedagogue, with sudden drub,
Smites his scald head, that is already sore,—
(Superfluous wound,—such is Misfortune's rub)
Who straight makes answer with redoubled roar,
And sheds salt tears twice faster than before,
That still with backward fist he strives to dry;
Washing with brackish moisture, o'er and o'er,
His muddy cheek, that grows more foul thereby,
Till all his rainy face looks grim as rainy sky.

So Dan, by dint of noise, obtains a peace,
And with his natural untender knack,
By new distress, bids former grievance cease,
Like tears dried up with rugged huckaback,
That sets the mournful visage all awrack;
Yet soon the childish countenance will shine
Even as thorough storms the soonest slack,
For grief and beef in adverse ways incline,
This keeps, and that decays, when duly soak'd in brine.

Now all is hush'd, and, with a look profound,
The Dominie lays ope the learned page;
(So be it called, although he doth expound
Without a book) both Greek and Latin sage;
Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant age,
How Romulus was bred in savage wood,
By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish rage;
And laid foundation-stone of walls of mud,
But watered it, alas! with warm fraternal blood.

Anon he turns to that Homeric war,
How Troy was sieged like Londonderry town;

And stout Achilles, at his jaunting-car,
Dragged mighty Hector with a bloody crown :
And eke the bard, that sung of their renown,
In garb of Greece most beggar-like and torn,
He paints, with colly, wand'ring up and down :
Because, at once, in seven cities born ;
And so, of parish rights, was, all his days, forlorn.

Anon, through old Mythology he goes,
Of gods defunct, and all their pedigrees,
But shuns their scandalous amours, and shows
How Platò wise, and clear-eyed Socrates,
Confess'd not to those heathen hes and shes ;
But thro' the clouds of the Olympic cope
Beheld St. Peter, with his holy keys,
And own'd their love was naught, and bow'd to Pope,
Whilst all their purblind race in Pagan mist did grope.

From such quaint themes he turns, at last, aside,
To new philosophies, that still are green,
And shows what rail-roads have been track'd to guide
The wheels of great political machine ;
If English corn should grow abroad, I ween,
And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet ;
How many pigs be born to each spalpeen ;
And ah ! how man shall thrive beyond his meat,—
With twenty souls alive, to one square sod of peat !

Here, he makes end ; and all the fry of youth,
That stood around with serious look intense,
Close up again their gaping eyes and mouth,
Which they had open'd to his eloquence,
As if their hearing were a threefold sense.

But now the current of his words is done,
And whether any fruits shall spring from thence,
In future time, with any mother's son!—
It is a thing, God wot! that can be told by none.

Now by the creeping shadows of the noon,
The hour is come to lay aside their lore;
The cheerful Pedagogue perceives it soon,
And cries, "Begone!" unto the imps,—and four
Snatch their two hats and struggle for the door,—
Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,
All blithe and boisterous,—but leave two more,
With Reading made Uneasy for a task,
To weep, whilst all their mates in merry sunshine bask.

Like sportive Elfins, on the verdant sod,
With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,
That doth not hurt, but kiss, the sole unshod,
So soothly kind is Erin to her own!
And one, at Hare-and-Hound, plays all alone,—
For Phelim's gone to tend his step-dame's cow;
Ah! Phelim's step-dame is a canker'd crone!
Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,
And, with shillelah small, break one another's brow!

But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift,
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe;
But, first of all, with tender hand doth shift
His college gown, because of solar glow,
And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow:
Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappled bean,
Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,

Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage green,
With that crisp curly herb, call'd Kale in Aberdeen.

And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,
Link'd each to each by labour, like a bee ;
Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims her bow'rs ;—
Would there were many more such wights as he,
To sway each capital academie
Of Cam and Isis ; for, alack ! at each
There dwells, I wot, some dronish Dominie,
That does no garden work, nor yet doth teach,
But wears a floury head, and talks in flow'ry speech !

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms :
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms !

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot ! "

The army-surgeons made him limbs :
Said he,—"They're only pegs :
But there's as wooden Members quite,
As represent my legs ! "

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devoured his pay !

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff ;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off !

"Oh, Nelly Gray ! Oh, Nelly Gray !
Is this your love so warm ?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform ! "

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave ;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave !

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now ! "

"Oh, Nelly Gray ! Oh, Nelly Gray !
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs,
In Badajos's *breaches !* "

"Why then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms ! "

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse :—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death;—alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

[The following poems appeared in annuals and elsewhere as specified in the notes.]

THE WATER LADY.*

Alas, the moon should ever beam
To show what man should never see!—
I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she!

I staid awhile, to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
With clouds of jet.

I staid a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore in place of red
The bloom of water, tender blue,†
Daintily spread.

I staid to watch, a little space,
Her parted lips if she would sing;
The waters closed above her face
With many a ring.

And still I staid a little more,
Alas! she never comes again!
I throw my flowers from the shore,
And watch in vain.

* From the "Forget-me-Not" for 1826.

† A little water-colour sketch by Severn (given to my mother by Keats) probably suggested these lines. The nymph's complexion is of a pale blue (instead of ordinary flesh tint), as here described.

I know my life will fade away,
I know that I must vainly pine,
For I am made of mortal clay,
But she's divine!

AUTUMN.*

The Autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gather'd up gold,
And now he is dying;—
Old Age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe,
The harvest is heaping;—
But some that have sow'd
Have no riches for reaping;—
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane,
There is nothing adorning,
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;—
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill,
The red sun is sinking,
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking;—
Here's enow for sad thinking!

* From "Friendship's Offering," 1826.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.*

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away !

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing ;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

* From "Friendship's Offering," 1826.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

DEATH'S RAMBLE.*

One day the dreary old King of Death
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,
His body was lean and lank,
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
This goblin of grisly bone?
He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he kill'd
Like a butcher that kills his own.

* This originally appeared in the "Literary Gazette." Mr. Jerdan, to whom I am much indebted for help in this edition, tells me that it was suggested by an argument relative to the authorship of the "Devil's Walk," mentioned accidentally in connection with Holbein's "Dance of Death."

The poem was subsequently published separately, with coloured illustrations, by Hullmandel.

The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh
(For the man was a coffin-maker)
To think how the mutes, and men in black suits,
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church :
Quoth he, "We shall not differ."
And he let them alone, like figures of stone,
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
In fear they could not smother ;
And he shot one through at once—for he knew
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,
And he gave a snore infernal ;
Said Death, "He may keep his breath, for his sleep
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach
So slow, that his fare grew sick ;
But he let him stray on his tedious way,
For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,
In the spirit of his fraternity ;
But he knew that sort of man would extort,
Though summon'd to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
But he let him write no further ;
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
Is jealous of all self-murther !

Death saw a patient that pull'd out his purse,
And a doctor that took the sum;
But he let them be—for he knew that the "fee"
Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
And he gave him a mortal thrust;
For himself, by law, since Adam's flaw,
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
And he mark'd him out for slaughter;
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,
But the game wasn't worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
To wait for the final trump!

[The next poem is from the "New Monthly Magazine," then edited by Campbell. The friendship spoken of between my father and the beast is no fable. I have often heard him speak of it.]

ADDRESS TO MR. CROSS, OF EXETER CHANGE,

ON THE DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT.

—✦—

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

Oh, Mr. Cross,
Permit a sorry stranger to draw near,
And shed a tear
(I've shed my shilling) for thy recent loss!
I've been a visitor
Of old—a sort of a Buffon inquisitor

Of thy menagerie, and knew the beast,
That is deceased.
I was the Damon of the gentle giant,
And oft have been,
Like Mr. Kean,
Tenderly fondled by his trunk compliant.
Whenever I approached, the kindly brute
Flapped his prodigious ears, and bent his knees—
It makes me freeze
To think of it. No chums could better suit,
Exchanging grateful looks for grateful fruit,—
For so our former dearness was begun,—
I bribed him with an apple, and beguiled
The beast of his affection like a child;
And well he loved me till his life was done
(Except when he was wild).
It makes me blush for human friends—but none
I have so truly kept or cheaply won.

Here is his pen!
The casket—but the jewel is away;
The den is rifled of its denizen,—
Ah, well a day!
This fresh free air breathes nothing of his grossness,
And sets me sighing even for its closeness.
This light one-story,
Where like a cloud I used to feast my eyes on
The grandeur of his Titan-like horizon,
Tells a dark tale of its departed glory;—
The very beasts lament the change like me.
The shaggy Bison
Leaneth his head dejected on his knee;
The Hyæna's laugh is hushed; the Monkeys pout;

The Wild Cat frets in a complaining whine ;
The Panther paces restlessly about,
To walk her sorrow out ;
The Lions in a deeper bass repine ;
The Kang'roo wrings its sorry short forepaws ;
Shrieks come from the Macaws ;
The old bald Vulture shakes his naked head,
And pineth for the dead ;
The Boa writhes into a double knot ;
The Keeper groans,
Whilst sawing bones,
And looks askance at the deserted spot ;
Brutal and rational lament his loss,
The flower of the beastly family ;—
Poor Mrs. Cross
Sheds frequent tears into her daily tea,
And weakens her Bohea.

Oh, Mr. Cross, how little it gives birth
To grief when human greatness goes to earth ;
How few lament for Czars,—
But, oh, the universal heart o'erflowed
At his "high mass,"
Lighted by gas,
When like Mark Antony the keeper showed
The Elephantine scars.
Reporters' eyes
Were of an egg-like size ;
Men that had never wept for murdered Marrs,*
Hard-hearted editors with iron faces,

* The Marr family murdered by Williams. See De Quincy's "Murder as a Fine Art."

Their sluices all unclosed,—
And discomposed
Compositors went fretting to their cases,
That grief has left its traces ;
The poor old Beef-eater has gone much greyer,
With sheer regret ;
And the Gazette
Seems the least trouble of the beasts' Purveyor.

And I too weep ! a dozen of great men
I could have spared without a single tear ;
But, then,
They are renewable from year to year.
Fresh gents would rise though Gent resigned the pen ;
I should not wholly
Despair for six months of another C * * * *, †
Nor, though F * * * * * * * * * lay on his small bier,
Be melancholy.
But when will such an elephant appear ?
Though Penley were destroyed at Drury-lane,
His like might come again ;
Fate might supply,
A second Powell if the first should die ;
Another Bennet if the sire were snatched ;
Barnes—might be matched ;
And Time fill up the gap
Were Parsloe laid upon the green earth's lap ;
Even Claremont might be equalled,—I could hope
(All human greatness is, alas, so puny !)
For other Egertons—another Pope,
But not another Chunee !

† Probably "Croly"—the "F." I am at a loss to discover.

Well ! he is dead !
And there's a gap in Nature of eleven
Feet high by seven—
Five living tons !—and I remain nine stone
Of skin and bone !
It is enough to make me shake my head
And dream of the grave's brink—
'Tis worse to think
How like the Beast's the sorry life *I've* led !—
A sort of show
Of my poor public self and my sagacity,
To profit the rapacity
Of certain folks in Paternoster Row,
A slavish toil to win an upper story—
And a hard glory
Of wooden beams about my weary brow !
Oh, Mr. C. !
If ever you behold me twirl my pen
To earn a public supper, that is, eat
In the bare street,—
Or turn about their literary den—
Shoot *me !*

[I suspect from its internal evidence that the following poem was written somewhere about this time.]

THE POET'S PORTION.

—•—

What is mine—a treasury—a dower—
A magic talisman of mighty power ?

A poet's wide possession of the earth.
He has th' enjoyment of a flower's birth

Before its budding—ere the first red streaks,
And Winter cannot rob him of their cheeks.

Look—if his dawn be not as other men's !
Twenty bright flushes—ere another kens
The first of sunlight is abroad—he sees
Its golden 'lection of the topmost trees,
And opes the splendid fissures of the morn.

When do his fruits delay, when doth his corn
Linger for harvesting ? Before the leaf
Is commonly abroad, in his pil'd sheaf
The flagging poppies lose their ancient flame.

No sweet there is, no pleasure I can name,
But he will sip it first—before the lees.
'Tis his to taste rich honey,—ere the bees
Are busy with the brooms. He may forestall
June's rosy advent for his coronal ;
Before th' expectant buds upon the bough,
Twining his thoughts to bloom upon his brow.

Oh ! blest to see the flower in its seed,
Before its leafy presence ; for indeed
Leaves are but wings on which the summer flies,
And each thing perishable fades and dies,
Escap'd in thought ; but his rich thinkings be
Like overflows of immortality :
So that what there is steep'd shall perish never,
But live and bloom, and be a joy for ever.

[I cannot trace the first appearance of this Ode, but I think there can be little doubt of its being my father's.]

ODE TO THE LATE LORD MAYOR,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS "VISIT TO OXFORD." *

—♦—

"Now, Night descending, the proud scene is o'er,
But lives in Settle's numbers one day more."
POPE—*On the Lord Mayor's Show.*

O WORTHY MAYOR !—I mean to say Ex-Mayor !
Chief Luddite of the ancient town of Lud !
Incumbent of the City's easy chair !—
Conservator of Thames from mud to mud !
Great river-bank director !
And dam-inspector !
Great guardian of small sprats that swim the flood !
Lord of the scarlet gown and furry cap !
King of Mogg's map !
Keeper of Gates that long have "gone their gait !"
Warder of London stone and London Log !
Thou first and greatest of the civic great,
Magog or Gog !—

O Honorable Ven——
(Forgive this little liberty between us),
Augusta's first Augustus !—Friend of men
Who wield the pen !
Dillon's Mæcenas !

* See the published work of the Rev. Mr. Dillon, the Lord Mayor's Chaplain, who, in his zealous endeavour to stamp immortality upon the civic expedition to Oxford, has outrun every production in the annals of burlesque, even the long renowned "Voyage from Paris to St. Cloud." It was entitled "The Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford in the month of July, 1826, written by the desire of the party by the Chaplain to the Mayoralty."

Patron of learning where she ne'er did dwell,
Where literature seldom finds abettors,
Where few—except the postman and his bell—
Encourage the *bell-lettres !*—
Well hast thou done, Right Honorable Sir—
Seeing that years are such devouring ogresses,
And thou hast made some little journeying stir,—
To get a Nichols to record thy Progresses !

Wordsworth once wrote a trifle of the sort ;
But for diversion,
For truth—for nature—everything in short—
I own I do prefer thy own "Excursion."
The stately story
Of Oxford glory—
The Thames romance—yet nothing of a fiction—
Like thine own stream it flows along the page—
"Strong, without rage,"
In diction worthy of thy jurisdiction !
To future ages thou wilt seem to be
A second Parry ;
For thou didst carry
Thy navigation to a fellow crisis.
He penetrated to a Frozen Sea,
And thou—to where the Thames is turned to *Isis !* *

I like thy setting out !
Thy coachman and thy coachmaid boxed together ! †

* The Chaplain doubts the correctness of the Thames being *turned into* the Isis at Oxford : of course he is right—according to the course of the river, it must be the Isis that is turned into the Thames.

† "As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away."—*Visit.*

I like thy Jarvey's serious face—in doubt
Of "four fine animals"—no Cobbetts either ! *
I like the slow state pace—the pace allowed
The best for dignity †—and for a crowd,
And very July weather,
So hot that it let off the Hounslow powder ! ‡
I like the She-Mayor's proffer of a seat
To poor Miss Magnay, fried to a white heat ; §
'Tis well it didn't chance to be Miss *Crowder !*

I like the steeples with their weathercocks on,
Discerned about the hour of three, P. M. ;
I like thy party's entrance into Oxon,
For oxen soon to enter into *them !*
I like the ensuing banquet better far,
Although an act of cruelty began it ;—
For why—before the dinner at the *Star*—
Why was the poor Town-clerk sent off to *plan it ?*

I like your learned rambles not amiss,
Especially at Bodley's, where ye tarried
The longest—doubtless because Atkins carried
Letters (of course from Ignorance) to Bliss ! ||

* "The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful, indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried."—*Visit.*

† "The carriage drove away ; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders ; but at that steady and majestic pace, which is always an indication of real greatness."

‡ "On approaching Hounslow, there was seen at some distance a huge volume of dark smoke." The Chaplain thought it was only a blowing up for rain, but it turned out to be the spontaneous combustion of a powder-mill.

§ "The Lady Mayoress, observing that they (the Magnays) must be somewhat crowded in the chaise, invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat."

|| "The Rev. Dr. Bliss, of St. John's College, the Registrar of the University, to whom Mr. Alderman Atkins had letters of introduction."—Page 32.

The other Halls were scrambled through more hastily;
But I like this—
I like the Aldermen who stopped to drink
Of Maudlin's "classic water" very tastily,*
Although I think—what I am loth to think—
Except to Dillon, it has proved no Castaly!

I like to find thee finally afloat;
I like thy being barged and Water-Bailiff'd,
Who gave thee *a* lift
To thy state-galley in his own state-boat.
I like thy small sixpennyworths of largess
Thrown to the urchins at the City's charges;
I like the sun upon thy breezy fanners,
Ten splendid scarlet silken stately banners!
Thy gilded bark shines out quite transcendental!
I like dear Dillon still,
Who quotes from "Cooper's Hill,"
And Birch, the cookly Birch, grown sentimental;†
I like to note his civic mind expanding
And quoting Denham, in the watery dock
Of Iffley lock—
Plainly no Locke upon the Understanding!
I like thy civic deed
At Runnymede,
Where ancient Britons came in arms to barter
Their lives for right—Ah, did not Waithman grow
Half mad to show

* "The buttery was next visited, in which some of the party tasted the classic water."—Page 57.

† "Mr. Alderman Birch here called to the recollection of the party the beautiful lines of Sir John Denham on the river Thames:—'Tho' deep yet clear,' &c."—Page 90.

Where his renowned forefathers came to bleed—
And freeborn *Magnay* triumph at his *Charter?*
I like full well thy ceremonious setting
The justice-sword (no doubt it wanted whetting!)
On London Stone; but I don't like the waving
Thy banner over it,* for I must own
Flag over stone
Reads like a most superfluous piece of paving!

I like thy Cliefden treat; but I'm not going
To run the civic story through and through,
But leave thy barge to Pater Noster Row-ing,
My plaudit to renew.—
Well hast thou done, Right Honorable rover,
To leave this lasting record of thy reign,
A reign, alas! that very soon is "over
And gone," according to the Rydal strain!
'Tis piteous how a mayor
Slips through his chair.
I say it with a meaning reverential,
But let him be rich, lordly, wise, sentential,
Still he must seem a thing inconsequential—
A melancholy truth one cannot smother;
For why? 'tis very clear
He comes in at one *year*,
To go out by the other!
This is their Lordships' universal order!—
But thou shalt teach them to preserve a name—
Make future Chaplains chroniclers of fame!
And every Lord Mayor his own Recorder!

* "It was also a part of the ceremony, which, though important, is simple, that the City banner should wave over the stone."—Page 144.

1827.

[In this year appeared the Second Series of "Whims and Oddities," dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. It ran to a third edition—as will be seen by the following Prefaces.]

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND SERIES.

In the absence of better fiddles, I have ventured to come forward again with my little kit of fancies. I trust it will not be found an unworthy sequel to my first performance; indeed, I have done my best, in the New Series, innocently to imitate a practice that prevails abroad in duelling—I mean, that of the Seconds giving Satisfaction.

The kind indulgence that welcomed my Volume heretofore, prevents me from reiterating the same apologies. The Public have learned, by this time, from my rude designs, that I am no great artist, and from my text, that I am no great author, but humbly equivocating, bat-like, between the two kinds;—though proud to partake in any characteristic of either. As for the first particular, my hope persuades me that my illustrations cannot have degenerated, so ably as I have been seconded by Mr. Edward Willis, who, like the humane Walter, has befriended my offspring in the Wood.

In the literary part I have to plead guilty, as usual, to

some verbal misdemeanors; for which, I must leave my defence to Dean Swift, and the other great European and Oriental Pundits. Let me suggest, however, that a pun is somewhat like a cherry: though there may be a slight outward indication of partition—of duplicity of meaning—yet no gentleman need make two bites at it against his own pleasure. To accommodate certain readers, notwithstanding, I have refrained from putting the majority in italics. It is not every one, I am aware, that can Toler-ate a pun like my Lord Norbury.

ADDRESS TO THE THIRD EDITION.

It is not usual to have more than one grace before meat, one prologue before a play—one address before a work,—Cerberus and myself are perhaps the only persons who have had three prefaces. I thought, indeed, that I had said my last in the last impression, but a new Edition being called for, I came forward for a new exit, after the fashion of Mr. Romeo Coates—a Gentleman, notorious, like Autumn, for taking a great many leaves at his departure.

As a literary parent, I am highly gratified to find that the elder volume of Whims and Oddities does not get snubbed, as happens with a first child, at the birth of a second; but that the Old and New Series obtain fresh favour and friends for each other, and are likely to walk hand in hand like smiling brothers, towards posterity.

Whether a third volume will transpire is a secret still "warranted undrawn" even to myself;—there is, I am aware, a kind of nonsense indispensable,—or *sine qua non*-sense—that always comes in welcomely to relieve the serious discussions of graver authors, and I flatter myself that my per-

formances may be of this nature; but having parted with so many of my vagaries, I am doubtful whether the next November may not find me sobered down into a political economist.

[In 1832 the two Series were republished, together with a fresh Address.]

PREFACE.

When I last made my best bow in this book, I imagined that the public, to use a nautical phrase, had "parted from their best bower;" but it was an agreeable mistake. The First and Second Series, being now, like Colman's "Two Single Gentlemen rolled into one," a request is made to me to furnish the two-act piece with a new prologue. Possibly, as I have declared the near relationship of this work to the Comic Annual, the publisher wishes, by this unusual number of Prefaces, to connect it also with the Odes and *Addresses*. At all events, I accede to his humour, in spite of a reasonable fear that, at this rate, my Sayings will soon exceed my Doings.

To tell the truth, an Author does not much disrelish the call for these "more last words;" and I confess at once that I affix this preliminary postscript, with some pride and pleasure. A modern book, like a modern race-horse, is apt to be reckoned aged at six years old; and an Olympiad and half have nearly elapsed since the birth of my first editions. It is pleasant, therefore, to find, that what was done in black and white has not become quite grey in the interval;—to say nothing of the comfort, at such an advanced age, of still finding friends in public, as well as in private, to put up with one's Whims and Oddities.

Seriously, I feel very grateful for the kindness which has

exhausted three impressions of this work, and now invites another. Come what may, this little book will now leave four imprints behind it,—and a horse could do no more.

T. Hood.

Winchmore Hill, *January*, 1832.

BIANCA'S DREAM.

A VENETIAN STORY.

Bianca!—fair Bianca!—who could dwell
With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,
Nor find there lurk'd in it a witching spell,
Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days?
The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell,
She turn'd to gas, and set it in a blaze;
Each eye of hers had Love's Eupyrion in it,
That he could light his link at in a minute.

So that, wherever in her charms she shone,
A thousand breasts were kindled into flame;
Maidens who cursed her looks forgot their own,
And beaux were turn'd to flambeaux where she came;
All hearts indeed were conquer'd but her own,
Which none could ever temper down or tame:
In short, to take our haberdasher's hints,
She might have written over it,—"From Flints."

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,
At least in Venice—where with eyes of brown
Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex
An amorous gentle with a needless frown;

Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks,
And Love at casements climbeth up and down,
Whom for his tricks and custom in that kind,
Some have considered a Venetian blind.

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,
Amongst more youths who had this cruel jailor,
To hapless Julio—all in vain he sought
With each new moon his hatter and his tailor ;
In vain the richest padusoy he bought,
And went in bran new beaver to assail her—
As if to show that Love had made him *smart*
All over—and not merely round his heart.

In vain he labour'd thro' the sylvan park
Bianca haunted in—that where she came,
Her learned eyes in wandering might mark
The twisted cypher of her maiden name,
Wholesomely going thro' a course of bark :
No one was touch'd or troubled by his flame,
Except the Dryads, those old maids that grow
In trees,—like wooden dolls in embryo.

In vain complaining elegies he writ,
And taught his tuneful instrument to grieve,
And sang in quavers how his heart was split,
Constant beneath her lattice with each eve ;
She mock'd his wooing with her wicked wit,
And slash'd his suit so that it match'd his sleeve,
Till he grew silent at the vesper star,
And quite despairing, hamstring'd his guitar.

Bianca's heart was coldly frosted o'er
With snows unmelting—an eternal sheet,
But his was red within him, like the core
Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat;
And oft he long'd internally to pour
His flames and glowing lava at her feet,
But when his burnings he began to spout,
She stopp'd his mouth,—and put the *crater* out.

Meanwhile he wasted in the eyes of men,
So thin, he seem'd a sort of skeleton-key
Suspended at death's door—so pale—and then
He turn'd as nervous as an aspen tree;
The life of man is three-score years and ten,
But he was perishing at twenty-three,
For people truly said, as grief grew stronger,
"It could not shorten his poor life—much longer."

For why, he neither slept, nor drank, nor fed,
Nor relish'd any kind of mirth below;
Fire in his heart, and frenzy in his head,
Love had become his universal foe,
Salt in his sugar—nightmare in his bed,
At last, no wonder wretched Julio,
A sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth
Of Hope,—made up his mind to cut her girth!

For hapless lovers always died of old,
Sooner than chew reflection's bitter cud;
So Thisbe stuck herself, what time 'tis told,
The tender-hearted mulberries wept blood;

And so poor Sappho, when her boy was cold,
Drown'd her salt tear-drops in a salter flood,
Their fame still breathing, tho' their death be past,
For those old *suitors* lived beyond their last.

So Julio went to drown,—when life was dull,
But took his corks, and merely had a bath;
And once, he pull'd a trigger at his skull,
But merely broke a window in his wrath;
And once, his hopeless being to annul,
He tied a pack-thread to a beam of lath—
A line so ample, 'twas a query whether
'Twas meant to be a halter or a tether.

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust
His sorrows through—'tis horrible to die!
And come down with our little all of dust,
That Dun of all the duns to satisfy;
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,
In Death's most dreary spunging-house to lie,
Where even all our personals must go
To pay the debt of Nature that we owe!

So Julio lived:—'twas nothing but a pet
He took at life—a momentary spite;
Besides, he hoped that Time would some day get
The better of Love's flame, however bright;
A thing that Time has never compass'd yet,
For Love, we know, is an immortal light;
Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,
Was always in,—for none have found it out.

Meanwhile, Bianca dream'd—'twas once when Night
Along the darken'd plain began to creep,
Like a young Hottentot, whose eyes are bright,
Altho' in skin as sooty as a sweep :
The flow'rs had shut their eyes—the zephyr light
Was gone, for it had rock'd the leaves to sleep,
And all the little birds had laid their heads
Under their wings—sleeping in feather beds.

Lone in her chamber sate the dark-eyed maid,
By easy stages jaunting through her prayers,
But list'ning side-long to a serenade,
That robb'd the saints a little of their shares ;
For Julio underneath the lattice play'd
His Deh Vieni, and such amorous airs,
Born only underneath Italian skies,
Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs.

Sweet was the tune—the words were even sweeter—
Praising her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,
With all the common tropes wherewith in metre
The hackney poets " overcharge their fair."
Her shape was like Diana's, but completer ;
Her brow with Grecian Helen's might compare :
Cupid, alas ! was cruel Sagittarius,
Julio—the weeping water-man Aquarius.

Now, after listing to such laudings rare,
'Twas very natural indeed to go—
What if she did postpone one little pray'r—
To ask her mirror " if it was not so ? "

'Twas a large mirror, none the worse for wear,
Reflecting her at once from top to toe :
And there she gazed upon that glossy track,
That show'd her front face though it "gave her back."

And long her lovely eyes were held in thrall,
By that dear page where first the woman reads :
That Julio was no flatt'rer, none at all,
She told herself—and then she told her beads ;
Meanwhile, the nerves insensibly let fall
Two curtains fairer than the lily breeds ;
For Sleep had crept and kiss'd her unawares,
Just at the half-way milestone of her pray'rs.

Then like a drooping rose so bended she,
Till her bow'd head upon her hand reposed ;
But still she plainly saw, or seem'd to see,
That fair reflection, tho' her eyes were closed,
A beauty bright as it was wont to be,
A portrait Fancy painted while she dozed :
'Tis very natural, some people say,
To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

Still shone her face—yet not, alas ! the same,
But 'gan some dreary touches to assume,
And sadder thoughts, with sadder changes came—
Her eyes resign'd their light, her lips their bloom,
Her teeth fell out, her tresses did the same,
Her cheeks were tinged with bile, her eyes with rheum :
There was a throbbing at her heart within,
For, oh ! there was a shooting in her chin.

And lo ! upon her sad desponding brow,
The cruel trenches of besieging age,
With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show
Her place was booking for the seventh stage ;
And where her raven tresses used to flow,
Some locks that Time had left her in his rage,
And some mock ringlets, made her forehead shady,
A compound (like our Psalms) of Tête and Braidy.

Then for her shape—alas ! how Saturn wrecks,
And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,
Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest necks,
Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout,
Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex :
Witness those pensioners call'd In and Out,
Who all day watching first and second rater,
Quaintly unbend themselves—but grow no straighter.

So Time with fair Bianca dealt, and made
Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow ;
His iron hand upon her spine he laid,
And twisted all awry her "winsome marrow."
In truth it was a change !—she had obey'd
The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow,
But spectacles and palsy seem'd to make her
Something between a Glassite and a Quaker.

Her grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme,
And she had ample reason for her trouble ;
For what sad maiden can endure to seem
Set in for singleness, though growing double ?

The fancy madden'd her ; but now the dream,
Grown thin by getting bigger, like a bubble,
Burst,—but still left some fragments of its size,
That, like the soapsuds, smarted in her eyes.

And here—just here—as she began to heed
The real world, her clock chimed out its score ;
A clock it was of the Venetian breed,
That cried the hour from one to twenty-four ;
The works moreover standing in some need
Of workmanship, it struck some dozen more ;
A warning voice that clench'd Bianca's fears,
Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

At fifteen chimes she was but half a nun,
By twenty she had quite renounced the veil ;
She thought of Julio just at twenty-one,
And thirty made her very sad and pale,
To paint that ruin where her charms would run ;
At forty all the maid began to fail,
And thought no higher, as the late dream cross'd her,
Of single blessedness, than single Gloster.

And so Bianca changed ;—the next sweet even,
With Julio in a black Venetian bark,
Row'd slow and stealthily—the hour, eleven,
Just sounding from the tower of old St. Mark ;
She sate with eyes turn'd quietly to heav'n,
Perchance rejoicing in the grateful dark
That veil'd her blushing cheek,—for Julio brought her,
Of course, to break the ice upon the water.

But what a puzzle is one's serious mind
To open ;—oysters, when the ice is thick,
Are not so difficult and disinclined ;
And Julio felt the declaration stick
About his throat in a most awful kind ;
However, he contrived by bits to pick
His trouble forth,—much like a rotten cork
Groped from a long-neck'd bottle with a fork.

But love is still the quickest of all readers ;
And Julio spent besides those signs profuse,
That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders,
In help of language, are so apt to use :—
Arms, shoulders, fingers, all were interceders,
Nods, shrugs, and bends,—Bianca could not choose
But soften to his suit with more facility,
He told his story with so much agility.

"Be thou my park, and I will be thy dear,"
(So he began at last to speak or quote ;)
"Be thou my bark, and I thy gondolier,"
(For passion takes this figurative note ;)
"Be thou my light, and I thy chandelier ;
Be thou my dove, and I will be thy cote ;
My lily be, and I will be thy river ;
Be thou my life—and I will be thy liver."

This, with more tender logic of the kind,
He pour'd into her small and shell-like ear,
That timidly against his lips inclined ;
Meanwhile her eyes glanced on the silver sphere

That even now began to steal behind
A dewy vapour, which was lingering near,
Wherein the dull moon crept all dim and pale,
Just like a virgin putting on the veil :—

Bidding adieu to all her sparks—the stars,
That erst had woo'd and worshipp'd in her train,
Saturn and Hesperus, and gallant Mars—
Never to flirt with heavenly eyes again.
Meanwhile, remindful of the convent bars,
Bianca did not watch these signs in vain,
But turn'd to Julio at the dark eclipse,
With words, like verbal kisses, on her lips.

He took the hint full speedily, and back'd
By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,
Bestow'd a something on her cheek that smack'd
(Though quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness ;
That made her think all other kisses lack'd
Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness :
Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
Insipid things—like sandwiches of veal.

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wring
The pretty fingers all instead of one ;
Anon his stealthy arm began to cling
About her waist that had been clasp'd by none ;
Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,
Since cold description would but be outrun ;
For bliss and Irish watches have the power,
In twenty minutes, to lose half an hour !

A TRUE STORY.

Of all our pains, since man was curst,
I mean of body, not the mental,
To name the worst, among the worst,
The dental sure is transcendental;
Some bit of masticating bone,
That ought to help to clear a shelf,
But lets its proper work alone,
And only seems to gnaw itself;
In fact, of any grave attack
On victuals there is little danger,
'Tis so like coming to the *rack*,
As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seem'd a fit retort
Of justice on his grinding ways—
Possess'd a grinder of the sort,
That troubled all his latter days.
The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago,
Save some old stumps with ragged root,
And they took turn about to shoot;
If he drank any chilly liquor,
They made it quite a point to throb;
But if he warm'd it on the hob,
Why then they only twitch'd the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
Had never kill'd him in his youth—
One tooth he had with many fangs,
That shot at once as many pangs,

It had an universal sting ;
One touch of that ecstatic stump
Could jerk his limbs, and make him jump
Just like a puppet on a string ;
And what was worse than all, it had
A way of making others bad.
There is, as many know, a knack,
With certain farming undertakers,
And this same tooth pursued their track,
By adding *achers* still to *achers !*

One way there is, that has been judged
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
To pay the fee, and quite begrudged
To lose his tooth and money both ;
In fact, a dentist and the wheel
Of Fortune are a kindred cast,
For after all is drawn, you feel
It's paying for a blank at last :
So Hunks went on from week to week,
And kept his torment in his cheek.
Oh ! how it sometimes set him rocking,
With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,
His moans and groans were truly shocking
And loud—although he held his jaw.
Many a tug he gave his gum,
And tooth, but still it would not come ;
Though tied by string to some firm thing,
He could not draw it, do his best
By draw'rs, although he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,
He join'd a score of mouths in waiting,

Like his, to have their troubles out.
Sad sight it was to look about
At twenty faces making faces,
With many a rampant trick and antic,
For all were very horrid cases,
And made their owners nearly frantic.
A little wicket now and then
Took one of these unhappy men,
And out again the victim rush'd,
While eyes and mouth together gush'd;
At last arrived our hero's turn,
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
And down he sat prepared to learn
How teeth are charm'd to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations
Alone can guess the sort of ache
When his old tooth began to break
The thread of old associations;
It touch'd a string in every part,
It had so many tender ties;
One chord seem'd wrenching at his heart,
And two were tugging at his eyes:
"Bone of his bone," he felt of course,
As husbands do in such divorce.
At last the fangs gave way a little,
Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
And lo! the cause of all this work
Went—where it used to send his victual!

The monstrous pain of this proceeding
Had not so numb'd his miser-wit,

But in this slip he saw a hit
To save, at least, his purse from bleeding ;
So when the dentist sought his fees,
Quoth Hunks, "Let's finish, if you please."—
"How, finish ! why it's out !"—"Oh ! no—
I'm none of your beforehand tippers,
'Tis you are out, to argue so ;
My tooth is in my head no doubt,
But as you say you pull'd it out,
Of course it's there—between your nippers."
"Zounds ! sir, d'ye think I'd sell the truth
To get a fee ? no, wretch, I scorn it."
But Hunks still ask'd to see the tooth,
And swore by gum ! he had not drawn it.
His end obtain'd, he took his leave,
A secret chuckle in his sleeve ;
The joke was worthy to produce one,
To think, by favour of his wit,
How well a dentist had been bit
By one old stump, and that a loose one !

The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth
Is still the frailest thing on earth :
Alas ! how often when a joke
Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,
There comes some unexpected stroke,
And hangs a weeper on the cuff !
Hunks had not whistled half a mile
When, planted right against the stile,
There stood his foeman, Mike Maloney,
A vagrant reaper, Irish-born,
That help'd to reap our miser's corn,
But had not help'd to reap his money,

A fact that Hunks remember'd quickly ;
His whistle all at once was quell'd,
And when he saw how Michael held
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,
But misers (let observers watch it)
Will never part with their delight
Till well demanded by a hatchet—
They live hard—and they die to match it.
Thus Hunks, prepared for Mike's attacking,
Resolved not yet to pay the debt,
But let him take it out in hacking.
However, Mike began to stickle
In word before he used the sickle ;
But mercy was not long attendant :
From words at last he took to blows
And aim'd a cut at Hunks's nose,
That made it what some folks are not—
A Member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
Might still have led, but for a tramper
That came in danger's very nick,
To put Maloney to the scamper.
But still compassion met a damper ;
There lay the sever'd nose, alas !
Beside the daisies on the grass,
" Wee, crimson-tipt " as well as they,
According to the poet's lay :
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter !
Away ran Hodge to get assistance,

With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,
But somewhat at unusual distance.

In many a little country place
It is a very common case
To have but one residing doctor,
Whose practice rather seems to be
No practice, but a rule of three,
Physician—surgeon—drug-decocter ;
Thus Hunks was forced to go once more
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
His mere name made the learnëd man hot,—
"What ! Hunks again within my door !
I'll pull his nose ;" quoth Hunks, "You cannot."

The doctor look'd and saw the case
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.
"O ! hum—ha—yes—I understand."
But then arose a long demur,
For not a finger would he stir
Till he was paid his fee in hand ;
That matter settled, there they were,
With Hunks well strapp'd upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job,
His tools, a chestful, or a drawerful,
Are always something very awful,
And give the heart the strangest throb ;
But never patient in his funks
Look'd half so like a ghost as Hunks,
Or surgeon half so like a devil
Prepared for some infernal revel :

His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
Just like a bolus in a box,
His fury seem'd above controlling,
He bellow'd like a hunted ox:
"Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee how
We treat such cheating knaves as thou;
Oh! sweet is this revenge to sup;
I have thee by the nose—it's now
My turn—and I will turn it up."

Guess how the miser liked the scurvy
And cruel way of venting passion;
The snubbing folks in this new fashion
Seem'd quite to turn him topsy turvy;
He utter'd prayers, and groans, and curses,
For things had often gone amiss
And wrong with him before, but this
Would be the worst of all *reverses!*
In fancy he beheld his snout
Turn'd upward like a pitcher's spout;
There was another grievance yet,
And fancy did not fail to show it,
That he must throw a summerset,
Or stand upon his head to blow it.
And was there then no argument
To change the doctor's vile intent,
And move his pity?—yes, in truth,
And that was—paying for the tooth.
"Zounds! pay for such a stump! I'd rather—"
But here the menace went no farther,
For with his other ways of pinching,
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,
A recollection strong enough

To cause a very serious flinching ;
In short, he paid and had the feature
Replaced as it was meant by nature ;
For though by this 'twas cold to handle,
(No corpse's could have felt more horrid,)
And white just like an end of candle,
The doctor deem'd and proved it too,
That noses from the nose will do
As well as noses from the forehead ;
So, fix'd by dint of rag and lint,
The part was bandaged up and muffled.
The chair unfasten'd, Hunks arose,
And shuffled out, for once unshuffled ;
And as he went these words he snuffled—
"Well, this *is* 'paying through the nose.'"

A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

—✦—

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."—Rogers.

Come, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little Oblivion's veil ;
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his tail.

Aye, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise!
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,
On a dimity lap of true nursery make!
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Through the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?
Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
"Heads or tails," with a child, an unpleasantish game!

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin indeed—
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight;
Why should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was need
Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday-night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?
Have you ever felt huckaback soften'd with sand?
Had you ever your nose towell'd up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
But how well I remember that "pepper-and-salt"
That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was kill'd by my stroke,
And extended *my* arms as "the arms that he wore!"

Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?
With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot?
Have you bow'd to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove,
Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am wither'd and worn by a premature care,
And wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

THERE'S some is born with their straight legs by natur—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal straighter,
But they were badly nursed,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
Astride of casks and kegs :
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
And starboard,
And this is what it was that warp'd my legs.—
'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip ;
But on the tenth of May,
When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hertfordshire, to join my ship,
I sees the mail
Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.
Well—I gives chase,
But as she run
Two knots to one,
There warn't no use in keeping on the race !

Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
Beats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable :
Well—there they stand, four kickers in a row,
And so

I just makes free to cut a brown 'un's cable.
But riding isn't in a seaman's natur—
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
To splice me, heel to heel,
Under the she-mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn!
My eyes! how she did pitch!
And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
Though I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
But always making lee-way to the ditch,
And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.
The devil sink the craft!
And wasn't she trimendous slack in stays!
We couldn't, no how, keep the inn abaft!
Well—I suppose
We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—
(What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!
There I am!—all a-back!
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
To heave her head round on the t'other tack;
But when I starts,
The leather parts,
And goes away right over by the ears!

What could a fellow do
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
But trim myself upright for bringing-to,
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,
In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I didn't like my burth though howsomdever,

Because the yarn, you see, kept getting tauter,—
Says I—I wish this job was rather shorter!

The chase had gain'd a mile
A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking:
Now, all the while
Her body didn't take of course to shrinking.
Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking—
And so she swell'd, and swell'd,
And yet the tackle held,
Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
And there's my timbers straining every bit,
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder?

Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
And can't contrive a signal of distress;
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Though sick of riding out—and nothing less;
When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn:—
"Hollo!" says I, "come underneath her quarter!"—
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own consarn,
A-standing by the water.
If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!—
And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd!

[The following appeared in the "Literary Gazette."]

ELEGY ON DAVID LAING, ESQ.*

BLACKSMITH AND JOINER (WITHOUT LICENSE) AT GRETNA GREEN.

—✦—

Ah me! what causes such complaining breath,
Such female moans, and flooding tears to flow?
It is to chide with stern, remorseless Death,
For laying Laing low!
From Prospect House there comes a sound of woe—
A shrill and persevering loud lament,
Echoed by Mrs. J.'s Establishment
"For Six Young Ladies,
In a retired and healthy part of Kent."
All weeping, Mr. L—— gone down to Hades!
Thoughtful of grates, and convents, and the veil!
Surrey takes up the tale,
And all the nineteen scholars of Miss Jones
With the two parlour-boarders and th' apprentice—
So universal this mis-timed event is—
Are joining sobs and groans!
The shock confounds all hymeneal planners
And drives the sweetest from their sweet behaviours:
The girls at Manor House forget their manners,
And utter sighs like paviours!
Down—down through Devon and the distant shires
Travels the news of Death's remorseless crime;
And in all hearts, at once, all hope expires
Of *matches* against time!

* On the 3rd inst., died in Springfield, near Gretna Green, David Laing, aged seventy-two, who had for thirty-five years officiated as high-priest at Gretna Green. He caught cold on his way to Lancaster, to give evidence on the trial of the Wakefields, from the effects of which he never recovered. —*Newspapers, July*, 1827. See "Ode to Gibbon Wakefield," p. 443.

Along the northern route
The road is water'd by postilions' eyes ;
The topboot paces pensively about,
And yellow jackets are all strained with sighs ;
There is a sound of grieving at the Ship,
And sorry hands are wringing at the Bell,
In aid of David's knell.
The postboy's heart is cracking—not his whip—
To gaze upon those useless empty collars
His way-worn horses seem so glad to slip—
And think upon the dollars
That used to urge his gallop—quicker ! quicker !
All hope is fled,
For Laing is dead—
Vicar of Wakefield—Edward Gibbon's vicar !
The barristers shed tears
Enough to feed a snipe (snipes live on suction),
To think in after years
No suits will come of Gretna Green abduction,
Nor knaves inveigle
Young heiresses in marriage scrapes or legal.
The dull reporters
Look truly sad and seriously solemn
To lose the future column
On Hymen-Smithy and its fond resorters !
But grave Miss Daulby and the teaching brood
Rejoice at quenching the clandestine flambeau—
That never real beau of flesh and blood
Will henceforth lure young ladies from their *Chambaud*.

Sleep—David Laing—sleep
In peace, though angry governesses spurn thee !

Over thy grave a thousand maidens weep,
And honest postboys mourn thee!
Sleep, David!—safely and serenely sleep,
Be-wept of many a learnëd legal eye!
To see the mould above thee in a heap
Drowns many a lid that heretofore was dry!—
Especially of those that, plunging deep
In love, would "ride and tie!"—
Had I command, thou shouldst have gone thy ways
In chaise and pair—and lain in Père-la-Chaise!

[The next, a Sonnet, appeared in the "Literary Souvenir" in 1827. My father's high estimate of "Immortal Will's" writing will be seen from an Essay in the "New Monthly" for 1842, and "The Plea of the Fairies."]

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF SHAKSPEARE.

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!
Hues of all flow'rs, that in their ashes lie,
Trophied in that fair light whereon they fed,—
Tulip, and hyacinth, and sweet rose red,—
Like exhalations from the leafy mould,
Look here how honour glorifies the dead,
And warms their scutcheons with a glance of gold!—
Such is the memory of poets old,
Who on Parnassus-hill have bloom'd elate;
Now they are laid under their marbles cold,
And turn'd to clay, whereof they were create;
But god Apollo hath them all enroll'd,
And blazon'd on the very clouds of Fate!

[The following Poem also appeared in the "Literary Souvenir" for this year, together with the Ballad which comes after it.]

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Oh, when I was a tiny boy,
My days and nights were full of joy,
  My mates were blithe and kind!—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
  To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
  A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
  And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
  With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
  And harness'd to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
  My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
  Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
My flights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro;—
My archery is all unlearn'd,
And grief against myself has turn'd
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship 's an endless task,
My head 's ne'er out of school:
My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh:—
On this I will not dwell and hang,—
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the playground tree!
All things I loved are alter'd so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh for the garb that mark'd the boy,
The trousers made of corduroy,
  Well ink'd with black and red ;
The crownless hat, ne'er deem'd an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
  Repose upon my head !

Oh for the riband round the neck !
The careless dogs'-ears apt to deck
  My book and collar both !
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
  A boy of larger growth ?

Oh for that small, small beer anew !
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
  That wash'd my sweet meals down ;
The master even !—and that small Turk
That fagg'd me !—worse is now my work—
  A fag for all the town !

Oh for the lessons learn'd by heart !
Ay, though the very birch's smart
  Should mark those hours again ;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resign'd
Beneath the stroke, and even find
  Some sugar in the cane !

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed !
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
  By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun !
The angel form that always walk'd
In all my dreams, and look'd and talk'd
  Exactly like Miss Brown !

The *omne bene*—Christmas come !
The prize of merit, won for home—
Merit had prizes then !
But now I write for days and days,
For fame—a deal of empty praise,
Without the silver pen !

Then "home, sweet home !" the crowded coach—
The joyous shout—the loud approach—
The winding horns like rams' !
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
The sweetmeats, almost sweeter still,
No 'satis' to the 'jams !'—

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind !
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind !

BALLAD.

It was not in the Winter
Our loving lot was cast ;
It was the Time of Roses,—
We pluck'd them as we pass'd !

That churlish season never frown'd
On early lovers yet :—
Oh, no—the world was newly crown'd
With flowers when first we met !

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast;
It was the Time of Roses,—
We pluck'd them as we pass'd.—

What else could peer thy glowing cheek,
That tears began to stud?
And when I ask'd the like of Love,
You snatch'd a damask bud;

And oped it to the dainty core,
Still glowing to the last.—
It was the Time of Roses,
We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

[This Poem is also from the "Literary Souvenir." Tom Woodgate, of Hastings, was no ideal personage, but a regular old salt, with whom my father, ever passionately fond of the sea, had spent many a pleasant hour on the waters.]

STANZAS TO TOM WOODGATE,

OF HASTINGS.

—♦—

Tom;—are you still within this land
Of livers—still on Hastings' sand,
Or roaming on the waves?
Or has some billow o'er you rolled,
Jealous that earth should lap so bold
A seaman in her graves?

On land the rushlight lives of men
Go out but slowly; nine in ten,

By tedious long decline—
Not so the jolly sailor sinks,
Who founders in the wave, and drinks
The apoplectic brine!

Ay, while I write, mayhap your head
Is sleeping on an oyster-bed—
I hope 'tis far from truth!—
With periwinkle eyes;—your bone
Beset with mussels, not your own,
And corals at your tooth!

Still does the Chance pursue the chance
The main affords—the Aidant dance
In safety on the tide?
Still flies that sign of my good-will*
A little *bunting* thing—but still
To thee a flag of pride?

Does that hard, honest hand now clasp
The tiller in its careful grasp—
With every summer breeze
When ladies sail, in lady-fear—
Or, tug the oar, a gondolier
On smooth Macadam seas?

Or are you where the flounders keep,
Some dozen briny fathoms deep,
Where sand and shells abound—
With some old Triton on your chest,
And twelve grave mermen for a 'quest,
To find that you are—drown'd?

* My father made Woodgate a present, in the shape of a small flag.

Swift is the wave, and apt to bring
A sudden doom—perchance I sing
A mere funereal strain ;
You have endured the utter strife—
And are—the same in death or life—
A good man 'in the main' !

Oh, no—I hope the old brown eye
Still watches ebb, and flood, and sky ;
That still the brown old shoes
Are sucking brine up—pumps indeed !—
Your tooth still full of ocean weed,
Or Indian—which you choose.

I like you, Tom ! and in these lays
Give honest worth its honest praise,
No puff at honour's cost ;
For though you met these words of mine,
All letter-learning was a line
You, somehow, never cross'd !

Mayhap we ne'er shall meet again,
Except on that Pacific main,
Beyond this planet's brink ;
Yet, as we erst have braved the weather,
Still may we float awhile together,
As comrades on this ink !

Many a scudding gale we've had
Together, and, my gallant lad,
Some perils we have pass'd ;
When huge and black the wave career'd,
And oft the giant surge appear'd
The master of our mast ;—

'Twas thy example taught me how
To climb the billow's hoary brow,
Or cleave the raging heap—
To bound along the ocean wild,
With danger—only as a child
The waters rock'd to sleep.

Oh, who can tell that brave delight,
To see the hissing wave in might
Come rampant like a snake!
To leap his horrid crest, and feast
One's eyes upon the briny beast,
Left couchant in the wake!

The simple shepherd's love is still
To bask upon a sunny hill,
The herdsman roams the vale—
With both their fancies I agree;
Be mine the swelling, scooping sea,
That is both hill and dale!

I yearn for that brisk spray—I yearn
To feel the wave from stem to stern
Uplift the plunging keel;
That merry step we used to dance
On board the Aidant or the Chance,
The ocean "toe and heel."

I long to feel the steady gale
That fills the broad distended sail—
The seas on either hand!
My thought, like any hollow shell,
Keeps mocking at my ear the swell
Of waves against the land.

It is no fable—that old strain
Of syrens!—so the witching main
  Is singing—and I sigh!
My heart is all at once inclined
To seaward—and I seem to find
  The waters in my eye!

Methinks I see the shining beach;
The merry waves, each after each,
  Rebounding o'er the flints;
I spy the grim preventive spy!
The jolly boatmen standing nigh!
  The maids in morning chintz!

And there they float—the sailing craft!
The sail is up—the wind abaft—
  The ballast trim and neat.
Alas! 'tis all a dream—a lie!
A printer's imp is standing by,
  To haul my mizen sheet!

My tiller dwindles to a pen—
My craft is that of bookish men—
  My sail—let Longman tell!
Adieu, the wave, the wind, the spray!
Men—maidens—chintzes—fade away!
  Tom Woodgate, fare thee well!

[This appears in "Friendship's Offering" for 1827, as also do the poem entitled "Flowers," and the Ballad which follows it.]

TIME, HOPE, AND MEMORY.

I HEARD a gentle maiden, in the spring,
Set her sweet sighs to music, and thus sing:
"Fly through the world, and I will follow thee,
Only for looks that may turn back on me;

"Only for roses that your chance may throw—
Though wither'd—I will wear them on my brow,
To be a thoughtful fragrance to my brain,—
Warm'd with such love, that they will bloom again.

"Thy love before thee, I must tread behind,
Kissing thy foot-prints, though to me unkind;
But trust not all her fondness, though it seem,
Lest thy true love should rest on a false dream.

"Her face is smiling, and her voice is sweet;
But smiles betray, and music sings deceit;
And words speak false;—yet, if they welcome prove,
I'll be their echo, and repeat their love.

"Only if waken'd to sad truth, at last,
The bitterness to come, and sweetness past;
When thou art vext, then turn again, and see
Thou hast loved Hope, but Memory loved thee."

FLOWERS.

I WILL not have the mad Clytie
Whose head is turn'd by the sun ;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun ;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun ;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand ;
The wolfsbane I should dread ;
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead ;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree ;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betroth'd to the bee ;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

BALLAD.

She's up and gone, the graceless girl,
And robb'd my failing years!
My blood before was thin and cold
But now 'tis turn'd to tears;—
My shadow falls upon my grave,
So near the brink I stand,
She might have stay'd a little yet,
And led me by the hand!

Aye, call her on the barren moor,
And call her on the hill:
'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,
And plover's answer shrill;
My child is flown on wilder wings
Than they have ever spread,
And I may even walk a waste
That widen'd when she fled.

Full many a thankless child has been,
But never one like mine;
Her meat was served on plates of gold,
Her drink was rosy wine;
But now she'll share the robin's food,
And sup the common rill,
Before her feet will turn again
To meet her father's will!

[This Poem appears in the "Forget-Me-Not."]

RUTH.

—✦—

She stood breast high amid the corn
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright,

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

[In this year my father published the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," not a very successful venture at the time. Most of the minor pieces contained in it had appeared before. It was ushered in by the following dedication.]

TO CHARLES LAMB.

My dear Friend,

I thank my literary fortune that I am not reduced, like many better wits, to barter dedications, for the hope or promise of patronage, with some nominally great man; but that where true affection points, and honest respect, I am free to gratify my head and heart by a sincere inscription. An intimacy and dearness, worthy of a much earlier date than our acquaintance can refer to, direct me at once to your name: and with this acknowledgment of your ever kind feeling towards me, I desire to record a respect and admiration for you as a writer, which no one acquainted with our literature, save Elia himself, will think disproportionate or misplaced. If I had not these better reasons to govern me, I should be guided to the same selection by your intense yet critical relish for the works of our great Dramatist, and for that favourite play in particular which has furnished the subject of my verses.

It is my design, in the following Poem, to celebrate by an allegory, that immortality which Shakspeare has conferred on the Fairy mythology by his "Midsummer Night's Dream." But for him, those pretty children of our childhood would leave barely their names to our maturer years; they belong, as the mites upon the plum, to the bloom of fancy, a thing generally too frail and beautiful to withstand the rude handling of Time: but the Poet has made this most perishable part of the mind's creation equal to the most enduring; he has so intertwined the Elfins with human sympathies, and linked them by so many delightful associations with the productions of nature, that they are as real to the mind's eye, as their green magical circles to the outer sense.

It would have been a pity for such a race to go extinct, even though they were but as the butterflies that hover about the leaves and blossoms of the visible world.

I am, my dear Friend,

Yours most truly,

T. Hood.

THE PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

'Twas in that mellow season of the year
When the hot sun singes the yellow leaves
Till they be gold,—and with a broader sphere
The Moon looks down on Ceres and her sheaves ;
When more abundantly the spider weaves,
And the cold wind breathes from a chillier clime ;—
That forth I fared, on one of those still eves,
Touch'd with the dewy sadness of the time,
To think how the bright months had spent their prime,

So that, wherever I address'd my way,
I seem'd to track the melancholy feet
Of him that is the Father of Decay,
And spoils at once the sour weed and the sweet ;—
Wherefore regretfully I made retreat
To some unwasted regions of my brain,
Charm'd with the light of summer and the heat,
And bade that bounteous season bloom again,
And sprout fresh flowers in mine own domain.

It was a shady and sequester'd scene,
Like those famed gardens of Boccaccio,
Planted with his own laurels ever green,
And roses that for endless summer blow ;
And there were fountain springs to overflow
Their marble basins,—and cool green arcades
Of tall o'erarching sycamores, to throw

Athwart the dappled path their dancing shades,—
With timid coneys cropping the green blades.

And there were crystal pools, peopled with fish,
Argent and gold ; and some of Tyrian skin,
Some crimson-barr'd ;—and ever at a wish
They rose obsequious till the wave grew thin
As glass upon their backs, and then dived in,
Quenching their ardent scales in watery gloom ;
Whilst others with fresh hues row'd forth to win
My changeable regard,—for so we doom
Things born of thought to vanish or to bloom.

And there were many birds of many dyes,
From tree to tree still faring to and fro,
And stately peacocks with their splendid eyes,
And gorgeous pheasants with their golden glow,
Like Iris just bedabbled in her bow,
Besides some vocalists without a name,
That oft on fairy errands come and go,
With accents magical ;—and all were tame,
And peckëd at my hand where'er I came.

And for my sylvan company, in lieu
Of Pampinea with her lively peers,
Sate Queen Titania with her pretty crew,
All in their liveries quaint, with elfin gears,
For she was gracious to my childish years,
And made me free of her enchanted round ;
Wherefore this dreamy scene she still endears,
And plants her court upon a verdant mound,
Fenced with umbrageous woods and groves profound.

"Ah me," she cries, "was ever moonlight seen
So clear and tender for our midnight trips?
Go some one forth, and with a trump convene
My lieges all!"—Away the goblin skips
A pace or two apart, and deftly strips
The ruddy skin from a sweet rose's cheek,
Then blows the shuddering leaf between his lips,
Making it utter forth a shrill small shriek,
Like a fray'd bird in the grey owlet's beak.

And lo! upon my fix'd delighted ken
Appear'd the loyal Fays.—Some by degrees
Crept from the primrose buds that open'd then,
And some from bell-shaped blossoms like the bees,
Some from the dewy meads, and rushy leas,
Flew up like chafers when the rustics pass;
Some from the rivers, others from tall trees
Dropp'd, like shed blossoms, silent to the grass,
Spirits and elfins small, of every class.

Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain;
And stealthy Mab, queen of old realms romantic,
Came too, from distance, in her tiny wain,
Fresh dripping from a cloud—some bloomy rain,
Then circling the bright Moon, had wash'd her car,
And still bedew'd it with a various stain:
Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,
Who bears all fairy embassies afar.

But Oberon, that night elsewhere exiled,
Was absent, whether some distemper'd spleen

Kept him and his fair mate unreconciled,
Or warfare with the Gnome (whose race had been
Sometime obnoxious), kept him from his queen,
And made her now peruse the starry skies
Prophetical, with such an absent mien ;
Howbeit, the tears stole often to her eyes,
And oft the Moon was incensed with her sighs—

Which made the elves sport drearily, and soon
Their hushing dances languish'd to a stand,
Like midnight leaves, when, as the Zephyrs swoon,
All on their drooping stems they sink unfann'd,—
So into silence droop'd the fairy band,
To see their empress dear so pale and still,
Crowding her softly round on either hand,
As pale as frosty snowdrops, and as chill,
To whom the sceptred dame reveals her ill.

" Alas," quoth she, " ye know our fairy lives
Are leased upon the fickle faith of men ;
Not measured out against Fate's mortal knives,
Like human gossamers,—we perish when
We fade and are forgot in worldly ken,—
Though poesy has thus prolong'd our date,
Thanks be to the sweet Bard's auspicious pen
That rescued us so long !—howbeit of late
I feel some dark misgivings of our fate.

" And this dull day my melancholy sleep
Hath been so thronged with images of woe,
That even now I cannot choose but weep
To think this was some sad prophetic show
Of future horror to befall us so,—

Of mortal wreck and uttermost distress,—
Yea, our poor empire's fall and overthrow,—
For this was my long vision's dreadful stress,
And when I waked my trouble was not less.

"Whenever to the clouds I tried to seek,
Such leaden weight dragg'd these Icarian wings,
My faithless wand was wavering and weak,
And slimy toads had trespass'd in our rings—
The birds refused to sing for me—all things
Disown'd their old allegiance to our spells;
The rude bees prick'd me with their rebel stings;
And, when I pass'd, the valley-lily's bells
Rang out, methought, most melancholy knells.

"And ever on the faint and flagging air
A doleful spirit with a dreary note
Cried in my fearful ear, 'Prepare! prepare!'
Which soon I knew came from a raven's throat,
Perch'd on a cypress-bough not far remote,—
A cursed bird, too crafty to be shot,
That alway cometh with his soot-black coat
To make hearts dreary:—for he is a blot
Upon the book of life, as well ye wot!—

"Wherefore some while I bribed him to be mute,
With bitter acorns stuffing his foul maw,
Which barely I appeased, when some fresh bruit
Startled me all aheap!—and soon I saw
The horridest shape that ever raised my awe,—
A monstrous giant, very huge and tall,
Such as in elder times, devoid of law,

With wicked might grieved the primeval ball,
And this was sure the deadliest of them all!

"Gaunt was he as a wolf of Languedoc,
With bloody jaws, and frost upon his crown;
So from his barren poll one hoary lock
Over his wrinkled front fell far adown,
Well nigh to where his frosty brows did frown
Like jaggëd icicles at cottage eaves;
And for his coronal he wore some brown
And bristled ears gather'd from Ceres' sheaves,
Entwined with certain sere and russet leaves.

"And lo! upon a mast rear'd far aloft,
He bore a very bright and crescent blade,
The which he waved so dreadfully, and oft,
In meditative spite, that, sore dismay'd,
I crept into an acorn-cup for shade;
Meanwhile the horrid effigy went by:
I trow his look was dreadful, for it made
The trembling birds betake them to the sky,
For every leaf was lifted by his sigh.

"And ever, as he sigh'd, his foggy breath
Blurr'd out the landscape like a flight of smoke:
Thence knew I this was either dreary Death
Or Time, who leads all creatures to his stroke.
Ah wretched me!"—Here, even as she spoke,
The melancholy Shape came gliding in,
And lean'd his back against an antique oak,
Folding his wings, that were so fine and thin,
They scarce were seen against the Dryad's skin.

Then what a fear seized all the little rout !
Look how a flock of panic'd sheep will stare—
And huddle close—and start—and wheel about,
Watching the roaming mongrel here and there,—
So did that sudden Apparition scare
All close aheap those small affrighted things ;
Nor sought they now the safety of the air,
As if some leaden spell withheld their wings ;
But who can fly that ancientest of Kings ?

Whom now the Queen, with a forestalling tear
And previous sigh, beginneth to entreat,
Bidding him spare, for love, her lieges dear :
" Alas ! " quoth she, " is there no nodding wheat
Ripe for thy crooked weapon, and more meet,—
Or wither'd leaves to ravish from the tree,—
Or crumbling battlements for thy defeat ?
Think but what vaunting monuments there be
Builded in spite and mockery of thee.

" O fret away the fabric walls of Fame,
And grind down marble Cæsars with the dust :
Make tombs inscriptionless—raze each high name,
And waste old armours of renown with rust :
Do all of this, and thy revenge is just :
Make such decays the trophies of thy prime,
And check Ambition's overweening lust,
That dares exterminating war with Time,—
But we are guiltless of that lofty crime.

" Frail feeble sprites !—the children of a dream !
Leased on the sufferance of fickle men,

Like motes dependent on the sunny beam,
Living but in the sun's indulgent ken,
And when that light withdraws, withdrawing then ;—
So do we flutter in the glance of youth
And fervid fancy,—and so perish when
The eye of faith grows agëd ;—in sad truth,
Feeling thy sway, O Time ! though not thy tooth !

"Where be those old divinities forlorn,
That dwelt in trees, or haunted in a stream ?
Alas ! their memories are dimm'd and torn,
Like the remainder tatters of a dream :
So will it fare with our poor thrones, I deem ;—
For us the same dark trench Oblivion delves,
That holds the wastes of every human scheme.
O spare us then,—and these our pretty elves.—
We soon, alas ! shall perish of ourselves !"

Now as she ended, with a sigh, to name
Those old Olympians, scatter'd by the whirl
Of Fortune's giddy wheel and brought to shame,
Methought a scornful and malignant curl
Show'd on the lips of that malicious churl,
To think what noble havocs he had made ;
So that I fear'd he all at once would hurl
The harmless fairies into endless shade,—
Howbeit he stopp'd awhile to whet his blade.

Pity it was to hear the elfins' wail
Rise up in concert from their mingled dread
Pity it was to see them, all so pale,
Gaze on the grass as for a dying bed ;—
But Puck was seated on a spider's thread,

That hung between two branches of a briar,
And 'gan to swing and gambol, heels o'er head,
Like any Southwark tumbler on a wire,
For him no present grief could long inspire.

Meanwhile the Queen with many piteous drops,
Falling like tiny sparks full fast and free,
Bedews a pathway from her throne ;—and stops
Before the foot of her arch enemy,
And with her little arms enfolds his knee,
That shows more grisly from that fair embrace ;
But she will ne'er depart. "Alas!" quoth she,
"My painful fingers I will here enlace
Till I have gain'd your pity for our race.

"What have we ever done to earn this grudge,
And hate—(if not too humble for thy hating ?)--
Look o'er our labours and our lives, and judge
If there be any ills of our creating ;
For we are very kindly creatures, dating
With nature's charities still sweet and bland :—
O think this murder worthy of debating!"
Herewith she makes a signal with her hand,
To beckon some one from the Fairy band.

Anon I saw one of those elfin things,
Clad all in white like any chorister,
Come fluttering forth on his melodious wings,
That made soft music at each little stir,
But something louder than a bee's demur
Before he lights upon a bunch of broom,
And thus 'gan he with Saturn to confer,—

And O his voice was sweet, touch'd with the gloom
Of that sad theme that argued of his doom!

Quoth he, "We make all melodies our care,
That no false discords may offend the Sun,
Music's great master—tuning everywhere
All pastoral sounds and melodies, each one
Duly to place and season, so that none
May harshly interfere. We rouse at morn
The shrill sweet lark; and when the day is done,
Hush silent pauses for the bird forlorn,
That singeth with her breast against a thorn.

"We gather in loud choirs the twittering race,
That make a chorus with their single note;
And tend on new-fledged birds in every place,
That duly they may get their tunes by rote;
And oft, like echoes, answering remote,
We hide in thickets from the feather'd throng,
And strain in rivalship each throbbing throat,
Singing in shrill responses all day long,
Whilst the glad truant listens to our song.

"Wherefore, great King of Years, as thou dost love
The raining music from a morning cloud,
When vanish'd larks are carolling above,
To wake Apollo with their pipings loud;—
If ever thou hast heard in leafy shroud
The sweet and plaintive Sappho of the dell,
Show thy sweet mercy on this little crowd,
And we will muffle up the sheepfold bell
Whene'er thou listenest to Philomel."

Then Saturn thus :—"Sweet is the merry lark,
That carols in man's ear so clear and strong ;
And youth must love to listen in the dark
That tuneful elegy of Tereus' wrong ;
But I have heard that ancient strain too long,
For sweet is sweet but when a little strange,
And I grow weary for some newer song ;
For wherefore had I wings, unless to range
Through all things mutable, from change to change

"But wouldst thou hear the melodies of Time,
Listen when sleep and drowsy darkness roll
Over hush'd cities, and the midnight chime
Sounds from their hundred clocks, and deep bells toll
Like a last knell over the dead world's soul,
Saying, 'Time shall be final of all things,
Whose late, last voice must elegise the whole,'—
O then I clap aloft my brave broad wings,
And make the wide air tremble while it rings !"

Then next a fair Eve-Fay made meek address,
Saying, "We be the handmaids of the Spring;
In sign whereof, May, the quaint broideress,
Hath wrought her samplers on our gauzy wing.
We tend upon buds' birth and blossoming,
And count the leafy tributes that they owe—
As, so much to the earth—so much to fling
In showers to the brook—so much to go
In whirlwinds to the clouds that made them grow.

"The pastoral cowslips are our little pets,
And daisy stars, whose firmament is green ;

Pansies, and those veil'd nuns, meek violets,
Sighing to that warm world from which they screen;
And golden daffodils, pluck'd for May's Queen;
And lonely harebells, quaking on the heath;
And Hyacinth, long since a fair youth seen,
Whose tuneful voice, turn'd fragrance in his breath,
Kiss'd by sad Zephyr, guilty of his death.

"The widow'd primrose weeping to the moon
And saffron crocus in whose chalice bright
A cool libation hoarded for the noon
Is kept—and she that purifies the light,
The virgin lily, faithful to her white,
Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame;
And the most dainty rose, Aurora's spright,
Our every godchild, by whatever name—
Spare us our lives, for we did nurse the same!"

Then that old Mower stamp'd his heel, and struck
His hurtful scythe against the harmless ground,
Saying, "Ye foolish imps, when am I stuck
With gaudy buds, or like a wooer crown'd
With flow'ry chaplets, save when they are found
Wither'd?—Whenever have I pluck'd a rose,
Except to scatter its vain leaves around?
For so all gloss of beauty I oppose,
And bring decay on every flow'r that blows.

"Or when am I so wroth as when I view
The wanton pride of Summer;—how she decks
The birthday world with blossoms ever-new,
As if Time had not lived, and heap'd great wrecks
Of years on years?—O then I bravely vex

And catch the gay Months in their gaudy plight,
And slay them with the wreaths about their necks,
Like foolish heifers in the holy rite,
And raise great trophies to my ancient might."

Then saith another, "We are kindly things,
And like her offspring nestle with the dove,—
Witness these hearts embroider'd on our wings,
To show our constant patronage of love :—
We sit at even, in sweet bow'rs above
Lovers, and shake rich odours on the air,
To mingle with their sighs ; and still remove
The startling owl, and bid the bat forbear
Their privacy, and haunt some other where.

"And we are near the mother when she sits
Beside her infant in its wicker bed ;
And we are in the fairy scene that flits
Across its tender brain: sweet dreams we shed,
And whilst the little merry soul is fled
Away, to sport with our young elves, the while
We touch the dimpled cheek with roses red,
And tickle the soft lips until they smile,
So that their careful parents they beguile.

"O then, if ever thou hast breathed a vow
At Love's dear portal, or at pale moon-rise
Crush'd the dear curl on a regardful brow,
That did not frown thee from thy honey prize—
If ever thy sweet son sat on thy thighs,
And wooed thee from thy careful thoughts within
To watch the harmless beauty of his eyes,

Or glad thy fingers on his smooth soft skin,
For Love's dear sake, let us thy pity win!"

Then Saturn fiercely thus:—"What joy have I
In tender babes, that have devour'd mine own,
Whenever to the light I heard them cry,
Till foolish Rhea cheated me with stone?
Whereon, till now, is my great hunger shown,
In monstrous dint of my enormous tooth;
And—but the peopled world is too full grown
For hunger's edge—I would consume all youth
At one great meal, without delay or ruth!

"For I am well nigh crazed and wild to hear
How boastful fathers taunt me with their breed,
Saying, 'We shall not die nor disappear,
But, in these other selves, ourselves succeed
Ev'n as ripe flowers pass into their seed
Only to be renew'd from prime to prime,'
All of which boastings I am forced to read,
Besides a thousand challenges to Time,
Which bragging lovers have compiled in rhyme.

"Wherefore, when they are sweetly met o' nights,
There will I steal and with my hurried hand
Startle them suddenly from their delights
Before the next encounter hath been plann'd,
Ravishing hours in little minutes spann'd;
But when they say farewell, and grieve apart,
Then like a leaden statue I will stand,
Meanwhile their many tears encrust my dart,
And with a ragged edge cut heart from heart."

Then next a merry Woodsman, clad in green,
Stept vanward from his mates, that idly stood
Each at his proper ease, as they had been
Nursed in the liberty of old Shérwood,
And wore the livery of Robin Hood,
Who wont in forest shades to dine and sup,—
So came this chief right frankly, and made good
His haunch against his axe, and thus spoke up,
Doffing his cap, which was an acorn's cup :—

"We be small foresters and gay, who tend
On trees, and all their furniture of green,
Training the young boughs airily to bend,
And show blue snatches of the sky between ;—
Or knit more close intricacies, to screen
Birds' crafty dwellings, as may hide them best,
But most the timid blackbird's—she that, seen,
Will bear black poisonous berries to her nest,
Lest man should cage the darlings of her breast.

"We bend each tree in proper attitude,
And founting willows train in silvery falls ;
We frame all shady roofs and arches rude,
And verdant aisles leading to Dryads' halls,
Or deep recesses where the Echo calls ;—
We shape all plumy trees against the sky,
And carve tall elms' Corinthian capitals,—
When sometimes, as our tiny hatchets ply,
Men say, the tapping woodpecker is nigh.

"Sometimes we scoop the squirrel's hollow cell,
And sometimes carve quaint letters on trees' rind,

That haply some lone musing wight may spell
Dainty Aminta,—Gentle Rosalind,—
Or chastest Laura,—sweetly call'd to mind
In sylvan solitudes, ere he lies down ;—
And sometimes we enrich grey stems with twined
And vagrant ivy,—or rich moss, whose brown
Burns into gold as the warm sun goes down.

"And, lastly, for mirth's sake and Christmas cheer,
We bear the seedling berries, for increase,
To graft the Druid oaks, from year to year,
Careful that mistletoe may never cease ;—
Wherefore, if thou dost prize the shady peace
Of sombre forests, or to see light break
Through sylvan cloisters, and in spring release
Thy spirit amongst leaves from careful ake,
Spare us our lives for the Green Dryad's sake."

Then Saturn, with a frown :—"Go forth, and fell
Oak for your coffins, and thenceforth lay by
Your axes for the rust, and bid farewell
To all sweet birds, and the blue peeps of sky
Through tangled branches, for ye shall not spy
The next green generation of the tree ;
But hence with the dead leaves, whene'er they fly,—
Which in the bleak air I would rather see,
Than flights of the most tuneful birds that be.

"For I dislike all prime, and verdant pets,
Ivy except, that on the aged wall
Preys with its worm-like roots, and daily frets
The crumbled tower it seems to league withal,
King-like, worn down by its own coronal :—

Neither in forest haunts love I to won,
Before the golden plumage 'gins to fall,
And leaves the brown bleak limbs with few leaves on,
Or bare—like Nature in her skeleton.

"For then sit I amongst the crooked boughs,
Wooing dull Memory with kindred sighs;
And there in rustling nuptials we espouse,
Smit by the sadness in each other's eyes;—
But Hope must have green bowers and blue skies,
And must be courted with the gauds of Spring;
Whilst Youth leans god-like on her lap, and cries,
'What shall we always do, but love and sing?'—
And Time is reckon'd a discarded thing."

Here in my dream it made me fret to see
How Puck, the antic, all this dreary while
Had blithely jested with calamity,
With mis-timed mirth mocking the doleful style
Of his sad comrades, till it raised my bile
To see him so reflect their grief aside,
Turning their solemn looks to half a smile—
Like a straight stick shown crooked in the tide;—
But soon a novel advocate I spied.

Quoth he—"We teach all natures to fulfil
Their fore-appointed crafts, and instincts meet,—
The bee's sweet alchemy,—the spider's skill,—
The pismire's care to garner up his wheat,—
And rustic masonry to swallows fleet,—
The lapwing's cunning to preserve her nest,—
But most, that lesser pelican, the sweet

And shrilly ruddock, with its bleeding breast,
Its tender pity of poor babes distrest.

"Sometimes we cast our shapes, and in sleek skins
Delve with the timid mole, that aptly delves
From our example ; so the spider spins,
And eke the silk-worm, pattern'd by ourselves :
Sometimes we travail on the summer shelves
Of early bees, and busy toils commence,
Watch'd of wise men, that know not we are elves,
But gaze and marvel at our stretch of sense,
And praise our human-like intelligence.

"Wherefore, by thy delight in that old tale,
And plaintive dirges the late robins sing,
What time the leaves are scatter'd by the gale,
Mindful of that old forest burying ;—
As thou dost love to watch each tiny thing,
For whom our craft most curiously contrives,
If thou hast caught a bee upon the wing,
To take his honey-bag,—spare us our lives,
And we will pay the ransom in full hives."

"Now by my glass," quoth Time, "ye do offend
In teaching the brown bees that careful lore,
And frugal ants, whose millions would have end,
But they lay up for need a timely store,
And travail with the seasons evermore ;
Whereas Great Mammoth long hath pass'd away,
And none but I can tell what hide he wore ;
Whilst purblind men, the creatures of a day,
In riddling wonder his great bones survey."

Then came an elf, right beauteous to behold,
Whose coat was like a brooklet that the sun
Hath all embroider'd with its crooked gold,
It was so quaintly wrought and overrun
With spangled traceries,—most meet for one
That was a warden of the pearly streams ;—
And as he stept out of the shadows dun,
His jewels sparkled in the pale moon's gleams,
And shot into the air their pointed beams.

Quoth he,—" We bear the gold and silver keys
Of bubbling springs and fountains, that below
Course thro' the veiny earth,—which when they freeze
Into hard crysolites, we bid to flow,
Creeping like subtle snakes, when, as they go,
We guide their windings to melodious falls,
At whose soft murmurings, so sweet and low,
Poets have tuned their smoothest madrigals,
To sing to ladies in their banquet-halls.

" And when the hot sun with his steadfast heat
Parches the river god,—whose dusty urn
Drips miserly, till soon his crystal feet
Against his pebbly floor wax faint and burn,
And languid fish, unpoised, grow sick and yearn,—
Then scoop we hollows in some sandy nook,
And little channels dig, wherein we turn
The thread-worn rivulet, that all forsook
The Naiad-lily, pining for her brook.

" Wherefore, by thy delight in cool green meads,
With living sapphires daintily inlaid,—

In all soft songs of waters and their reeds,—
And all reflections in a streamlet made,
Haply of thy own love, that, disarray'd,
Kills the fair lily with a livelier white,—
By silver trouts upspringing from green shade,
And winking stars reduplicate at night,
Spare us, poor ministers to such delight."

Howbeit his pleading and his gentle looks
Moved not the spiteful Shade :—Quoth he," Your taste
Shoots wide of mine, for I despise the brooks
And slavish rivulets that run to waste
In noontide sweats, or, like poor vassals, haste
To swell the vast dominion of the sea,
In whose great presence I am held disgraced,
And neighbour'd with a king that rivals me
In ancient might and hoary majesty.

" Whereas I ruled in Chaos, and still keep
The awful secrets of that ancient dearth,
Before the briny fountains of the deep
Brimm'd up the hollow cavities of earth ;—
I saw each trickling Sea-God at his birth,
Each pearly Naiad with her oozy locks,
And infant Titans of enormous girth,
Whose huge young feet yet stumbled on the rocks,
Stunning the early world with frequent shocks.

" Where now is Titan, with his cumbrous brood,
That scared the world ?—By this sharp scythe they fell,
And half the sky was curdled with their blood :
So have all primal giants sigh'd farewell.
No wardens now by sedgy fountains dwell,

Nor pearly Naiads. All their days are done
That strove with Time, untimely, to excel ;
Wherefore I razed their progenies, and none
But my great shadow intercepts the sun ! "

Then saith the timid Fay—" Oh, mighty Time !
Well hast thou wrought the cruel Titans' fall,
For they were stain'd with many a bloody crime :
Great giants work great wrongs,—but we are small,
For love goes lowly ;—but Oppression 's tall,
And with surpassing strides goes foremost still
Where love indeed can hardly reach at all ;
Like a poor dwarf o'erburthen'd with good will,
That labours to efface the tracks of ill.—

" Man even strives with Man, but we eschew
The guilty feud, and all fierce strifes abhor ;
Nay, we are gentle as the sweet heaven's dew,
Beside the red and horrid drops of war,
Weeping the cruel hates men battle for,
Which worldly bosoms nourish in our spite :
For in the gentle breast we ne'er withdraw,
But only when all love hath taken flight,
And youth's warm gracious heart is harden'd quite.

" So are our gentle natures intertwined
With sweet humanities, and closely knit
In kindly sympathy with human kind.
Witness how we befriend, with elfin wit,
All hopeless maids and lovers,—nor omit
Magical succours unto hearts forlorn :—
We charm man's life, and do not perish it ;—

So judge us by the helps we showed this morn,
To one who held his wretched days in scorn.

"'Twas nigh sweet Amwell ;—for the Queen had task'd
Our skill to-day amidst the silver Lea,
Whereon the noontide sun had not yet bask'd ;
Wherefore some patient man we thought to see,
Planted in moss-grown rushes to the knee,
Beside the cloudy margin cold and dim ;—
Howbeit no patient fisherman was he
That cast his sudden shadow from the brim,
Making us leave our toils to gaze on him.

"His face was ashy pale, and leaden care
Had sunk the levell'd arches of his brow,
Once bridges, for his joyous thoughts to fare
Over those melancholy springs and slow,
That from his piteous eyes began to flow,
And fell anon into the chilly stream ;
Which, as his mimick'd image show'd below,
Wrinkled his face with many a needless seam,
Making grief sadder in its own esteem.

"And lo ! upon the air we saw him stretch
His passionate arms ; and, in a wayward strain,
He 'gan to elegize that fellow wretch
That with mute gestures answer'd him again,
Saying, 'Poor slave, how long wilt thou remain
Life's sad weak captive in a prison strong,
Hoping with tears to rust away thy chain,
In bitter servitude to worldly wrong ?—
Thou wear'st that mortal livery too long !'

"This, with more spleenful speeches and some tears,
When he had spent upon the imaged wave,
Speedily I convened my elfin peers
Under the lily-cups, that we might save
This woeful mortal from a wilful grave
By shrewd diversions of his mind's regret,
Seeing he was mere Melancholy's slave,
That sank wherever a dark cloud he met,
And straight was tangled in her secret net.

"Therefore, as still he watch'd the water's flow,
Daintily we transform'd, and with bright fins
Came glancing through the gloom; some from below
Rose like dim fancies when a dream begins,
Snatching the light upon their purple skins;
Then under the broad leaves made slow retire:
One like a golden galley bravely wins
Its radiant course,—another glows like fire,—
Making that wayward man our pranks admire.

"And so he banish'd thought, and quite forgot
All contemplation of that wretched face;
And so we wiled him from that lonely spot
Along the river's brink; till, by heaven's grace,
He met a gentle haunter of the place,
Full of sweet wisdom gather'd from the brooks,
Who there discuss'd his melancholy case
With wholesome texts learn'd from kind nature's books,
Meanwhile he newly trimm'd his lines and hooks."

Herewith the Fairy ceased. Quoth Ariel now—
"Let me remember how I saved a man,

Whose fatal noose was fasten'd on a bough,
Intended to abridge his sad life's span ;
For haply I was by when he began
His stern soliloquy in life's dispraise,
And overheard his melancholy plan,
How he had made a vow to end his days,
And therefore follow'd him in all his ways,

"Through brake and tangled copse, for much he loathed
All populous haunts, and roam'd in forests rude,
To hide himself from man. But I had clothed
My delicate limbs with plumes, and still pursued,
Where only foxes and wild cats intrude,
Till we were come beside an ancient tree
Late blasted by a storm. Here he renew'd
His loud complaints,—choosing that spot to be
The scene of his last horrid tragedy.

"It was a wild and melancholy glen,
Made gloomy by tall firs and cypress dark,
Whose roots, like any bones of buried men,
Push'd through the rotten sod for fear's remark ;
A hundred horrid stems, jagged and stark,
Wrestled with crooked arms in hideous fray,
Besides sleek ashes with their dappled bark,
Like crafty serpents climbing for a prey,
With many blasted oaks moss-grown and grey.

"But here upon his final desperate clause
Suddenly I pronounced so sweet a strain,
Like a pang'd nightingale, it made him pause,
Till half the frenzy of his grief was slain,
The sad remainder oozing from his brain

In timely ecstasies of healing tears,
Which through his ardent eyes began to drain ;—
Meanwhile the deadly Fates unclosed their shears :—
So pity me and all my fated peers ! "

Thus Ariel ended, and was some time hush'd :
When with the hoary shape a fresh tongue pleads,
And red as rose the gentle Fairy blush'd
To read the records of her own good deeds :—
" It chanced," quoth she, " in seeking through the meads
For honied cowslips, sweetest in the morn,
Whilst yet the buds were hung with dewy beads,
And Echo answer'd to the huntsman's horn,
We found a babe left in the swarths forlorn.

" A little, sorrowful, deserted thing,
Begot of love, and yet no love begetting ;
Guiltless of shame, and yet for shame to wring ;
And too soon banish'd from a mother's petting,
To churlish nurture and the wide world's fretting,
For alien pity and unnatural care ;—
Alas ! to see how the cold dew kept wetting
His childish coats, and dabbled all his hair,
Like gossamers across his forehead fair.

" His pretty pouting mouth, witless of speech,
Lay half-way open like a rose-lipp'd shell ;
And his young cheek was softer than a peach,
Whereon his tears, for roundness, could not dwell,
But quickly roll'd themselves to pearls, and fell,
Some on the grass, and some against his hand,
Or haply wander'd to the dimpled well,

Which love beside his mouth had sweetly plann'd,
Yet not for tears, but mirth and smilings bland.

"Pity it was to see those frequent tears
Falling regardless from his friendless eyes;
There was such beauty in those twin blue spheres,
As any mother's heart might leap to prize;
Blue were they, like the zenith of the skies
Soften'd betwixt two clouds, both clear and mild;—
Just touch'd with thought, and yet not over wise,
They show'd the gentle spirit of a child,
Not yet by care or any craft defiled.

"Pity it was to see the ardent sun
Scorching his helpless limbs—it shone so warm;
For kindly shade or shelter he had none,
Nor mother's gentle breast, come fair or storm.
Meanwhile I bade my pitying mates transform
Like grasshoppers, and then, with shrilly cries,
All round the infant noisily we swarm,
Haply some passing rustic to advise—
Whilst providential Heaven our care espies,

"And sends full soon a tender-hearted hind,
Who, wond'ring at our loud unusual note,
Strays curiously aside, and so doth find
The orphan child laid in the grass remote,
And laps the foundling in his russet coat,
Who thence was nurtured in his kindly cot:—
But how he prosper'd let proud London quote,
How wise, how rich, and how renown'd he got,
And chief of all her citizens, I wot.

"Witness his goodly vessels on the Thames,
Whose holds were fraught with costly merchandise,—
Jewels from Ind, and pearls for courtly dames,
And gorgeous silks that Samarcand supplies:
Witness that Royal Bourse he bade arise,
The mart of merchants from the East and West;
Whose slender summit, pointing to the skies,
Still bears, in token of his grateful breast,
The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest—

"The tender grasshopper, his chosen crest,
That all the summer, with a tuneful wing,
Makes merry chirpings in its grassy nest,
Inspirited with dew to leap and sing:—
So let us also live, eternal King!
Partakers of the green and pleasant earth:—
Pity it is to slay the meanest thing,
That, like a mote, shines in the smile of mirth:—
Enough there is of joy's decrease and dearth!

"Enough of pleasure, and delight, and beauty,
Perish'd and gone, and hasting to decay;—
Enough to sadden even thee, whose duty
Or spite it is to havoc and to slay:
Too many a lovely race razed quite away,
Hath left large gaps in life and human loving:—
Here then begin thy cruel war to stay,
And spare fresh sighs, and tears, and groans, reproving
Thy desolating hand for our removing."

Now here I heard a shrill and sudden cry,
And, looking up, I saw the antic Puck

Grappling with Time, who clutch'd him like a fly,
Victim of his own sport,—the jester's luck!
He, whilst his fellows grieved, poor wight, had stuck
His freakish gauds upon the Ancient's brow,
And now his ear, and now his beard, would pluck;
Whereas the angry churl had snatch'd him now,
Crying, "Thou impish mischief, who art thou?"

"Alas!" quoth Puck, "a little random elf,
Born in the sport of nature, like a weed,
For simple sweet enjoyment of myself,
But for no other purpose, worth, or need;
And yet withal of a most happy breed;
And there is Robin Goodfellow besides,
My partner dear in many a prankish deed
To make dame Laughter hold her jolly sides,
Like merry mummers twain on holy tides.

"'Tis we that bob the angler's idle cork,
Till e'en the patient man breathes half a curse;
We steal the morsel from the gossip's fork,
And curdling looks with secret straws disperse,
Or stop the sneezing chanter at mid verse:
And when an infant's beauty prospers ill,
We change, some mothers say, the child at nurse:
But any graver purpose to fulfil,
We have not wit enough, and scarce the will.

"We never let the canker melancholy
To gather on our faces like a rust,
But gloss our features with some change of folly,
Taking life's fabled miseries on trust,
But only sorrowing when sorrow must:

We ruminate no sage's solemn cud,
But own ourselves a pinch of lively dust
To frisk upon a wind,—whereas the flood
Of tears would turn us into heavy mud.

"Beshrew those sad interpreters of nature,
Who gloze her lively universal law,
As if she had not form'd our cheerful feature
To be so tickled with the slightest straw!
So let them vex their mumping mouths, and draw
The corners downward, like a wat'ry moon,
And deal in gusty sighs and rainy flaw—
We will not woo foul weather all too soon,
Or nurse November on the lap of June.

"For ours are winging sprites, like any bird,
That shun all stagnant settlements of grief;
And even in our rest our hearts are stirr'd,
Like insects settled on a dancing leaf:—
This is our small philosophy in brief,
Which thus to teach hath set me all agape:
But dost thou relish it? O hoary chief!
Unclasp thy crooked fingers from my nape,
And I will show thee many a pleasant scrape."

Then Saturn thus:—shaking his crooked blade
O'erhead, which made aloft a lightning flash
In all the fairies' eyes, dismally fray'd!
His ensuing voice came like the thunder crash—
Meanwhile the bolt shatters some pine or ash—
"Thou feeble, wanton, foolish, fickle thing!
Whom nought can frighten, sadden, or abash,—

To hope my solemn countenance to wring
To idiot smiles!—but I will prune thy wing!

"Lo! this most awful handle of my scythe
Stood once a May-pole, with a flowery crown,
Which rustics danced around, and maidens blithe,
To wanton pipings;—but I pluck'd it down,
And robed the May Queen in a churchyard gown,
Turning her buds to rosemary and rue;
And all their merry minstrelsy did drown,
And laid each lusty leaper in the dew;—
So thou shalt fare—and every jovial crew!"

Here he lets go the struggling imp, to clutch
His mortal engine with each grisly hand,
Which frights the elfin progeny so much,
They huddle in a heap, and trembling stand
All round Titania, like the queen bee's band,
With sighs and tears and very shrieks of woe!—
Meanwhile, some moving argument I plann'd,
To make the stern Shade merciful,—when lo!
He drops his fatal scythe without a blow!

For, just at need, a timely Apparition
Steps in between, to bear the awful brunt;
Making him change his horrible position,
To marvel at this comer, brave and blunt,
That dares Time's irresistible affront,
Whose strokes have scarr'd even the gods of old;—
Whereas this seem'd a mortal, at mere hunt
For coneys, lighted by the moonshine cold,
Or stalker of stray deer, stealthy and bold.

Who, turning to the small assembled fays,
Doffs to the lily queen his courteous cap,
And holds her beauty for a while in gaze,
With bright eyes kindling at this pleasant hap ;
And thence upon the fair moon's silver map,
As if in question of this magic chance,
Laid like a dream upon the green earth's lap ;
And then upon old Saturn turns askance,
Exclaiming, with a glad and kindly glance :—

"Oh, these be Fancy's revellers by night !
Stealthy companions of the downy moth—
Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,
Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth ;—
These be the feasters on night's silver cloth ;—
The gnat with shrilly trump is their convener,
Forth from their flowery chambers, nothing loth,
With lulling tunes to charm the air serener,
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

"These be the pretty genii of the flow'rs,
Daintily fed with honey and pure dew—
Midsummer's phantoms in her dreaming hours,
King Oberon, and all his merry crew,
The darling puppets of Romance's view ;
Fairies, and sprites, and goblin elves we call them,
Famous for patronage of lovers true ;—
No harm they act, neither shall harm befall them,
So do not thus with crabbed frowns appal them."

O what a cry was Saturn's then !—it made
The fairies quake. "What care I for their pranks,

However they may lovers choose to aid,
Or dance their roundelays on flow'ry banks?—
Long must they dance before they earn my thanks,—
So step aside, to some far safer spot,
Whilst with my hungry scythe I mow their ranks,
And leave them in the sun, like weeds, to rot,
And with the next day's sun to be forgot."

Anon, he raised afresh his weapon keen;
But still the gracious Shade disarm'd his aim,
Stepping with brave alacrity between,
And made his sere arm powerless and tame.
His be perpetual glory, for the shame
Of hoary Saturn in that grand defeat!—
But I must tell how here Titania came
With all her kneeling lieges, to entreat
His kindly succour, in sad tones, but sweet.

Saying, "Thou seest a wretched queen before thee,
The fading power of a failing land,
Who for a kingdom kneeleth to implore thee,
Now menaced by this tyrant's spoiling hand;
No one but thee can hopefully withstand
That crooked blade, he longeth so to lift.
I pray thee blind him with his own vile sand,
Which only times all ruins by its drift,
Or prune his eagle wings that are so swift.

"Or take him by that sole and grizzled tuft,
That hangs upon his bald and barren crown;
And we will sing to see him so rebuff'd,
And lend our little mights to pull him down,
And make brave sport of his malicious frown,

For all his boastful mockery o'er men.
For thou wast born I know for this renown,
By my most magical and inward ken,
That readeth ev'n at Fate's forestalling pen.

"Nay, by the golden lustre of thine eye,
And by thy brow's most fair and ample span,
Thought's glorious palace, framed for fancies high,
And by thy cheek thus passionately wan,
I know the signs of an immortal man,—
Nature's chief darling, and illustrious mate,
Destined to foil old Death's oblivious plan,
And shine untarnish'd by the fogs of Fate,
Time's famous rival till the final date!

"O shield us then from this usurping Time,
And we will visit thee in moonlight dreams;
And teach thee tunes, to wed unto thy rhyme,
And dance about thee in all midnight gleams,
Giving thee glimpses of our magic schemes,
Such as no mortal's eye hath ever seen;
And, for thy love to us in our extremes,
Will ever keep thy chaplet fresh and green,
Such as no poet's wreath hath ever been!

"And we'll distill thee aromatic dews,
To charm thy sense, when there shall be no flow'rs;
And flavour'd syrups in thy drinks infuse,
And teach the nightingale to haunt thy bow'rs,
And with our games divert thy weariest hours,
With all that elfin wits can e'er devise.
And, this churl dead, there'll be no hasting hours

To rob thee of thy joys, as now joy flies :"—
Here she was stopp'd by Saturn's furious cries.

Whom, therefore, the kind Shade rebukes anew,
Saying, "Thou haggard Sin, go forth, and scoop
Thy hollow coffin in some churchyard yew,
Or make th' autumnal flow'rs turn pale, and droop ;
Or fell the bearded corn, till gleaners stoop
Under fat sheaves,—or blast the piny grove ;—
But here thou shalt not harm this pretty group,
Whose lives are not so frail and feebly wove,
But leased on Nature's loveliness and love.

"'Tis these that free the small entangled fly,
Caught in the venom'd spider's crafty snare ;—
These be the petty surgeons that apply
The healing balsams to the wounded hare,
Bedded in bloody fern, no creature's care !—
These be providers for the orphan brood,
Whose tender mother hath been slain in air,
Quitting with gaping bill her darlings' food,
Hard by the verge of her domestic wood.

"'Tis these befriend the timid trembling stag,
When, with a bursting heart beset with fears,
He feels his saving speed begin to flag ;
For then they quench the fatal taint with tears,
And prompt fresh shifts in his alarum'd ears,
So piteously they view all bloody morts ;
Or if the gunner, with his arm, appears,
Like noisy pyes and jays, with harsh reports,
They warn the wild fowl of his deadly sports.

"For these are kindly ministers of nature,
To soothe all covert hurts and dumb distress;
Pretty they be, and very small of stature,—
For mercy still consorts with littleness;—
Wherefore the sum of good is still the less,
And mischief grossest in this world of wrong;—
So do these charitable dwarfs redress
The tenfold ravages of giants strong,
To whom great malice and great might belong.

"Likewise to them are Poets much beholden
For secret favours in the midnight glooms;
Brave Spenser quaff'd out of their goblets golden,
And saw their tables spread of prompt mushrooms,
And heard their horns of honeysuckle blooms
Sounding upon the air most soothing soft,
Like humming bees busy about the brooms,—
And glanced this fair queen's witchery full oft,
And in her magic wain soar'd far aloft.

"Nay I myself, though mortal, once was nursed
By fairy gossips, friendly at my birth,
And in my childish ear glib Mab rehearsed
Her breezy travels round our planet's girth,
Telling me wonders of the moon and earth;
My gramarye at her grave lap I conn'd,
Where Puck hath been convened to make me mirth;
I have had from Queen Titania tokens fond,
And toy'd with Oberon's permitted wand.

"With figs and plums and Persian dates they fed me,
And delicate cates after my sunset meal,

And took me by my childish hand, and led me
By craggy rocks crested with keeps of steel,
Whose awful bases deep dark woods conceal,
Staining some dead lake with their verdant dyes:
And when the West sparkled at Phœbus' wheel,
With fairy euphrasy they purged mine eyes,
To let me see their cities in the skies.

"'Twas they first school'd my young imagination
To take its flights like any new-fledged bird,
And show'd the span of winged meditation
Stretch'd wider than things grossly seen or heard.
With sweet swift Ariel how I soar'd and stirr'd
The fragrant blooms of spiritual bow'rs!
'Twas they endear'd what I have still preferr'd,
Nature's blest attributes and balmy pow'rs,
Her hills and vales and brooks, sweet birds and flow'rs!

"Wherefore with all true loyalty and duty
Will I regard them in my honouring rhyme,
With love for love, and homages to beauty,
And magic thoughts gather'd in night's cool clime,
With studious verse trancing the dragon Time,
Strong as old Merlin's necromantic spells;
So these dear monarchs of the summer's prime
Shall live unstartled by his dreadful yells,
Till shrill larks warn them to their flowery cells."

Look how a poison'd man turns livid black,
Drugg'd with a cup of deadly hellebore,
That sets his horrid features all at rack,—
So seem'd these words into the ear to pour
Of ghastly Saturn, answering with a roar

Of mortal pain and spite and utmost rage,
Wherewith his grisly arm he raised once more,
And bade the cluster'd sinews all engage,
As if at one fell stroke to wreck an age.

Whereas the blade flash'd on the dinted ground,
Down through his steadfast foe, yet made no scar
On that immortal Shade, or death-like wound;
But Time was long benumb'd, and stood a-jar,
And then with baffled rage took flight afar,
To weep his hurt in some Cimmerian gloom,
Or meaner fames (like mine) to mock and mar,
Or sharp his scythe for royal strokes of doom,
Whetting its edge on some old Cæsar's tomb.

Howbeit he vanish'd in the forest shade,
Distantly heard as if some grumbling pard,
And, like Nymph Echo, to a sound decay'd;—
Meanwhile the fays cluster'd the gracious Bard,
The darling centre of their dear regard:
Besides of sundry dances on the green,
Never was mortal man so brightly starr'd,
Or won such pretty homages, I ween.
"Nod to him, Elves!" cries the melodious queen.

"Nod to him, Elves, and flutter round about him,
And quite enclose him with your pretty crowd,
And touch him lovingly, for that, without him,
The silk-worm now had spun our dreary shroud;—
But he hath all dispersed Death's tearful cloud,
And Time's dread effigy scared quite away:
Bow to him then, as though to me ye bow'd,

And his dear wishes prosper and obey
Wherever love and wit can find a way!

"'Noint him with fairy dews of magic savours,
Shaken from orient buds still pearly wet,
Roses and spicy pinks,—and, of all favours,
Plant in his walks the purple violet,
And meadow-sweet under the hedges set,
To mingle breaths with dainty eglantine
And honeysuckles sweet,—nor yet forget
Some pastoral flowery chaplets to entwine,
To vie the thoughts about his brow benign!

"Let no wild things astonish him or fear him,
But tell them all how mild he is of heart,
Till e'en the timid hares go frankly near him,
And eke the dappled does, yet never start;
Nor shall their fawns into the thickets dart,
Nor wrens forsake their nests among the leaves,
Nor speckled thrushes flutter far apart;—
But bid the sacred swallow haunt his eaves,
To guard his roof from lighting and from thieves.

"Or when he goes the nimble squirrel's visitor,
Let the brown hermit bring his hoarded nuts,
For, tell him, this is Nature's kind Inquisitor,—
Though man keeps cautious doors that conscience shuts.
For conscious wrong all curious quest rebuts,—
Nor yet shall bees uncase their jealous stings,
However he may watch their straw-built huts;—
So let him learn the crafts of all small things,
Which he will hint most aptly when he sings."

Here she leaves off, and with a graceful hand
Waves thrice three splendid circles round his head ;
Which, though deserted by the radiant wand,
Wears still the glory which her waving shed,
Such as erst crown'd the old Apostle's head,
To show the thoughts, there harbour'd, were divine,
And on immortal contemplations fed :—
Goodly it was to see that glory shine
Around a brow so lofty and benign !—

Goodly it was to see the elfin brood
Contend for kisses of his gentle hand,
That had their mortal enemy withstood,
And stay'd their lives, fast ebbing with the sand.
Long while this strife engaged the pretty band ;
But now bold Chanticleer, from farm to farm,
Challenged the dawn creeping o'er eastern land,
And well the fairies knew that shrill alarm,
Which sounds the knell of every elfish charm.

And soon the rolling mist, that 'gan arise
From plashy mead and undiscover'd stream,
Earth's morning incense to the early skies,
Crept o'er the failing landscape of my dream.
Soon faded then the Phantom of my theme—
A shapeless shade, that fancy disavow'd,
And shrank to nothing in the mist extreme.
Then flew Titania,—and her little crowd,
Like flocking linnets, vanish'd in a cloud.

HERO AND LEANDER.

TO S. T. COLERIDGE.

It is not with a hope my feeble praise
Can add one moment's honour to thy own,
That with thy mighty name I grace these lays ;
I seek to glorify myself alone :
For that some precious favour thou hast shown
To my endeavour in a by-gone time,
And by this token I would have it known
Thou art my friend, and friendly to my rhyme !
It is my dear ambition now to climb
Still higher in thy thought,—if my bold pen
May thrust on contemplations more sublime.—
But I am thirsty for thy praise, for when
We gain applauses from the great in name,
We seem to be partakers of *their* fame.

Oh Bards of old ! what sorrows have ye sung,
And tragic stories, chronicled in stone,—
Sad Philomel restored her ravish'd tongue,
And transform'd Niobe in dumbness shown ;
Sweet Sappho on her love for ever calls,
And Hero on the drown'd Leander falls !

Was it that spectacles of sadder plights
Should make our blisses relish the more high ?
Then all fair dames, and maidens, and true knights,
Whose flourish'd fortunes prosper in Love's eye,
Weep here, unto a tale of ancient grief,
Traced from the course of an old bas-relief.

There stands Abydos!—here is Sestos' steep,
Hard by the gusty margin of the sea,
Where sprinkling waves continually do leap;
And that is where those famous lovers be,
A builded gloom shot up into the grey,
As if the first tall watch-tow'r of the day.

Lo! how the lark soars upward and is gone;
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky,
His voice is heard, though body there is none,
And rain-like music scatters from on high;
But Love would follow with a falcon spite,
To pluck the minstrel from his dewy height.

For Love hath framed a ditty of regrets,
Tuned to the hollow sobbings on the shore,
A vexing sense, that with like music frets,
And chimes this dismal burthen o'er and o'er,
Saying, Leander's joys are past and spent,
Like stars extinguish'd in the firmament.

For ere the golden crevices of morn
Let in those regal luxuries of light,
Which all the variable east adorn,
And hang rich fringes on the skirts of night,
Leander, weaning from sweet Hero's side,
Must leave a widow where he found a bride.

Hark! how the billows beat upon the sand!
Like pawing steeds impatient of delay;
Meanwhile their rider, ling'ring on the land,
Dallies with love, and holds farewell at bay
A too short span.—How tedious slow is grief!
But parting renders time both sad and brief.

"Alas!" he sigh'd, "that this first glimpsing light,
Which makes the wide world tenderly appear,
Should be the burning signal for my flight,
From all the world's best image, which is here;
Whose very shadow, in my fond compare,
Shines far more bright than Beauty's self elsewhere."

Their cheeks are white as blossoms of the dark,
Whose leaves close up and show the outward pale,
And those fair mirrors where their joys did spark,
All dim and tarnish'd with a dreary veil,
No more to kindle till the night's return,
Like stars replenish'd at Joy's golden urn.

Ev'n thus they creep into the spectral grey,
That cramps the landscape in its narrow brim,
As when two shadows by old Lethe stray,
He clasping her, and she entwining him;
Like trees, wind-parted, that embrace anon,—
True love so often goes before 'tis gone.

For what rich merchant but will pause in fear,
To trust his wealth to the unsafe abyss?
So Hero dotes upon her treasure here,
And sums the loss with many an anxious kiss,
Whilst her fond eyes grow dizzy in her head,
Fear aggravating fear with shows of dread.

She thinks how many have been sunk and drown'd,
And spies their snow-white bones below the deep,
Then calls huge congregated monsters round,
And plants a rock wherever he would leap;
Anon she dwells on a fantastic dream,
Which she interprets of that fatal stream.

Saying, "That honied fly I saw was thee,
Which lighted on a water-lily's cup,
When, lo! the flower, enamour'd of my bee,
Closed on him suddenly and lock'd him up,
And he was smother'd in her drenching dew;
Therefore this day thy drowning I shall rue."

But next, remembering her virgin fame,
She clips him in her arms and bids him go,
But seeing him break loose, repents her shame,
And plucks him back upon her bosom's snow;
And tears unfix her iced resolve again,
As steadfast frosts are thaw'd by show'rs of rain.

O for a type of parting!—Love to love
Is like the fond attraction of two spheres,
Which needs a godlike effort to remove,
And then sink down their sunny atmospheres,
In rain and darkness on each ruin'd heart,
Nor yet their melodies will sound apart.

So brave Leander sunders from his bride;
The wrenching pang disparts his soul in twain;
Half stays with her, half goes towards the tide,—
And life must ache, until they join again.
Now wouldst thou know the wideness of the wound?—
Mete every step he takes upon the ground.

And for the agony and bosom-throe,
Let it be measured by the wide vast air,
For that is infinite, and so is woe,
Since parted lovers breathe it everywhere.
Look how it heaves Leander's labouring chest,
Panting, at poise, upon a rocky crest!

From which he leaps into the scooping brine,
That shocks his bosom with a double chill;
Because, all hours, till the slow sun's decline,
That cold divorcer will be twixt them still;
Wherefore he likens it to Styx' foul tide,
Where life grows death upon the other side.

Then sadly he confronts his two-fold toil
Against rude waves and an unwilling mind,
Wishing, alas! with the stout rower's toil,
That like a rower he might gaze behind,
And watch that lonely statue he hath left,
On her bleak summit, weeping and bereft!

Yet turning oft, he sees her troubled locks
Pursue him still the furthest that they may;
Her marble arms that overstretch the rocks,
And her pale passion'd hands that seem to pray
In dumb petition to the gods above:
Love prays devoutly when it prays for love!

Then with deep sighs he blows away the wave,
That hangs superfluous tears upon his cheek,
And bans his labour like a hopeless slave,
That, chain'd in hostile galley, faint and weak,
Plies on despairing through the restless foam,
Thoughtful of his lost love, and far-off home.

The drowsy mist before him chill and dank,
Like a dull lethargy o'erleans the sea,
When he rows on against the utter blank,
Steering as if to dim eternity,—
Like Love's frail ghost departing with the dawn;
A failing shadow in the twilight drawn.

And soon is gone,—or nothing but a faint
And failing image in the eye of thought,
That mocks his model with an after-paint,
And stains an atom like the shape she sought ;
Then with her earnest vows she hopes to fee
The old and hoary majesty of sea.

" O King of waves, and brother of high Jove,
Preserve my sumless venture there afloat ;
A woman's heart, and its whole wealth of love,
Are all embark'd upon that little boat ;
Nay !—but two loves, two lives, a double fate,—
A perilous voyage for so dear a freight.

" If impious mariners be stain'd with crime,
Shake not in awful rage thy hoary locks ;
Lay by thy storms until another time,
Lest my frail bark be dash'd against the rocks :
O rather smooth thy deeps, that he may fly
Like Love himself, upon a seeming sky !

" Let all thy herded monsters sleep beneath,
Nor gore him with crook'd tusks, or wreathëd horns ;
Let no fierce sharks destroy him with their teeth,
Nor spine-fish wound him with their venom'd thorns ;
But if he faint, and timely succour lack,
Let ruthful dolphins rest him on their back.

" Let no false dimpling whirlpools suck him in,
Nor slimy quicksands smother his sweet breath ;
Let no jagg'd coral tear his tender skin,
Nor mountain billows bury him in death ;"—
And with that thought forestalling her own fears,
She drowned his painted image in her tears.

By this, the climbing Sun, with rest repair'd,
Look'd through the gold embrasures of the sky,
And ask'd the drowsy world how she had fared ;—
The drowsy world shone brighten'd in reply ;
And smiling off her fogs, his slanting beam
Spied young Leander in the middle stream.

His face was pallid, but the hectic morn
Had hung a lying crimson on his cheeks,
And slanderous sparkles in his eyes forlorn ;
So death lies ambush'd in consumptive streaks ;
But inward grief was writhing o'er its task,
As heart-sick jesters weep behind the mask.

He thought of Hero and the lost delight,
Her last embracings, and the space between ;
He thought of Hero and the future night,
Her speechless rapture and enamour'd mien,
When, lo ! before him, scarce two galleys' space,
His thoughts confronted with another face !

Her aspect 's like a moon, divinely fair,
But makes the midnight darker that it lies on ;
'Tis so beclouded with her coal-black hair
That densely skirts her luminous horizon,
Making her doubly fair, thus darkly set,
As marble lies advantaged upon jet.

She 's all too bright, too argent, and too pale,
To be a woman ;—but a woman's double,
Reflected on the wave so faint and frail,
She tops the billows like an air-blown bubble ;
Or dim creation of a morning dream,
Fair as the wave-bleach'd lily of the stream.

The very rumour strikes his seeing dead :
Great beauty like great fear first stuns the sense :
He knows not if her lips be blue or red,
Nor of her eyes can give true evidence :
Like murder's witness swooning in the court,
His sight falls senseless by its own report.

Anon resuming, it declares her eyes
Are tint with azure, like two crystal wells
That drink the blue complexion of the skies,
Or pearls outpeeping from their silvery shells :
Her polish'd brow, it is an ample plain,
To lodge vast contemplations of the main.

Her lips might corals seem, but corals near,
Stray through her hair like blossoms on a bower ;
And o'er the weaker red still domineer,
And make it pale by tribute to more power ;
Her rounded cheeks are of still paler hue,
Touch'd by the bloom of water, tender blue.

Thus he beholds her rocking on the water,
Under the glossy umbrage of her hair,
Like pearly Amphitrite's fairest daughter,
Naiad, or Nereid, or Syren fair,
Mislodging music in her pitiless breast,
A nightingale within a falcon's nest.

They say there be such maidens in the deep,
Charming poor mariners, that all too near
By mortal lullabies fall dead asleep,
As drowsy men are poison'd through the ear ;
Therefore Leander's fears begin to urge,
This snowy swan is come to sing his dirge.

At which he falls into a deadly chill,
And strains his eyes upon her lips apart ;
Fearing each breath to feel that prelude shrill,
Pierce through his marrow, like a breath-blown dart
Shot sudden from an Indian's hollow cane,
With mortal venom fraught, and fiery pain.

Here then, poor wretch, how he begins to crowd
A thousand thoughts within a pulse's space ;
There seem'd so brief a pause of life allow'd,
His mind stretch'd universal, to embrace
The whole wide world, in an extreme farewell,—
A moment's musing—but an age to tell.

For there stood Hero, widow'd at a glance,
The foreseen sum of many a tedious fact,
Pale cheeks, dim eyes, and wither'd countenance,
A wasted ruin that no wasting lack'd ;
Time's tragic consequents ere time began,
A world of sorrow in a tear-drop's span.

A moment's thinking is an hour in words,—
An hour of words is little for some woes ;
Too little breathing a long life affords
For love to paint itself by perfect shows ;
Then let his love and grief unwrong'd lie dumb,
Whilst Fear, and that it fears, together come.

As when the crew, hard by some jutty cape,
Struck pale and panick'd by the billows' roar,
Lay by all timely measures of escape,
And let their bark go driving on the shore ;
So fray'd Leander, drifting to his wreck,
Gazing on Scylla, falls upon her neck.

For he hath all forgot the swimmer's art,
The rower's cunning, and the pilot's skill,
Letting his arms fall down in languid part,
Sway'd by the waves, and nothing by his will,
Till soon he jars against that glossy skin,
Solid like glass, though seemingly as thin.

Lo! how she startles at the warning shock,
And straightway girds him to her radiant breast,
More like his safe smooth harbour than his rock;
Poor wretch, he is so faint and toil-opprest,
He cannot loose him from his grappling foe,
Whether for love or hate, she lets not go.

His eyes are blinded with the sleety brine,
His ears are deafen'd with the wildering noise;
He asks the purpose of her fell design,
But foamy waves choke up his struggling voice;
Under the ponderous sea his body dips,
And Hero's name dies bubbling on his lips.

Look how a man is lower'd to his grave,—
A yearning hollow in the green earth's lap;
So he is sunk into the yawning wave,—
The plunging sea fills up the watery gap;
Anon he is all gone, and nothing seen
But likeness of green turf and hillocks green.

And where he swam, the constant sun lies sleeping,
Over the verdant plain that makes his bed;
And all the noisy waves go freshly leaping,
Like gamesome boys over the churchyard dead;
The light in vain keeps looking for his face:—
Now screaming sea-fowl settle in his place.

Yet weep and watch for him, though all in vain!
Ye moaning billows, seek him as ye wander!
Ye gazing sunbeams, look for him again!
Ye winds, grow hoarse with asking for Leander!
Ye did but spare him for more cruel rape,
Sea-storm and ruin in a female shape!

She says 'tis love hath bribed her to this deed,
The glancing of his eyes did so bewitch her.
O bootless theft! unprofitable meed!
Love's treasury is sack'd, but she no richer;
The sparkles of his eyes are cold and dead,
And all his golden looks are turn'd to lead!

She holds the casket, but her simple hand
Hath spill'd its dearest jewel by the way;
She hath life's empty garment at command,
But her own death lies covert in the prey;
As if a thief should steal a tainted vest,
Some dead man's spoil, and sicken of his pest.

Now she compels him to her deeps below,
Hiding his face beneath her plenteous hair,
Which jealously she shakes all round her brow,
For dread of envy, though no eyes are there
But seals', and all brute tenants' of the deep,
Which heedless through the wave their journeys keep.

Down and still downward through the dusky green
She bore him, murmuring with joyous haste
In too rash ignorance, as he had been
Born to the texture of that watery waste;
That which she breathed and sigh'd, the emerald wave!
How could her pleasant home become his grave?

Down and still downward through the dusky green
She bore her treasure, with a face too nigh
To mark how life was alter'd in its mien,
Or how the light grew torpid in his eye,
Or how his pearly breath, unprison'd there,
Flew up to join the universal air.

She could not miss the throbbings of his heart,
Whilst her own pulse so wanton'd in its joy;
She could not guess he struggled to depart,
And when he strove no more, the hapless boy!
She read his mortal stillness for content,
Feeling no fear where only love was meant.

Soon she alights upon her ocean-floor,
And straight unyokes her arms from her fair prize;
Then on his lovely face begins to pore,
As if to glut her soul;—her hungry eyes
Have grown so jealous of her arms' delight;
It seems she hath no other sense but sight.

But O sad marvel! O most bitter strange!
What dismal magic makes his cheek so pale?
Why will he not embrace,—why not exchange
Her kindly kisses;—wherefore not exhale
Some odorous message from life's ruby gates,
Where she his first sweet embassy awaits?

Her eyes, poor watchers, fix'd upon his looks,
Are grappled with a wonder near to grief,
As one, who pores on undecipher'd books,
Strains vain surmise, and dodges with belief;
So she keeps gazing with a mazy thought,
Framing a thousand doubts that end in nought.

Too stern inscription for a page so young,
The dark translation of his look was death!
But death was written in an alien tongue,
And learning was not by to give it breath;
So one deep woe sleeps buried in its seal,
Which Time, untimely, hasteth to reveal.

Meanwhile she sits unconscious of her hap,
Nursing Death's marble effigy, which there
With heavy head lies pillow'd in her lap,
And elbows all unhinged;—his sleeking hair
Creeps o'er her knees, and settles where his hand
Leans with lax fingers crook'd against the sand;

And there lies spread in many an oozy trail,
Like glossy weeds hung from a chalky base,
That shows no whiter than his brow is pale;
So soon the wintry death had bleach'd his face
Into cold marble,—with blue chilly shades,
Showing wherein the freezy blood pervades.

And o'er his steadfast cheek a furrow'd pain
Hath set, and stiffen'd, like a storm in ice,
Showing by drooping lines the deadly strain
Of mortal anguish;—yet you might gaze twice
Ere Death it seem'd, and not his cousin, Sleep,
That through those creviced lids did underpeep.

But all that tender bloom about his eyes,
Is Death's own violets, which his utmost rite
It is to scatter when the red rose dies;
For blue is chilly, and akin to white:
Also he leaves some tinges on his lips,
Which he hath kiss'd with such cold frosty nips.

"Surely," quoth she, "he sleeps, the senseless thing,
Oppress'd and faint with toiling in the stream!"
Therefore she will not mar his rest, but sing
So low, her tune shall mingle with his dream;
Meanwhile, her lily fingers tasks to twine
His uncrispt locks uncurling in the brine.

"O lovely boy!"—thus she attuned her voice,—
"Welcome, thrice welcome, to a sea-maid's home,
My love-mate thou shalt be, and true heart's choice;
How have I long'd such a twin-self should come,—
A lonely thing, till this sweet chance befel,
My heart kept sighing like a hollow shell.

"Here thou shalt live, beneath this secret dome,
An ocean-bow'r; defended by the shade
Of quiet waters, a cool emerald gloom
To lap thee all about. Nay, be not fray'd,
Those are but shady fishes that sail by
Like antic clouds across my liquid sky!

"Look how the sunbeam burns upon their scales,
And shows rich glimpses of their Tyrian skins;
They flash small lightnings from their vigorous tails,
And winking stars are kindled at their fins;
These shall divert thee in thy weariest mood,
And seek thy hand for gamesomeness and food.

"Lo! those green pretty leaves with tassel bells,
My flow'rets those, that never pine for drowth;
Myself did plant them in the dappled shells,
That drink the wave with such a rosy mouth,—
Pearls wouldst thou have beside? crystals to shine?
I had such treasures once,—now they are thine.

" Now, lay thine ear against this golden sand,
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land,—
Is 't not a rich and wondrous melody?
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone
I heard the languages of ages gone!

" I too can sing when it shall please thy choice,
And breathe soft tunes through a melodious shell,
Though heretofore I have but set my voice
To some long sighs, grief-harmonized, to tell
How desolate I fared ;—but this sweet change
Will add new notes of gladness to my range!

" Or bid me speak, and I will tell thee tales,
Which I have framed out of the noise of waves ;
Ere now I have communed with senseless gales,
And held vain colloquies with barren caves ;
But I could talk to thee whole days and days,
Only to word my love a thousand ways.

" But if thy lips will bless me with their speech,
Then ope, sweet oracles! and I 'll be mute ;
I was born ignorant for thee to teach,
Nay all love's lore to thy dear looks impute ;
Then ope thine eyes, fair teachers, by whose light
I saw to give away my heart aright!"

But cold and deaf the sullen creature lies
Over her knees, and with concealing clay,
Like hoarding Avarice, locks up his eyes,
And leaves her world impoverish'd of day ;
Then at his cruel lips she bends to plead,
But there the door is closed against her need.

Surely he sleeps,—so her false wits infer !
Alas ! poor sluggard, ne'er to wake again !
Surely he sleeps, yet without any stir
That might denote a vision in his brain ;
Or if he does not sleep, he feigns too long,
Twice she hath reach'd the ending of her song.

Therefore 'tis time she tells him to uncover
Those radiant jesters, and disperse her fears,
Whereby her April face is shaded over,
Like rainy clouds just ripe for showering tears ;
Nay, if he will not wake, so poor she gets,
Herself must rob those lock'd-up cabinets.

With that she stoops above his brow, and bids
Her busy hands forsake his tangled hair,
And tenderly lift up those coffer-lids,
That she may gaze upon the jewels there,
Like babes that pluck an early bud apart,
To know the dainty colour of its heart.

Now, picture one, soft creeping to a bed,
Who slowly parts the fringe-hung canopies,
And then starts back to find the sleeper dead ;
So she looks in on his uncover'd eyes,
And seeing all within so drear and dark,
Her own bright soul dies in her like a spark.

Backward she falls, like a pale prophetess,
Under the swoon of holy divination :
And what had all surpass'd her simple guess,
She now resolves in this dark revelation ;
Death's very mystery,—oblivious death ;—
Long sleep,—deep night, and an entrancëd breath.

Yet life, though wounded sore, not wholly slain,
Merely obscured, and not extinguish'd, lies ;
Her breath that stood at ebb, soon flows again,
Heaving her hollow breast with heavy sighs,
And light comes in and kindles up the gloom,
To light her spirit from its transient tomb.

Then like the sun, awaken'd at new dawn,
With pale bewilder'd face she peers about,
And spies blurr'd images obscurely drawn,
Uncertain shadows in a haze of doubt ;
But her true grief grows shapely by degrees,—
A perish'd creature lying on her knees.

And now she knows how that old Murther preys,
Whose quarry on her lap lies newly slain :
How he roams all abroad and grimly slays,
Like a lean tiger in Love's own domain ;
Parting fond mates,—and oft in flowery lawns
Bereaves mild mothers of their milky fawns.

O too dear knowledge ! O pernicious earning !
Foul curse engraven upon beauty's page !
Ev'n now the sorrow of that deadly learning
Ploughs up her brow, like an untimely age
And on her cheek stamps verdict of death's truth
By canker blights upon the bud of youth !

For as unwholesome winds decay the leaf,
So her cheeks' rose is perish'd by her sighs,
And withers in the sickly breath of grief ;
Whilst unacquainted rheum bedims her eyes,
Tears, virgin tears, the first that ever leapt
From those young lids, now plentifully wept.

Whence being shed, the liquid crystalline
Drops straightway down, refusing to partake
In gross admixture with the baser brine,
But shrinks and hardens into pearls opaque,
Hereafter to be worn on arms and ears;
So one maid's trophy is another's tears!

"O foul Arch-Shadow, thou old cloud of Night,"
(Thus in her frenzy she began to wail,)
"Thou blank Oblivion—Blotter-out of light,
Life's ruthless murderer, and dear love's bale!
Why hast thou left thy havoc incomplete,
Leaving me here, and slaying the more sweet?

"Lo! what a lovely ruin thou hast made!
Alas! alas! thou hast no eye to see,
And blindly slew'st him in misguided shade.
Would I had lent my doting sense to thee!
But now I turn to thee, a willing mark,
Thine arrows miss me in the aimless dark!

"O doubly cruel!—twice misdoing spite
But I will guide thee with my helping eyes,
Or—walk the wide world through, devoid of sight,—
Yet thou shalt know me by my many sighs.
Nay, then thou should'st have spared my rose, false Death,
And known Love's flow'r by smelling his sweet breath;

"Or, when thy furious rage was round him dealing,
Love should have grown from touching of his skin;
But like cold marble thou art all unfeeling,
And hast no ruddy springs of warmth within,
And being but a shape of freezing bone,
Thy touching only turn'd my love to stone!

"And here, alas! he lies across my knees,
With cheeks still colder than the stilly wave.
The light beneath his eyelids seems to freeze;
Here then, since Love is dead and lacks a grave,
O come and dig it in my sad heart's core—
That wound will bring a balsam for its sore!

"For art thou not a sleep where sense of ill
Lies stingless, like a sense benumb'd with cold,
Healing all hurts only with sleep's good-will?
So shall I slumber, and perchance behold
My living love in dreams,—O happy night,
That lets me company his banish'd spright!

"O poppy Death!—sweet poisoner of sleep;
Where shall I seek for thee, oblivious drug,
That I may steep thee in my drink, and creep
Out of life's coil? Look, Idol! how I hug
Thy dainty image in this strict embrace,
And kiss this clay-cold model of thy face!

"Put out, put out these sun-consuming lamps,
I do but read my sorrows by their shine;
O come and quench them with thy oozy damps,
And let my darkness intermix with thine;
Since love is blinded, wherefore should I see?
Now love is death,—death will be love to me!

"Away, away, this vain complaining breath,
It does but stir the troubles that I weep;
Let it be hush'd and quieted, sweet Death;
The wind must settle ere the wave can sleep,—
Since love is silent, I would fain be mute;
O Death, be gracious to my dying suit!"

Thus far she pleads, but pleading nought avails her,
For Death, her sullen burthen, deigns no heed;
Then with dumb craving arms, since darkness fails her,
She prays to heaven's fair light, as if her need
Inspired her there were Gods to pity pain,
Or end it,—but she lifts her arms in vain!

Poor gilded Grief! the subtle light by this
With mazy gold creeps through her watery mine,
And, diving downward through the green abyss,
Lights up her palace with an amber shine;
There, falling on her arms,—the crystal skin
Reveals the ruby tide that fares within.

Look how the fulsome beam would hang a glory
On her dark hair, but the dark hairs repel it;
Look how the perjured glow suborns a story
On her pale lips, but lips refuse to tell it;
Grief will not swerve from grief, however told
On coral lips, or character'd in gold;

Or else, thou maid! safe anchor'd on Love's neck,
Listing the hapless doom of young Leander,
Thou would'st not shed a tear for that old wreck,
Sitting secure where no wild surges wander;
Whereas the woe moves on with tragic pace,
And shows its sad reflection in thy face.

Thus having travell'd on, and track'd the tale,
Like the due course of an old bas-relief,
Where Tragedy pursues her progress pale,
Brood here awhile upon that sea-maid's grief,
And take a deeper imprint from the frieze
Of that young Fate, with Death upon her knees.

Then whilst the melancholy Muse withal
Resumes her music in a sadder tone,
Meanwhile the sunbeam strikes upon the wall,
Conceive that lovely siren to live on,
Ev'n as Hope whisper'd the Promethean light
Would kindle up the dead Leander's spright.

"'Tis light," she says, "that feeds the glittering stars,
And those were stars set in his heavenly brow;
But this salt cloud, this cold sea-vapour, mars
Their radiant breathing, and obscures them now;
Therefore I'll lay him in the clear blue air,
And see how these dull orbs will kindle there."

Swiftly as dolphins glide, or swifter yet,
With dead Leander in her fond arms' fold,
She cleaves the meshes of that radiant net
The sun hath twined above of liquid gold,
Nor slacks till on the margin of the land
She lays his body on the glowing sand.

There, like a pearly waif, just past the reach
Of foamy billows he lies cast. Just then,
Some listless fishers, straying down the beach,
Spy out this wonder. Thence the curious men,
Low crouching, creep into a thicket brake,
And watch her doings till their rude hearts ache.

First she begins to chafe him till she faints,
Then falls upon his mouth with kisses many,
And sometimes pauses in her own complaints
To list his breathing, but there is not any,—
Then looks into his eyes where no light dwells;
Light makes no pictures in such muddy wells.

The hot sun parches his discover'd eyes,
The hot sun beats on his discolour'd limbs,
The sand is oozy whereupon he lies,
Soiling his fairness ;—then away she swims,
Meaning to gather him a daintier bed,
Plucking the cool fresh weeds, brown, green, and red.

But, simple-witted thief, while she dives under,
Another robs her of her amorous theft ;
The ambush'd fishermen creep forth to plunder,
And steal the unwatch'd treasure she has left ;
Only his void impression dints the sands ;
Leander is purloin'd by stealthy hands !

Lo ! how she shudders off the beaded wave,
Like Grief all over tears, and senseless falls,—
His void imprint seems hollow'd for her grave ;
Then, rising on her knees, looks round and calls
On "Hero ! Hero !" having learn'd this name
Of his last breath, she calls him by the same.

Then with her frantic hands she rends her hairs,
And casts them forth, sad keepsakes to the wind,
As if in plucking those she pluck'd her cares ;
But grief lies deeper, and remains behind
Like a barb'd arrow, rankling in her brain,
Turning her very thoughts to throbs of pain.

Anon her tangled locks are left alone,
And down upon the sand she meekly sits,
Hard by the foam, as humble as a stone,
Like an enchanted maid beside her wits,
That ponders with a look serene and tragic,
Stunn'd by the mighty mystery of magic.

Or think of Ariadne's utter trance,
Crazed by the flight of that disloyal traitor,
Who left her gazing on the green expanse
That swallow'd up his track,—yet this would mate her,
Ev'n in the cloudy summit of her woe,
When o'er the far sea-brim she saw him go.

For even so she bows, and bends her gaze
O'er the eternal waste, as if to sum
Its waves by weary thousands all her days,
Dismally doom'd! meanwhile the billows come,
And coldly dabble with her quiet feet,
Like any bleaching stones they wont to greet.

And thence into her lap have boldly sprung,
Washing her weedy tresses to and fro,
That round her crouching knees have darkly hung
But she sits careless of waves' ebb and flow,
Like a lone beacon on a desert coast,
Showing where all her hope was wreck'd and lost.

Yet whether in the sea or vaulted sky,
She knoweth not her love's abrupt resort,
So like a shape of dreams he left her eye,
Winking with doubt. Meanwhile, the churls' report
Has throng'd the beach with many a curious face,
That peeps upon her from its hiding place.

And here a head, and there a brow half seen,
Dodges behind a rock. Here on his hands
A mariner his crumpled cheeks doth lean
Over a rugged crest. Another stands,
Holding his harmful arrow at the head,
Still check'd by human caution and strange dread.

One stops his ears,—another close beholder
Whispers unto the next his grave surmise ;
This crouches down,—and just above his shoulder,
A woman's pity saddens in her eyes,
And prompts her to befriend that lonely grief,
With all sweet helps of sisterly relief.

And down the sunny beach she paces slowly,
With many doubtful pauses by the way ;
Grief hath an influence so hush'd and holy,—
Making her twice attempt, ere she can lay
Her hand upon that sea-maid's shoulder white,
Which makes her startle up in wild affright.

And, like a seal, she leaps into the wave
That drowns the shrill remainder of her scream ;
Anon the sea fills up the watery cave,
And seals her exit with a foamy seam,—
Leaving those baffled gazers on the beach,
Turning in uncouth wonder each to each.

Some watch, some call, some see her head emerge,
Wherever a brown weed falls through the foam ;
Some point to white eruptions of the surge :—
But she is vanish'd to her shady home,
Under the deep, inscrutable,—and there
Weeps in a midnight made of her own hair.

Now here, the sighing winds, before unheard,
Forth from their cloudy caves begin to blow
Till all the surface of the deep is stirr'd,
Like to the panting grief it hides below ;
And heaven is cover'd with a stormy rack,
Soiling the waters with its inky black.

The screaming fowl resigns her finny prey,
And labours shoreward with a bending wing,
Rowing against the wind her toilsome way ;
Meanwhile, the curling billows chafe, and fling
Their dewy frost still further on the stones,
That answer to the wind with hollow groans.

And here and there a fisher's far-off bark
Flies with the sun's last glimpse upon its sail,
Like a bright flame amid the waters dark,
Watch'd with the hope and fear of maidens pale ;
And anxious mothers that upturn their brows,
Freighting the gusty wind with frequent vows,

For that the horrid deep has no sure path
To guide Love safe into his homely haven.
And lo ! the storm grows blacker in its wrath,
O'er the dark billow brooding like a raven,
That bodes of death and widow's sorrowing,
Under the dusky covert of his wing.

And so day ended. But no vesper spark
Hung forth its heavenly sign ; but sheets of flame
Play'd round the savage features of the dark,
Making night horrible. That night, there came
A weeping maiden to high Sestos' steep,
And tore her hair and gazed upon the deep.

And waved aloft her bright and ruddy torch,
Whose flame the boastful wind so rudely fann'd,
That oft it would recoil, and basely scorch
The tender covert of her sheltering hand ;
Which yet, for Love's dear sake, disdain'd retire,
And, like a glorying martyr, braved the fire.

For that was Love's own sign and beacon guide
Across the Hellespont's wide weary space,
Wherein he nightly struggled with the tide :—
Look what a red it forges on her face,
As if she blush'd at holding such a light,
Ev'n in the unseen presence of the night !

Whereas her tragic cheek is truly pale,
And colder than the rude and ruffian air
That howls into her ear a horrid tale
Of storm and wreck, and uttermost despair,
Saying, " Leander floats amid the surge,
And those are dismal waves that sing his dirge."

And hark !—a grieving voice, trembling and faint,
Blends with the hollow sobbings of the sea ;
Like the sad music of a siren's plaint,
But shriller than Leander's voice should be,
Unless the wintry death had changed its tone,—
Wherefore she thinks she hears his spirit moan.

For now, upon each brief and breathless pause,
Made by the raging winds, it plainly calls
On " Hero ! Hero ! "—whereupon she draws
Close to the dizzy brink, that ne'er appals
Her brave and constant spirit to recoil,
However the wild billows toss and toil.

" Oh ! dost thou live under the deep deep sea ?
I thought such love as thine could never die ;
If thou hast gain'd an immortality
From the kind pitying sea-god, so will I ;
And this false cruel tide that used to sever
Our hearts, shall be our common home for ever !

"There we will sit and sport upon one billow,
And sing our ocean ditties all the day,
And lie together on the same green pillow,
That curls above us with its dewy spray;
And ever in one presence live and dwell,
Like two twin pearls within the selfsame shell."

One moment then, upon the dizzy verge
She stands;—with face upturn'd against the sky;
A moment more, upon the foamy surge
She gazes, with a calm despairing eye;
Feeling that awful pause of blood and breath,
Which life endures when it confronts with death;—

Then from the giddy steep she madly springs,
Grasping her maiden robes, that vainly kept
Panting abroad, like unavailing wings,
To save her from her death.—The sea-maid wept
And in a crystal cave her corse enshrined;
No meaner sepulchre should Hero find!

BALLAD.

Spring it is cheery,
Winter is dreary,
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly ;
When he's forsaken,
Wither'd and shaken,
What can an old man do but die ?

Love will not clip him,
Maids will not lip him,
Maud and Marian pass him by ;
Youth it is sunny,
Age has no honey,—
What can an old man do but die ?

June it is jolly,
Oh for its folly !
A dancing leg and a laughing eye ;
Youth may be silly,
Wisdom is chilly,—
What can an old man do but die ?

SONG.

FOR MUSIC.

A lake and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,—
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here !

Thy gown should be snow-white silk,
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipt in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls!

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower—
But Fairies have broke their wands
And wishing has lost its power.

AUTUMN.

—♦—

The Autumn skies are flush'd with gold,
And fair and bright the rivers run;
These are but streams of winter cold,
And painted mists that quench the sun.

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,
In secret boughs no bird can shroud;
These are but leaves that take to wing,
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms
That on the cheerless valleys fall,
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,
And tears of dew are on them all.

BALLAD.

—♦—

Sigh on, sad heart, for Love's eclipse
And Beauty's fairest queen,
Though 'tis not for my peasant lips
To soil her name between :
A king might lay his sceptre down,
But I am poor and nought,
The brow should wear a golden crown
That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,
Whose sudden beams surprise,
Might bid such humble hopes beware
The glancing of her eyes ;
Yet looking once, I look'd too long,
And if my love is sin,
Death follows on the heels of wrong,
And kills the crime within.

Her dress seem'd wove of lily leaves,
It was so pure and fine,—
O lofty wears, and lowly weaves,—
But hodden-grey is mine ;
And homely hose must step apart,
Where garter'd princes stand,
But may he wear my love at heart
That wins her lily hand !

Alas ! there's far from russet frieze
To silks and satin gowns,
But I doubt if God made like degrees,
In courtly hearts and clowns.
My father wrong'd a maiden's mirth,
And brought her cheeks to blame,
And all that's lordly of my birth
Is my reproach and shame !

'Tis vain to weep,—'tis vain to sigh,
'Tis vain, this idle speech,
For where her happy pearls do lie,
My tears may never reach ;
Yet when I'm gone, e'en lofty pride
May say, of what has been,
His love was nobly born and died,
Though all the rest was mean !

My speech is rude,—but speech is weak
Such love as mine to tell,
Yet had I words, I dare not speak,
So, Lady, fare thee well ;
I will not wish thy better state
Was one of low degree,
But I must weep that partial fate
Made such a churl of me.

ODE TO THE MOON.

Mother of light! how fairly dost thou go
Over those hoary crests, divinely led!—
Art thou that huntress of the silver bow,
Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread
Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,
Like the wild Chamois from her Alpine snow,
Where hunter never climb'd,—secure from dread?
How many antique fancies have I read
Of that mild presence! and how many wrought!
Wondrous and bright,
Upon the silver light,
Chasing fair figures with the artist, Thought!

What art thou like?—Sometimes I see thee ride
A far-bound galley on its perilous way,
Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray;—
Sometimes behold thee glide,
Cluster'd by all thy family of stars,
Like a lone widow, through the welkin wide,
Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars;—
Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,
Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,
Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,
To catch the young Endymion asleep,—
Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch!—

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!
Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named;

And he, the veriest Pagan, that first framed
A silver idol, and ne'er worshipp'd thee !—
It is too late—or thou should'st have my knee—
Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,
And not divine the crescent on thy brows !—
Yet, call thee nothing but the mere mild Moon,
Behind those chestnut boughs,
Casting* their dappled shadows at my feet ;
I will be grateful for that simple boon,
In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,
And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In nights far gone,—ay, far away and dead,—
Before Care-fretted, with a lidless eye,—†
I was thy wooer on my little bed,
Letting the early hours of rest go by,‡
To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,
And feed thy snow-white swans, before I slept ;
For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams,—
Thou wert the fairies' armourer, that kept
Their burnish'd helms, and crowns, and corslets bright,
Their spears, and glittering mails ;
And ever thou didst spill in winding streams
Sparkles and midnight gleams,
For fishes to new gloss their argent scales !—

Why sighs ?—why creeping tears ?—why claspëd hands ?—
Is it to count the boy's expended dow'r ?
That fairies since have broke their gifted wands ?
That young Delight, like any o'erblown flow'r,

* "Sprinkling" in the MS.
† "Before Care fretted with his lidless eye—" in the MS.
‡ "And watch'd thy silver advent in the sky," in the MS.

Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground?—
Why then, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st no hour,
Thou art a sadder dial to old Time
Than ever I have found
On sunny garden-plot, or moss-grown tow'r,
Motto'd with stern and melancholy rhyme.

Why should I grieve for this?—Oh I must yearn
Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,
Keeps his cold ashes in an ancient urn,
Richly emboss'd with childhood's revelry,
With leaves and cluster'd fruits, and flow'rs eterne,—
(Eternal to the world, though not to me),
Aye there will those brave sports and blossoms be,
The deathless wreath, and undecay'd festoon,
When I am hearsed within,—
Less than the pallid primrose to the Moon,
That now she watches through a vapour thin.

So let it be:—Before I lived to sigh,
Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills,
Beautiful Orb! and so, whene'er I lie
Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills.
Blest be thy loving light, where'er it spills,
And blessëd thy fair face, O Mother mild!
Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,
Still lend thy lonely lamp to lovers fond,
And blend their plighted shadows into one:*—
Still smile at even on the bedded child,
And close his eyelids with thy silver wand!

* I find this thought somewhat differently worded in a fragment written probably about 1824.

"I love thee, dearest, more than worlds can hold;
Claspt hands, and parted lips, and upraised eyes,

THE EXILE.

—•—

The swallow with summer
Will wing o'er the seas,
The wind that I sigh to
Will visit thy trees.
The ship that it hastens
Thy ports will contain,
But me !—I must never
See England again !

There's many that weep there,
But one weeps alone,
For the tears that are falling
So far from her own ;
So far from thy own, love,
We know not our pain ;
If death is between us,
Or only the main.

When the white cloud reclines
On the verge of the sea,
I fancy the white cliffs,
And dream upon thee ;

And throbbing heart—all solitary bursts
Of widow'd passion when it sighs alone
Beneath no eye but the * * moon's—
Under whose light so often and so oft
Our plighted shades have mingled into one—
More than the passionate silence of that hour
That made us one for Memory and Hope ! "

But the cloud spreads its wings
To the blue heav'n and flies.
We never shall meet, love,
Except in the skies!

TO JANE.

Welcome, dear Heart, and a most kind good-morrow;
The day is gloomy, but our looks shall shine:—
Flowers I have none to give thee,* but I borrow
Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

Here are red Roses, gather'd at thy cheeks,
The white were all too happy to look white:
For love the Rose, for faith the Lily speaks;
It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright!

Dost love sweet Hyacinth? Its scented leaf
Curls manifold,—all love's delights blow double:
'Tis said this flow'ret is inscribed with grief,—
But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.

I pluck'd the Primrose at night's dewy noon;
Like Hope, it show'd its blossoms in the night;—
'Twas, like Endymion, watching for the Moon!
And here are Sun-flowers, amorous of light!

These golden Buttercups are April's seal,—
The Daisy-stars her constellations be:
These grew so lowly, I was forced to kneel,
Therefore I pluck no Daisies but for thee!

* Written on my mother's birthday, the 6th of November.

Here 's Daisies for the morn, Primrose for gloom,
Pansies and Roses for the noontide hours :—
A wight once made a dial of their bloom,—
So may thy life be measured out by flowers !

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

Come, let us set our careful breasts,
Like Philomel, against the thorn,
To aggravate the inward grief,
That makes her accents so forlorn ;
The world has many cruel points,
Whereby our bosoms have been torn,
And there are dainty themes of grief,
In sadness to outlast the morn,—
True honour's dearth, affection's death,
Neglectful pride, and cankering scorn,
With all the piteous tales that tears
Have water'd since the world was born.

The world !—it is a wilderness,
Where tears are hung on every tree ;
For thus my gloomy phantasy
Makes all things weep with me !
Come let us sit and watch the sky,
And fancy clouds, where no clouds be ;
Grief is enough to blot the eye,
And make heaven black with misery.
Why should birds sing such merry notes,
Unless they were more blest than we ?

No sorrow ever chokes their throats,
Except sweet nightingale; for she
Was born to pain our hearts the more
With her sad melody.
Why shines the Sun, except that he
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,
And pensive shades for Melancholy,
When all the earth is bright beside?
Let clay wear smiles, and green grass wave,
Mirth shall not win us back again,
Whilst man is made of his own grave,
And fairest clouds but gilded rain!

I saw my mother in her shroud,
Her cheek was cold and very pale;
And ever since I've look'd on all
As creatures doom'd to fail!
Why do buds ope except to die?
Ay, let us watch the roses wither,
And think of our loves' cheeks;
And oh! how quickly time doth fly
To bring death's winter hither!
Minutes, hours, days, and weeks,
Months, years, and ages, shrink to nought;
An age past is but a thought!

Ay, let us think of him awhile
That, with a coffin for a boat,
Rows daily o'er the Stygian moat,
And for our table choose a tomb:
There's dark enough in any skull
To charge with black a raven plume;

And for the saddest funeral thoughts
A winding-sheet hath ample room,
Where Death, with his keen-pointed style,
Hath writ the common doom.
How wide the yew-tree spreads its gloom,
And o'er the dead lets fall its dew,
As if in tears it wept for them,
The many human families
That sleep around its stem !

How cold the dead have made these stones,
With natural drops kept ever wet !
Lo ! here the best—the worst—the world
Doth now remember or forget,
Are in one common ruin hurl'd,
And love and hate are calmly met ;
The loveliest eyes that ever shone,
The fairest hands, and locks of jet.
Is 't not enough to vex our souls,
And fill our eyes, that we have set
Our love upon a rose's leaf,
Our hearts upon a violet ?
Blue eyes, red cheeks, are frailer yet ;
And sometimes at their swift decay
Beforehand we must fret.
The roses bud and bloom again ;
But Love may haunt the grave of Love,
And watch the mould in vain.

O clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,
And do not take my tears amiss ;
For tears must flow to wash away
A thought that shows so stern as this :

Forgive, if somewhile I forget,
In woe to come, the present bliss;
As frighted Proserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis:
Ev'n so the dark and bright will kiss—
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
And there is ev'n a happiness
That makes the heart afraid!

Now let us with a spell invoke
The full-orb'd moon to grieve our eyes;
Not bright, not bright, but, with a cloud
Lapp'd all about her, let her rise
All pale and dim, as if from rest
The ghost of the late-buried sun
Had crept into the skies.
The Moon! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad;
If but to think in other times
The same calm quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base,
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad;
The same fair light that shone in streams,
The fairy lamp that charm'd the lad;
For so it is, with spent delights
She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad.
All things are touch'd with Melancholy,
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,
To feel her fair ethereal wings
Weigh'd down with vile degraded dust;
Even the bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet blossoms of the May,

Whose fragrance ends in must.
O give her, then, her tribute just,
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy ;
There is no music in this life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely ;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chords of Melancholy.

[The following extract is from a letter of L. E. L.'s to my father's very old and tried friend Mr. Jerdan, and speaks of the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies." Any memorial of the gifted poetess has a charm of its own, apart from its value as a commentary on my father's writings.]

I do not know when I have been so delighted as I have with Mr. Hood, full of deep and natural thoughts, expressed under the most poetical images ; similes as new as they are exquisite ; and as for the little pieces, never were any so beautiful. The fault of the book is, that it is too fantastic for general readers ; and after all, these make the popularity of the poet. He is touched with the same mania for the dainty simplenesses which are the mania of Lloyd and Lamb—an affectation of imitating the older poets, which no modern will now do. They half hold "with the strange tale devoutly true," while your modern one knows he is only "dallying, silly sooth." And as for classics, are they not the gate over which B—— C—— hangs gibbeted, and through which no bard of our times can hope to pass ; There is a want of human interest, of those strong and passionate feelings, which appeal to the heart more than the fancy. Still Mr. Hood is a darling, and his book a treasure. I quite agree in the selections you have made ; the "Ode to Melancholy" is as fine philosophy as it is poetry.

L. E. L.

SONNET.

ON MISTRESS NICELY,* A PATTERN FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING MRS. DAVENPORT IN HER CHARACTER AT COVENT GARDEN.

—•—

She was a woman peerless in her station,
With household virtues wedded to her name;
Spotless in linen, grass-bleached in her fame,
And pure and clear-starched in her reputation;—
Thence in my Castle of Imagination
She dwells for evermore, the dainty dame,
To keep all airy draperies from shame,
And all dream-furniture in preservation;
There walketh she with keys quite silver-bright,
In perfect hose, and shoes of seemly black,
Apron and stomacher of lily-white,
And decent order follows in her track:
The burnished plate grows lustrous in her sight,
And polished floors and tables shine her back.

SONNET.

—•—

By ev'ry sweet tradition of true hearts,
Graven by Time, in love with his own lore;
By all old martyrdoms and antique smarts,
Wherein Love died to be alive the more;
Yea, by the sad impression on the shore,
Left by the drown'd Leander, to endear

* In "The School of Reform," by T. Morton.

That coast for ever, where the billow's roar
Moaneth for pity in the Poet's ear ;
By Hero's faith, and the foreboding tear
That quench'd her brand's last twinkle in its fall ;
By Sappho's leap, and the low rustling fear
That sigh'd around her flight ; I swear by all,
The world shall find such pattern in my act,
As if Love's great examples still were lack'd.

SONNET.

TO MY WIFE.

The curse of Adam, the old curse of all,
Though I inherit in this feverish life
Of worldly toil, vain wishes, and hard strife,
And fruitless thought, in Care's eternal thrall,
Yet more sweet honey than of bitter gall
I taste, through thee, my Eva, my sweet wife.
Then what was Man's lost Paradise !—how rife
Of bliss, since love is with him in his fall !
Such as our own pure passion still might frame,
Of this fair earth, and its delightful bow'rs,
If no fell sorrow, like the serpent, came
To trail its venom o'er the sweetest flow'rs ;—
But oh ! as many and such tears are ours,
As only should be shed for guilt and shame !

SONNET.

ON RECEIVING A GIFT.

Look how the golden ocean shines above
Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their girth ;
So does the bright and blessed light of Love
Its own things glorify, and raise their worth.
As weeds seem flowers beneath the flattering brine,
And stones like gems, and gems as gems indeed,
Ev'n so our tokens shine ; nay, they outshine
Pebbles and pearls, and gems and coral weed ;
For where be ocean waves but half so clear,
So calmly constant, and so kindly warm,
As Love's most mild and glowing atmosphere,
That hath no dregs to be upturn'd by storm ?
Thus, sweet, thy gracious gifts are gifts of price,
And more than gold to doting Avarice.

SONNET.

Love, dearest Lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humour of the eye ;—
Not being but an outward phantasy,
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,—
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,
As if the rose made summer,—and so lie
Amongst the perishable things that die,
Unlike the love which I would give and seek :

Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time;
Its bough owns no December and no May,
But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.

[A copy of "The Plea" was sent to L. E. L., whose letter of acknowledgment to my father, I give on account of the coincidence of her mention of "Fair Ines," carried away across the sea from friends upon the shore—a fate so like her own.]

My very best thanks, dear Sir: I scarcely know whether to be most grateful for your kind gift, or delighted with the gift itself. The fairies must indeed have broke their wand if you do not wake some morning and find yourself in a starry palace built by music, and filled with spirits o' the air, waiting on your wish. Or at least they ought to turn a sunflower into a chariot of gold, and carry you in triumphal procession.

I do not venture to tell you of my praise; I shall only speak of my pleasure. I have read and re-read till I believe I know half the book. As for "Fair Ines," she is indeed the "dearest of the dear!" and I do so like the "Departure of Summer;"—but I am enumerating, so with my best thanks and wishes believe me,

Very sincerely,
Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

[The next poem is from the "New Monthly" for this year.]

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE.

TO THOMAS BISH, ESQ.

"The oyster-woman locked her fish up,
And trudged away to cry 'no Bish—.'"—HUDIBRAS.

My Bish, since fickle Fortune's dead,
Where throbs thy speculating head
That hatch'd such matchless stories
Of gaining, like Napoleon, all
Success on every capital,
And thirty thousand glories?

Dost thou now sit when evening comes,
Wrapt in its cold and wintry glooms,
And dream o'er faded pleasures?
See numbers rise and numbers fall,
Hear Lottery's last funereal call
O'er all her vanish'd treasures?

Thy head, distract 'twixt weal and woe,
Feels the *last* Lottery like a blow
From malice—aimed at thee;
No prizes pass in decent rank,
Nothing is left thee but a blank,
And worthy Mrs. B.

Perchance at times thy wits may strive
With cards to keep the game alive,

And mock the old arena,
By fighting Fortune at Ecarté,
Thou Charing Cross's Bonaparté
In little St. Helena.

Thou'rt out of luck—for to thy share,
Not as of old, falls blank despair ;
The thought oft gives the vapours.
In some 'cursed cottage of content'
Thy baffled hopeless hours are spent
Spelling the daily papers.

No more thy name in column stares
On the lured reader unawares ;
The voice of Fame is o'er !
No more it breathes thee into print ;
What is Fame's breath ? There's nothing in't—
The merest puff—no more !

The puff to others now belongs,
The Wrights have risen upon thy wrongs,
Rowlands to Hunts recoil !
The wheel of Fortune, now forlorn,
Turns but to grind the roasted corn,
Greased with Macassar oil.

Election chances seemed a vent
For thy desires—but Parliament
Is not so easy won.
Numbers were once to thee a treat,
But now by numbers thou wert beat,
And Rowland Stephenson.

At Drury, too, the chance was thine ;
But thou shalt in past glory shine,
Not as the uncertain actor ;
Not as the man that opens wide
The floodgate for the public tide,
But as the Great Contractor.

And when—but Heaven protract the day—
The time is come for Life's decay,
Prolonged shall be thy joys.
A favourite wheel shall carry thee,
And like thy darling Lottery,
Be drawn by Blue-coat boys.

A tumulus shall cover thee
And thine. A barrow it will be,
Sacred to thy one wheel.
And genuine tears, my Bish, from eyes
Of those who never got a prize,
At morn and eve shall steal.

[Mr. Jerdan gives me the following information as to this Ode, which appeared in the "Literary Gazette":—

"In August, 1827, 'The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, Hero and Leander, Lycus the Centaur, and other poems,' was favourably reviewed in the 'Literary Gazette.' The volume was not so fortunate in some other quarters, and Hood's revenge was addressed to the editor of the 'L. G.' in the following."]

ODE.

—♦—

"I'll give him dash for dash."

JERDAN, farewell! farewell to all
Who ever prais'd me, great or small;
Your poet's course is run!
A weekly—no, an every-day
Reviewer takes my fame away,
And I am all undone!

I cannot live an author long!
When I did write, O I did wrong
To aim at being great;
A Diamond Poet in a pin
May twinkle on in peace, and win
No diamond critic's hate!

No small inditer of reviews
Will analyse his tiny muse,
Or lay his sonnets waste;
Who strives to prove that Richardson,
That calls himself a diamond one,
Is but a bard of paste?

The smallest bird that wings the sky
May tempt some sparrow-shot, and die:

But midges still go free!
The peace that shuns my board and bed
May settle on a lowlier head,
And dwell, "St. John, with thee!"

I aim'd at higher growth; and now
My leaves are wither'd on the bough,
I'm choked by bitter shrubs!
O Mr. F. C. W.!
What can I christen thy review
But one of "Wormwood Scrubs?"

The very man that sought me once—
(Can I so soon be grown a dunce?)
He now derides my verse;
But who, save me, will fret to find
The editor has changed his mind,—
He can't have got a worse.

1828.

[In the "Amulet" for this year, "Town and Country" was published under the title of "An Ode in Imitation of Horace." "The Lament for the Decline of Chivalry" appeared in the "Bijou," with a quaint little heading, by Stothard.]

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

AN ODE.

O! WELL may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"
Of London pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?
My feet are parch'd, my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust:
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no Eastern dews;
The path is dry and hot!
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney's pot!

O ! but to hear the milkmaid blithe,
Or early mower wet his scythe
The dewy meads among !—
My grass is of that sort, alas !
That makes no hay—called sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue !

O ! but to smell the woodbines sweet !
I think of cowslip cups—but meet
With very vile rebuffs !
For meadow-buds I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese,—or only sniff
The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau reviewed
His periwinkles !—mine are stewed !
My rose blooms on a gown !—
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue-bell on the sign
That marks the Bell and Crown :

Where are ye, birds ! that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gaily sing
Or mourn in thickets deep ?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sweep !

Where are ye, linnet, lark, and thrush !
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
And tune the various song ?
Two hurdygurdists, and a poor
Street-Handel grinding at my door,
Are all my "tuneful throng."

Where are ye, early-purling streams,
Whose waves reflect the morning beams,
And colours of the skies?
My rills are only puddle-drains
From shambles, or reflect the stains
Of calimanco-dyes!

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones:—
Not thus the city streamlets flow:
They make no music as they go,
Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,
That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap
Beside your woolly dams?
Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
The Arcadian herdsman used to play
Sweetly, here soundeth not;
But merely breathes unwholesome fumes.
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
The rank weed—"piping hot."

All rural things are vilely mocked,
On every hand the sense is shocked,
With objects hard to bear:
Shades—vernal shades!—where wine is sold!
And, for a turfy bank, behold
An Ingram's rustic chair!

Where are ye, London meads and bowers,
And gardens redolent of flowers
  Wherein the zephyr wons?
Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more.
See Hatton's Garden bricked all o'er,
  And that bare wood—St. John's.

No pastoral scenes procure me peace;
I hold no Leasowes in my lease,
  No cot set round with trees:
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks;
And omnium furnishes my banks
  With brokers—not with bees.

O! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "*O rus!*"
  Of city pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
  That endless meal of brick!

LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

Well hast thou cried, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!—
That iron age—which some have thought
Of metal rather overwrought—
Is now all overcast!

Ay! where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest?—
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest!

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound;
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such éclat!
O, Time has pluck'd the plumy brow!
And none engage at tourneys now
But those that go to law!

Grim John o'Gaunt is quite gone by,
And Guy is nothing but a Guy,
Orlando lies forlorn!—
Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,
Those "early champions"—what are they
But knights without a morn?

No Percy branch now perseveres,
Like those of old, in breaking spears—

The name is now a lie !—
Surgeons, alone, by any chance,
Are all that ever couch a lance
To couch a body's eye !

Alas for Lion-Hearted Dick,
That cut the Moslems to the quick,
His weapon lies in peace :
O, it would warm them in a trice,
If they could only have a spice
Of his old mace in Greece !

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,
That scaled the holy wall !
No Saracen meets Paladin,
We hear of no great *Salad*in,
But only grow the small !

Our *Cressys*, too, have dwindled since
To penny things—at our Black Prince
Historic pens would scoff :
The only one we moderns had
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,
And measles took him off !

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partizans,
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs ?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work ; but men
Fight now—with powder puffs.

The curtal-axe is out of date;
The good old crossbow bends—to Fate;
'Tis gone, the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of Death, upon the shaft!

The spear, the gallant tilter's pride,
The rusty spear, is laid aside,—
O, spits now domineer!
The coat of mail is left alone,—
And where is all chain armour gone?
Go ask a Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,
Bestowing hand-cuffs with our fists,
A low and vulgar art!
No mounted man is overthrown:
A tilt! it is a thing unknown—
Except upon a cart!

Methinks I see the bounding barb,
Clad like his chief in steely garb,
For warding steel's appliance!
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir!
'Tis but the guard to Exeter,
That bugles the "Defiance."

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
And scatter plumes about?
Or blood—if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again—
Alas! the *Casque* is out!

No iron-crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place—
Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
To labour through his case!

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!
Crusader, errant squire, and knight!
Our coats and custom soften;
To rise would only make you weep—
Sleep on, in rusty-iron sleep,
As in a safety coffin!

[The following were printed in the "Literary Gazette."]

EX POST-FACTO EPIGRAMS.

ON THE DEATH OF THE GIRAFFE.

They say, God wot!
She died upon the spot:
But then in spots she was so rich,—
I wonder which?

ON THE REMOVAL OF A MENAGERIE.

Let Exeter Change lament its change,
Its beasts and other losses—
Another place thrives by its case,
Now *Charing* has two *Crosses*.

["The Forget-me-not" for this year contained two poems—"The Logicians" and "Death in the Kitchen"—written respectively to illustrations by Stothard and Richter. With the former poem, the following note was sent to Mr. Ackermann :—

"Robert Street.

"My dear Sir,

"I have the pleasure of sending you "The Logicians." It being rather a crabbed subject, and myself not over well, I have been longer about it than I promised. The other subject is in progress, and you shall have it in proper *trim*, I hope, in two days.

"Yours very truly,

"R. Ackermann, Esq. "T. Hood."]

THE LOGICIANS.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

"Metaphysics were a large field in which to exercise the weapons logic had put into their hands."—Scriblerus.

See here two cavillers,
Would-be unravellers
Of abstruse theory and questions mystical,
In tête-à-tête,
And deep debate,
Wrangling according to forms syllogistical.

Glowing and ruddy
The light streams in upon their deep brown study,
And settles on our bald logician's skull :
But still his meditative eye looks dull
And muddy,
For he is gazing inwardly, like Plato ;
But to the world without
And things about,
His eye is blind as that of a potato :

In fact, logicians
See but by syllogisms—taste and smell
By propositions;
And never let the common dray-horse senses
Draw inferences.
How wise his brow! how eloquent his nose!
The feature of itself is a negation!
How gravely double is his chin, that shows
Double deliberation;
His scornful lip forestalls the confutation!
O this is he that wisely with a major
And minor proves a greengage is no gauger!—
By help of ergo,
That cheese of sage will make no mite the sager,
And Taurus is no bull to toss up Virgo!—
O this is he that logically tore his
Dog into dogmas—following Aristotle—
Cut up his cat into ten categories,
And cork'd an abstract conjuror in a bottle!
O this is he that disembodied matter,
And proved that incorporeal corporations
Put nothing in no platter,
And for mock turtle only supp'd sensations!

O this is he that palpably decided,
With grave and mathematical precision,
How often atoms may be subdivided
By long division;
O this is he that show'd I is not I,
And made a ghost of personal identity;
Proved "Ipse" absent by an alibi,
And frisking in some other person's entity;

He sounded all philosophies in truth,
Whether old schemes or only supplemental :—
And had, by virtue of his wisdom-tooth,
A dental knowledge of the transcendental !

The other is a shrewd severer wight,
Sharp argument hath worn him nigh the bone :
For why ? he never let dispute alone,
A logical knight-errant,
That wrangled ever—morning, noon, and night,
From night to morn : he had no wife apparent
But Barbara Celárent !
Woe unto him he caught in a dilemma,
For on the point of his two fingers full
He took the luckless wight, and gave with them a
Most deadly toss, like any baited bull.
Woe unto him that ever dared to breathe
A sophism in his angry ear ! for *that*
He took ferociously between his teeth,
And shook it—like a terrier with a rat !—
In fact old Controversy ne'er begat
One half so cruel
And dangerous as he, in verbal duel !
No one had ever so complete a fame
As a debater ;
And for art logical his name was greater
Than Dr. Watts's name !—

Look how they sit together !
Two bitter desperate antagonists,
Licking each other with their tongues, like fists.
Merely to settle whether

This world of ours had ever a beginning—
Whether created,
Vaguely undated,
Or Time had any finger in its spinning:
When, lo!—for they are sitting at the basement—
A hand, like that upon Belshazzar's wall,
Lets fall
A written paper through the open casement.

"O foolish wits! (thus runs the document)
To twist your brains into a double knot
On such a barren question! Be content
That there is such a fair and pleasant spot
For your enjoyment as this verdant earth.
Go eat and drink, and give your hearts to mirth,
For vainly ye contend;
Before you can decide about its birth,
The world will have an end!"

DEATH IN THE KITCHEN.

"Are we not here now?" continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly on the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—"and are we not" (dropping his hat upon the ground) "gone?—In a moment!"—*Tristram Shandy.*

Trim, thou art right!—'Tis sure that I,
And all who hear thee, are to die.
The stoutest lad and wench
Must lose their places at the will
Of Death, and go at last to fill
The sexton's gloomy trench.

The dreary grave!—O, when I think
How close we stand upon its brink,
  My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
  A charnel full of bones!

Yes, jovial butler, thou must fail,
As sinks the froth on thine own ale;
  Thy days will soon be done!
Alas! the common hours that strike,
Are knells, for life keeps wasting, like
  A cask upon the run.

Ay, hapless scullion! 'tis thy case,
Life travels at a scouring pace,
  Far swifter than thy hand.
The fast-decaying frame of man
Is but a kettle or a pan
  Time wears away with—sand!

Thou needst not, mistress cook! be told,
The meat to-morrow will be cold
  That now is fresh and hot:
E'en thus our flesh will, by and by,
Be cold as stone:—Cook, thou must die;
  There's death within the pot.

Susannah, too, my lady's maid,
Thy pretty person once must aid
  To swell the buried swarm!
The "glass of fashion" thou wilt hold
No more, but grovel in the mould,
  That's not the "*mould of form!*"

Yes, Jonathan, that drives the coach,
He too will feel the fiend's approach—
The grave will pluck him down:
He must in dust and ashes lie,
And wear the churchyard livery,
Grass green, turn'd up with brown.

How frail is our uncertain breath!
The laundress seems full hale, but Death
Shall her "last linen" bring.
The groom will die, like all his kind;
And e'en the stable boy will find
This life no *stable* thing.

Nay, see the household dog—even that
The earth shall take;—the very cat
Will share the common fall;
Although she hold (the proverb saith)
A ninefold life, one single death
Suffices for them all!

Cook, butler, Susan, Jonathan,
The girl that scours the pot and pan,
And those that tend the steeds—
All, all shall have another sort
Of *service* after this;—in short—
The one the parson reads!

The dreary grave!—O, when I think
How close we stand upon its brink,
My inward spirit groans!
My eyes are filled with dismal dreams
Of coffins, and this kitchen seems
A charnel full of bones!

[I am not aware of the first appearance of this, but am inclined to give it to 1828.]

REFLECTIONS ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

—•—

Yes, yes, it's very true, and very clear!
By way of compliment and common chat,
It's very well to wish me a New Year;
But wish me a new hat!

Although not spent in luxury and ease,
In course a longer life I won't refuse;
But while you're wishing, wish me, if you please,
A newer pair of shoes!

Nay, while new things and wishes are afloat,
I own to one that I should not rebut—
Instead of this old rent, to have a coat
With more of the New Cut!

O yes, 'tis very pleasant, though I'm poor,
To hear the steeple make that merry din;
Except I wish one bell was at the door,
To ring new trousers in.

To be alive is very nice indeed,
Although another year at last departs;
Only with twelve new months I rather need
A dozen of new shirts.

Yes, yes, it's very true, and very clear,
By way of compliment and common chat,
It's very well to wish me a New Year,
But wish me a new hat!

[On the 27th of June, 1828, Grimaldi, an especial favourite *—of whom I have heard my father speak in the most affectionate terms, and the recollection of whom prompted, no doubt, many of the sketches of Clowns, struck off at odd moments, that were among my treasures as a boy—returned to the stage for one night, after a retirement of some three months or so. I believe my father wrote his retiring address, either for this occasion, or his farewell in the previous April—perhaps for both. The following paragraph appeared in the "Literary Gazette."]

GRIMALDI'S BENEFIT.

—♦—

Our immense favourite, Grimaldi—under the severe pressure of years and infirmities—is enabled, through the good feeling and prompt liberality of Mr. Price, to take a benefit at Drury Lane on Friday next;—the last of Joseph Grimaldi!—Drury's, Covent Garden's, Sadler's, everybody's Joe: the friend of Harlequin and Farley-kin—the town clown—greatest of fools—daintiest of motleys—the true *ami des enfans!*

The tricks and changes of life—sadder, alas! than those of pantomime—have made a dismal difference between the former flapping, filching, laughing, bounding antic, and the present Grimaldi. He has no spring in his foot—no mirth in his eye; the corners of his mouth droop mournfully earthward; and he stoops in the back like the weariest of Time's porters. L' Allegro has done with him, and Il Pensero claims him for

* In all his wanderings and changes there were two pictures which went with my father everywhere, and hung in his study for the time being—the one of Charles Lamb (for whom he entertained a brotherly affection), the other of Joe Grimaldi—"Everybody's Joe," as he calls him—but his Joe in particular.

I cannot even say that I have "just seen" this "Virgil of Pantomime," but so often have I heard of him as a child, so early was I set to read his life, that I can hardly persuade myself at times that I never *did* look on that laughter-provoking face—those garrulous limbs—that stentorian dumb-show, which those who have seen Grimaldi never tire of trying to describe.

its own! It is said, besides, that his pockets are neither so large nor so well stuffed as they used to be on the stage; and it is hard to suppose fun without funds, or broad grins in narrow circumstances.

[Our recommendation of this benefit has also been pressed upon our willing mind by the following characteristic note.]

Pray publish in your 'Gazette,' that on Friday the 27th instant, this inimitable clown will take his leave of the boards, at Drury Lane Theatre, in character. After that night, the red and white features of Joe Grimaldi will belong only to tradition! Thenceforth he will be dead to his vocation, —but the pleasant recollection of his admirable fooling will still live, with childhood, with manhood, and with

T. Hood.

[The "Ode to Edward Gibbon Wakefield," who in this year was tried and convicted for the abduction of Miss Turner, probably appeared in a newspaper. The copy I possess, at all events, is a newspaper cutting.]

ODE TO EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, ESQ.

Oh, Mr. Gibbon!—
I do not mean the Chronicler of Rome;
He would have told thee loftily, that no man
In modern times may play the antique Roman,
And tear a Sabine virgin from her home:—
But Mr. Gibbon,
Thou,—with the surreptitious rib on,
What shall I say to thee, thou Jason,—nay,
What will our Wilberforce and Stephen say,
Thou cruel kidnapper of young *white* woman!
Were there no misses,—none
All on the start and ready for a run

To Gretna Smithy—even by the mail,
That thou must go befooling
A quiet maiden at her country schooling,
And stop her lessons with an idle tale,—
Sully the happy hue
Of her calm thoughts, and trouble her sky-blue—
Spoil her embroideries, and falsely wheedle
Her pretty hand from the delightful needle,
Merely to mar her *piece*,
Planting those stitches in her maiden heart,
That only should have made Rebecca smart,
Or robed young Isaac in a silken fleece?
Was there no willing Love,
With roving eyes,
More gay than wise,
To bend with thy removal to remove?
Could'st thou not calm the doubt
Of Foote twice asked in vain, and ask her out?
There's Madame Vestris—but she has a mate,
And Paton hath as bad—
But thou might'st add
A single Cubitt to thy single state,
Take such, and welcome to more wives than Buncle,
Or gentle Olive, that Princess of No-Land,
She owns some great expectancies in Poland,
And has no follower—I mean no uncle!

END OF VOL. I.

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